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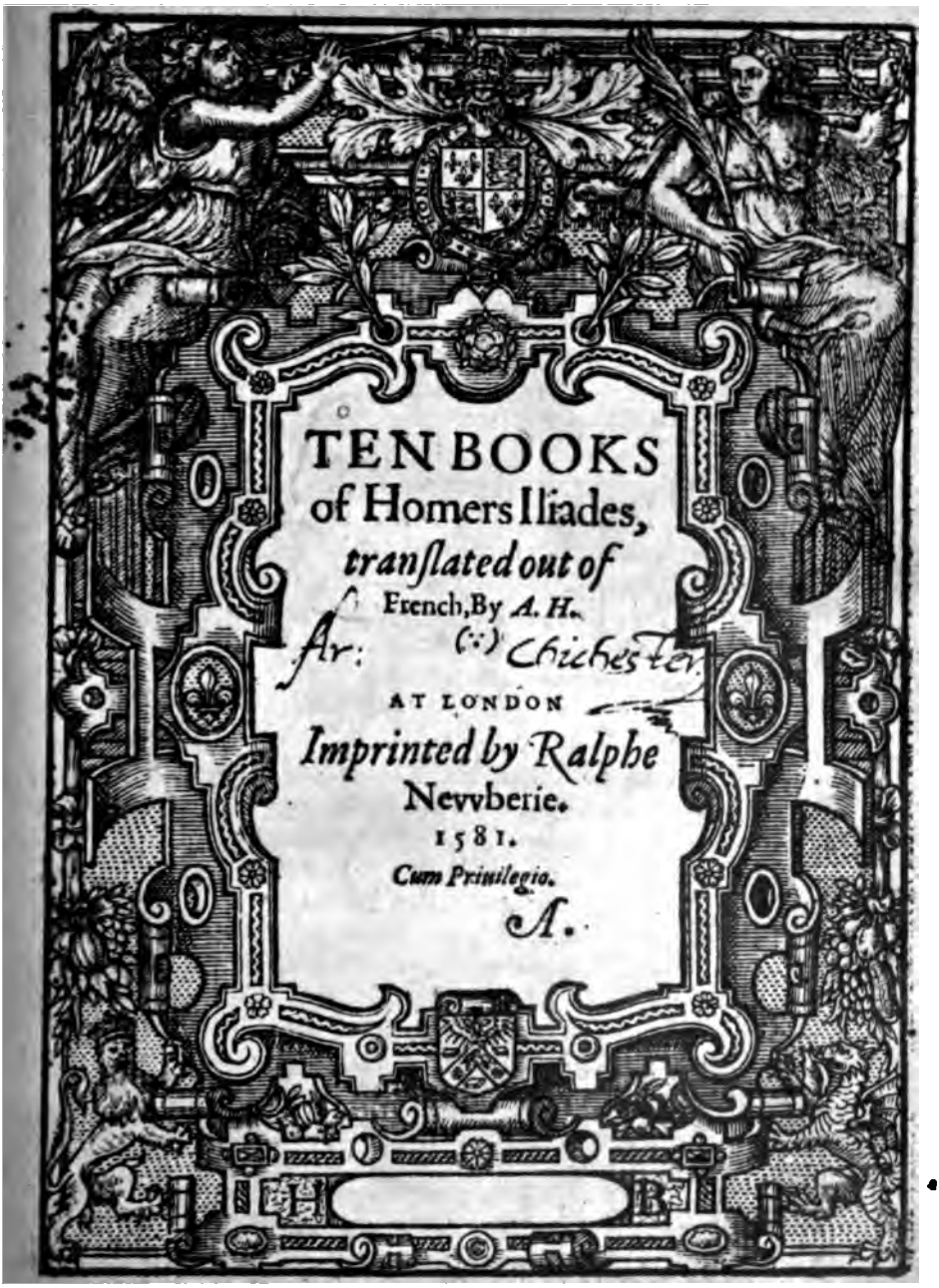
TEN BOOKS
of Homers Iliades,
tranſlated out of
French, By A. H.
Ar: (:) Chicheſter.
AT LONDON
Imprinted by Ralphe
Newberie.
1581.
Cum Priuilegio.
A.

R. Solon. 1

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THE GIFT OF
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY
Oct 4, 1934

To the right VVorſhipfull his very good friend Sir Thomas Cecill Knight

A.H. wiſheth all proſperitie.

About two or three yeres paſt (good Knight) ranſacking diuers olde and aſide caſt Papers of ſmall moment: I found ſome fragments of Homers Iliades tranſlated out of Frenche verſe into Engliſhe metre at ſuch time as I groped therein, being a Scholer with you in my L. your fathers houſe: which when I had conſidered, & founde of as ſmall reckening as the reſt they were ſtored vp with, which was in truth none at all, I was about to bequeath thẽ to the fire. But being either better or worſe adviſed; for in your allowing & diſallowing of this my proceeding conſiſteth the ſame: I toke them againe in hand, & not onely as my leaſure & capacitie did ſerue me, ſomwhat corrected my firſt Trãſlatiõ, which God knows needes euẽ now much mending, and therefore in likelihood verie roughly hewed at the firſt: but alſo proceeded to finiſhe vp tenne whole Bookes. The which hauing performed this yeere, I haue till nowe reſted in diuers myndes touching the Publication of them. In which warre with my ſelfe, I firſt did deale with mine owne want of abilitie to write any thing, much leſſe to tranſlate, and that out of verſe into the ſame kinde, in my opinion the hardeſt matter belonges to the penne. Alſo I founde alwayes my ſelfe in ſuch diſquiet of minde, by meanes of ſome practiſe of my contraries (I muſt ſay vndeſerued by me) ſuch vexation in Lawe, and carefull turmoyle to preſerue ſomewhat to my poore houſe, in a manner ouerthrowne by my vngouerned youth: that I was fully perſwaded I coulde not goe therewe well with my deſire, being ſo harried otherwayes, for your ſelfe beſt knowes, that to a Poet there is no greater

poiſon, than vexation of ſpirite. Againe, when I conſidered of the ripe wittes of this age, and had read diuerſe workes ſo exquiſitely done in this kinde by our owne Nation. As the trauaile of M. Barnabe Googe *in* Palingenius, *the learned and paineſull tranſlation of part of* Seneca *by* M. Iaſper Heywood, *the excellent and laudable labour of* M. Arthur Golding, *making* Ouid *ſpeake Engliſh in no worſe Termes, than the Authors owne gifts gaue him grace to write in Latine, the worthy workes of that noble Gentleman my L. of* Buckhurſt, *the pretie and pythie conceites of* M. George Gaſcoyne, *and others in great number, no more to be liked than praiſed, and not ſo much to be praiſed, as to be recorded for their eternall commendation. Theſe perſons, whoſe bookes I am not worthy to carie, when I minded, I wiſhed I had beene otherwiſe occupied, I condemned my trauaile, I ſcratched my head as mem doe, when they are greatly barred of their willes. But when I lighted on* M. Thomas Phaers Virgilian *Engliſhe, quoth I, what haue I done? am I become ſenſleſſe, ſo trauaile to be laughed at, to preſume, and to be ſcorned, and to put forth my ſelfe and not to be received: for I was ſo abaſhed looking vpon* M. Phaers *Heroicall* Virgill, *and my Satiricall* Homer, *as I cried out, enuying* Virgils *proſperitie, who gathered of* Homer, *that he had fallen into the eldeſt mans hands, that euer England bred. And lamented poore blind* Homers *caſe, who gathered of no body, to fall to me poore blinde ſoule, poorely and blindly to learne him to talke our mother Tongue. Theſe ſteppes laide before me, and conſidered, made me for a while caſt my papers behinde mee. But as it is a propertie of euerie man ſoone to finde a reaſon to will him proceede with his owne humour, be it neuer ſo vnreaſonably grounded, in like caſe fell it with me: for theſe were my Argumentes againſt theſe ſeemd perſuaſions obiected to ſtaie me. Firſt I remembred that about 18. or 19. yeeres paſt walking with* M. Richard Askame, *a verie good Grecian, and a familiar acquaintaunce of* Homer, *& reciting vpon occaſion of talke betweene vs, certaine verſes Engliſhed by me of the ſaid Author, he animated me much, with great entreatie to goe forwarde with my begun enterpriſe. The like did alſo about that time the erſt named* M. Iaſper Heywood, *a man then better learned than fortunate, and ſince more fortunate than he hath well beſtowed (as it is thought) the gifts God and Nature hath liberally lent him. Secondly, I ſuppoſe alſo that indifferent Iudges will ſay, I haue my wares at the ſecond hande, as by Fraunce out of Greece, becauſe I am not able to trauaile ſo farre for them, not vnderſtan-*

ding

ding the language. Thirdly for aſmuch as I did aſſure my ſelfe (good knight) that you, to whom I haue long vowed my labour, would regard my good will, more than the worthineſſe of my Tranſlation, which if you doe, I haue with a moſt contented minde made holiday. And wholy preſuming therof, it hath made me blind Bayard, as bold as euer blind Iade was: And that in putting my ſimple skill to the carping iudgement of ſo many as well learned, as vnskilfull heads: which latter ſort, though they be as blind as my miſtreſſe with neuer an eye, no doubt will be buſier to iudge colours, & thinke they do it better than Poliphemus *could, who had one perfect eye right in his forehead. Well, put caſe they do miſlike, what helpe? If I thought I ſhould in any Action pleaſe all men, I were fondly minded. And if I would goe about to content euery mans humour, I were meeter to carie* Eſopes *Aſſe, than to be wiſely occupied. My Author that moſt famous Poet had* Momus *and* Zoilus, *to take exceptions, & picke quarels to his bookes, & that at ſuch time, as no mã could inſtly commend them enough. I may not thinke the Apprentiſe to be greater than his Maiſter, neither yet the Tranſlator to be compared to the firſt writer, wherefore for ſuch perſons the care is taken. As touching the Author himſelfe, I know you ſhall finde him worthy the Engliſhing, though not worthily done. What fruites are to be gathered out of him, is leſt labour to rehearſe, your owne iudgement, whē you haue read him, will tell you more than I can, who haue dealt no ſmall time with him. That happie conqueror* Alexander *the great, would not ſleepe without him vnder his beddes head. He teacheth the duties of many no ſmall Babes, and in ſuch ſort as it ſhall not repent any man of his time imployed to reade him, as I haue ſayde you can beſt iudge, and therefore for that here an ende. Some men haue condemned him heretofore, and doe, for his fonde fabling of the Gods, truely I cannot allowe them therein, for I am not perſuaded his beliefe was ſo groſſe touching them, but that he obſerued a Poeticall manner of diſcourſe, in citing ſo often the heauenly powers, as then they were taken, and that he had ſome peculiar meaning therein, which I conceyue in my opinion, and you I doubte not but will finde. In the latter ende of the Frenche ſeconde Booke, mention is made of the Catalege of the Grecian Princes, that came from all partes to the beſieging of Troy, and of the Troyan leaders and diuerſe forreine Kings and Captaynes, that brought their people to the ayde of* Priamus *ſtate: but looking to haue the ſame follow in the ende of the ſayde Booke, I perceyue the Frenche Tranſlator*

hath

hath miſſaid it. Yet conſidering how neceſſarie the recitall of the ſame is, I ſought out the Latine, and there founde it, the which I haue alſo added in his place. I earneſtly beſeeche you to take in good part my good meaning, which I alwayes haue, and doe beare towards you bound thereto, not onely by that honeſt, olde and true friendſhip of my D. your father, euen from my childhood dayly continued, yea maugre of ſuch my contrarie, who euer wanted good diſpoſition to loue worthily his Lordſhippes vertues, and neuer wanted good will craftily me with carefull extremitie. To rehearſe the particulers of your owne friendſhips towardes me, will aske long time, they are ſo diuers and many, and to this place not ſo needefull to repeate, as needefull in all other places for me to ſpeake, where I may requite ſome part of them. To theſe alſo adde the bleſſings of minde and otherwiſe, which God ſo abundantly hath beſtowed on you, and makes me the more to honour you, willdeſe aſmuch you to hearke your owne praiſe, then all the world will beſtowe you worthy thereof. And therefore wiſhing you all proſperitie, I committe you to him, who is beſt able, and no doubt will ſende you enough.

Yours moſt aſſured to commaund. *A. H.*

I Pré beſeech, O Goddeſſe milde,
the hatefull hate to plaine,
Wherby Achilles was ſo wrong,
and grewe in ſuche diſdaine,
That thouſandes of the Grékiſh Dukes,
in hard and beaſte plight,
To Plutoes Courte did yéelde their ſoules,
and gaping lay vpright,
Thoſe ſenceleſſe trunckes of burialt holde, by them firſt gaily bozne,
By rauening curres, and carreine foules, in péeces to be tozne.
Gainſt Agamemn of Ioue his wzath, ſo kindled was the fire,
That he Achil to déere, and croſſe ſo déepely did conſpire.
O Lady ſhew what God beganne this hateful quarrell thus,
It was the heire of Latona, the gallant gay Phœbus,
Who had to fire that mighty God, who down his lightning thzowes,
With ſtozmes of haile, and thunderclaps: the God in choller growes,
That Agamemn roughly a ſuite his Chryſes Pzieſt refuſd,
In Grékiſh cáp his plages he ſtings, their ſtate which gretly bruſd.
At that time Chryſes did repayze vnto the ſhippes, that lay
At ancker befoze *Troy* beſiegde, in the Pozte of *Sigay*,
With beedant crown, wherewith Apoll his ſéemely head had clad,
With ſcepter eke, with things of pzice, which he foz ranſome had,
His daughter captiue heide by Grékes by wozth hir houne to buy,
To both Atrides and other kings, he breakes thus humbly:
O Pzinces greate, the loftie Gods adozde in earth beloiwe
Doe ſende you incke, this Priams towne to ſacke and ouerthzowe,
And loden with the Troian wealth, yé ſafe to *Greece* retire:
If pitie in your heartes haue place, if willing yé deſire
To reuerence the God I ſerue, if féeble aged dayes,
A wozthy fee; Nobilitie may temper any wayes,
Let my miſhap obtaine, I pray Chryſes ſo deare to me,
O Kings accept theſe godly giftes, a ranſome here that be.
His ſute was taken in that ſozte, that al the Grékes did cry
To take his gifts, to yéelde Chryſes, and vſe him reuerently.
Agamemn was ſo far in loue with this ſo gentle maide,

Propoſition of the Author, with inuocation of his Muſe

Narratiō.

The comming of Chryſes to the Greeke campe.

Chryſes to Agamemnon, Menelaus, & other greeks

Agamemnō anſwvereth Chryſes & threatens him.

Such ſuites he coulde not be abide, to Chryſes grimme he ſaide,
Shaking aloſte his Sterne head: O hateful dotard thou,
Henceforth in theſe quarters againe take heede I ſee not you.
For no ſcepter, not Apolloes, ſhal hold my hand from thee,
Thinke not eft ſoone Chryſeis to haue, ſhe ſhall remaine with mee
In Country far thy Country fro, my woofe to ſpinne and dight,
And bed to make, till beautie faile, when hoarie age ſhal light.
Hence out away, moue me no more, I reade thou take good heede,
If ſafe and ſounde vnto your houſe you homward meane to ſpeede.
The good olde man this threatned here, giues place, doth not abide,
He hides his griefe, while all he coaſtes hard by the mayne ſide.
But now his galley far aloſe, he ſhewes his doleſulneſſe,
With prayers to Apoll, and bowes, the Gods of gallaunt treſſe.

Chryſes prayer to Apollo.

Apollo thou heare my complaints, who rules the Iſles diuine,
Cilla, Chriſa, Sminthe, Tenedos, with ſilver bowe of thine,
O Phœbus heare thou my complaints, if ſo with Laurell greene
Thy Temple I haue crowned oft, if I the man haue beene
Thy holy aultar who hath fraught, with hollies digne to thee,
Of fatted Bulles and ſcorched Goates: reuenge thys iniurie
On theſe gay Greekes, who thy ſeruant poore ſore haue layed ſo low,
To plague ỹ wrong, Lord make thē feele the wounding of thy bow.

Apollo deſcendes to the campe and ſends therein a plague.

He prayed thus: Phœbus gaue eare, deſcending ſtraight to grounde
Begirte with boxed quiuer and bowe, whiche gaue a dreadful ſounde,
Leaning right darke his manſion cleare, to bad effects diſpoſde,
He drawes the nauie nigh, and in the trampe a ſhafte he loſde:
The noiſe was ſtraunge, the laſſe was ſmarte, the ſhot ſo far it hit.

Deſcriptiō of the Greekes peſtilence.

The ſtanked Mules they dis; and Dogs for fare and running fit.
But ſince the deadly ſtele he ſent amid the Grekiſh hoſt,
In numbers huge their bodies quaile, in heighthe heapes they roſt
Hard by the ſhippes (O horror great) the carcaſſes new dead,
Nine dayes Apollo bent, and ſhot, and them with wounding ſpoyld.
But puiſſant lunō Goddeſſe then (of Greeke a fauor frus

Achilles aſſembles the councel

During this war) of their hard ſtate with pitie ganne to rue.
She puts in mind Achilles he, the councel whole to cal,
To ſeeke ſome helpe to eaſe the harme which ſo doth deare them all.
As much was done, in his eſtate wiſe ſet was euery man,

Achilles

Achilles putting forth himself this talke to them begunne.
O worthy Kings, aboue is beine, our hope it will not thée,
To Greéce to Greece the muſt returne: For why, it may not bée,
That we the Troians force do daunt, by dreade a matter more,
God graunt the weapons of our foes doe not our bodies gore.
Yon ſée howe in this wretches warre our people doe decay,
And now this deadly monſtrous plague doth make the reſt away.
Wherefore my Lordes, it néedefull is to ſéeke and ſearch about,
Of ſome Diuine, Augur, or Prieſt to trie the matter out,
What is the cauſe: For who that dreames, can true interpréte wel
(Saith that ſame Loue the dreames procéede) the why, the quickly tel.
He ſome will chéeke whether Phoebus this direfull plague hath ſent,
For that to do him ſacrifice we haue béene negligent,
Or that vnto his holy houſe he worthy offrings graue,
Or ſhéepe and goats, inherently appeaſd, ſome ſhielding we may haue.
Achilles thus ended ſaide, he ſate hym in his place,
Calchas aroſe, whom from his youth Phoebus did ye lore ſuche grace,
The preſent times he knewe ful wel, the paſt he not forgot,
Of ſuche as were to come, he wiſt, what was the ſecrete lot.
This goodly man the Prophet he, for to direct their wayes,
The Grékes did thenſéeke this ryglaite, and ſagely thus he ſayes:
Achilles frend vnto the Gods, thou counſelſt I ſhoulde ſhowe,
Vnto the hearers here, from whence Apolloes wrath doth growe,
I will it do, but ſweare thou ſhalt, my ſafetie to defend
From ſuch outragious iniuries, which ſome on me will bend.
I much do doubt that thée myſelf one, who ſhall my ſpeaches heare,
Yea he, whome al the campe obeyes, wil greatly ſeme to deare
And much anuaye. Oft mightie Lordes, although conceale they wul
A croſſe receiude of ſimple wight, yet pay they at the ful:
The rancor ceaſeth not, til they do yéeld their vengeance due,
Ware me then with your defence herein, what may enſue,
Say what thou wilt quoth Achilles, for by the God of might,
Whoſe ſecretes thou ſo well doſt knowe, I wil defende thy right.
None of the Grékes, whereas I am, ſhall wrong or iniure thée,
No not the greateſt of regarde, not Agamemnon hée.
Then Calchas thus aſſurde by worde, pronounst in open ſight:

The Oracle to be counſelled.

Calchas an excellent Prophet.

Calchas to Achilles.

Calchas declareth the cauſe of the peſtilence.

Ye Grékes, this plague continues not, me for that cauſe did light,
It fel not in the campe (I ſay) for want of ſacrifice
To Phœbus bright in Country far: this miſchiefe whole doth riſe,
For that you haue vnreuerently, the aged Chryſes vſde,
His daughter ſhoulde haue béne reſtorde, and not his gifts refuſde.
Til mends be made of this our fault, I thinke it wil not ceaſe,
The blackened Lady to hir home til ſhe be brought in peace,
No raunſome had, in numbers tho our offerings let vs ſlay,
To purchaſe fauour of the God, and turne his wrath away.

Agamemnon to Calchas.

Agamemnon forth ſtandeth ſtraite, with rage inflamed ſo,
As like a burning brand his eies did twinckle to and fro,
And thus he ſayth, loking aſkance on Calchas furiouſly:
Vnluckie Prophet that thou art, for neuer happily
Ought doſt thou ſhewe, and badly bent ſtil fortune bad doſt tel,
And me to ſpite, now doſt thou preach, forſooth a proper ſpel,
Auouching, that vnto the camp this plague is from aboue,
Becauſe I Chryſes do withholde, whome I ſo greatly loue:
Hir beautie gay, and gallant glée, hath conquerd ſo my wil,
As wel I hopde ſhe in my houſe ſhoulde haue remayned ſtil

Clytemneſtra wife to Agamemnon.

With Clytemneſtra wife of mine, whome leſſe I do regarde,
And iuſtly to, before hir ſhe is muche to be preferde,
For countenance good, for colour cleare, for ſpirite and body gay.
But ſith I néedes muſte yéelde hir vp, to driue this ſore away,
(Ah) take hir then, I do agrée, hir want I rather craue,
Than that this people here, ſhould not their health and ſafety haue:
But quickly loke in lieu of hir, for me ſome preſent out,
Ye wel ſhal know, of al theſe folke I wil not be the lout.

Achilles anſwers Agamemnon.

Achilles (gallantſt of the Grékes) to him replyed thus,
In preſence of the Princes al: Thou ſonne of Atreus,
Thou pinching Prince, thou haughtie heart, thou loſtie minded hé,
Where doſt thou thinke the Grékes ſhal find another gifte for thée
In guerdon nowe of al that warre, doſt thou not knowe thy ſelfe
Long time agoe among vs all diuided is the preie?
Belike we muſt the ſpoiles amaſſe, which is not eaſely done,
And bring the camp to mutine to: let not thy minde ſo runne,
Obey the Gods, yéelde vp the maide, and four times richer gaine

Thou

Thou shalt possesse, if Ioue vouchsafe that we the Troians raigne,
And Towers happe to lay full leuse. Straight Agamemnon tho
Said: thou Achill thinke not (I reade) thy credite such, no, no,
Although thy force in fielde compare with suche to Gods belong,
Thinke not that I will foleine the, o beare this open wrong.
Doth reason beare, that echo his part, haue of the meede thy prayes?
Thinkst thou it fit I leaue the maide, and emptie go my mayes
Unrecompensde. I hir forgoe as reason so it would,
But see that I considered be, as fit it is I shoulde:
Else maugre thee and all thy might, that thine by force perforce,
Or Aiax, or Vlysses theine, I be shoue as I think best.
And care who list, who then shall here, that I his portion take
And here an end. I thinke it gest to spea we ready make
A vessell strong with skilfull guides, and eke that one of you
Accompany the Lady home vnto hir father now,
With heroe due religiously the Hecatombes high to reare,
To sacrifice that Apollo, with fauour be forbeare.
When Achilles had hearkned wel to Agamemnons tale,
Disdainfully he lokte at him, and bleine this bitter gale:
Thou impudent, thou iangler thou, what Greeke shall readye make
Himselfe to fight at thy commaund, thy party for to take?
I came not from my Countrey I, the Troians stout to starre,
Or to reuenge my selfe on them: for in no broiles of warre,
They euer out my region fruites or cattaile take away,
Too large a sea, too mightie hilles, them deserts wilde do stay,
And champaines wide their forraies bar, betwene vs which are dekte.
But I am come, and at my traine, cutting the seas from thence
Under thy leading, not at al for any cause of ours,
But Menelaus wrong to venge, a brother he of powrs:
Not minding thou the good we doe (thou facedand dogshead thou)
In place of thankes I shoulde receiue, thou deepely threatens nowe,
To take away my good, my good, for so in truth it is:
For by my valor in the fielde I gained it ywis,
And whiche the Greekes in witnesse large do giue of my desarte,
Of all the spoile: I haue more cause than thou to take at harte
Theie actions aye. Of pillage ful I alwayes haue the worst,

Agamemnon to Achilles.

Agamemnon threatneth Achilles, Aiax, & Vlysses.

Achilles exclaimes of Agamemnon.

Pithe contrey of Achilles.

Agamemnō to Achilles

Achilles grooves in choler vvith Agamemnon.

Pallas keepeth Achilles frō killing Agamemnon.

But onely to himselfe, to whom soeuer he thinks be gracious.
You heauenly daughter Pallas vouchsafe I your presence vse.
Achilles to Pallas.
Wonder you it know how Agamemn doth iniurie and iniure me.
Either mastome to take, and for his pride your hatred by and by
Before you here vppon the ground his headlesse trunke to lye.

Pallas to Achilles.
Thy griefe to vaile (quoth Pallas in the cumming hether from heauen)
I'm sent downe by heauens Queene (of both thy sake carefull and
Deare Iuno seeing this dangerous strife, who fauours both so much)
Did bid me downe; then to appease (and will him to touch)
But by thy fauour it doth not well with words do words repay.
Moued with this great fault thou shalt another reape.
And these thy hands haue gallant gifts, enclasped in the lappe,
Achilles obeys Pallas that is to say, reason
If to obey this counsaile mine thy mind and meaning happen:
Its more than meete quoth Achilles, and reason so doth will,
That what the Gods commaunding vs men; we wholly do fulfill,
Though fury would do thing (with the aire) Of Gods th' most mighty
Obedience doth much better serue, in euery mans weight.
And from his hilt who doth not swarue, in fauour still he is.
His siluer hilted sword laying thus, In sheath of bright steele blade.
Of siluer hiew he putteth vp, Pallas away she hyeth;
She leaues the Cloudes, to Gods aloft in heauen she repaireth.
The valiant Greeke in furie fell on Agamemnon both sharp;
His rage abides, him thus in speech he ragingly doth bepare.
Thou tipsie Knight, a starting curre, to fight and shew thou arte,
Than Stagge before at bay about more fearefull yet of harte,
Among the Kings a coward hide, a slouthfull fighting One,
Assaults, alarms, and battailes fight, thou fearst to do vpon of knockes.
And lothe than dare an ambushments day, for doubt to quaile or dye.
Thou tyrant great, who dost deuoure the people cruelly.
Oppressor thou scourge of the poore, delighting to disgrace
All men vnto thine appetite consenting giues due place.
If I my courage followed had, thou shouldst no more haue harmed,
At graceless straight thy carcas here to death I would haue thrust me.
The othe of Achilles.
But hearke, for by this royall Mace, by whiche I now doe sweare,
A worthy ornament to shewe, in right hand which I beare,
Who hauing lost the sappe of wood, ere greenenesse cannot drawe,

True

True nouriſhed ſeed ſeruing all, who execute the lawe
Of Iupiter, and tall men: the day before thou wilt,
Will come, when to be ſhielded from ſir Hectors murdering ſkil
(Who ſhal hacke down the Greeks in heapes) ỳ I ſhal be entreated,
And thou (thy leawdneſſe fond confeſt) ſhal ſhowtly be heated,
To haue deſpiſed carelеſſly, who moſt deſerueth loes.
Thus ſaid, from him in fury great his ſcepter down he throwes,
Be ſittes him downe. Agamemnon, whome anger forward ſtraines,
Minding faire Bryſeis ſtil to haue, the quarrel he maintaines.
That ſpeaker ſweete delighting long therewith duke Neſtor roſe,
From Heauen had, much pleaſaunter than Hony from him flowes,
By grace diuine, of triple life the yeares he alſo bare,
He to th'aſſembly as they ſate his knowledge doth declare.
O what miſhap, what parant loſſe ſee I on *Greece* to fall?
What ioy and hope to Priamus his ſonnes and ſubiects all,
When as ſhall come vnto their eares, that in this campe of ours
By kindled heate in quarrell thus our greateſt Princes lours?
This diſcorde leaue, this fury fly, than yours my yeares are more,
Your greaters and your grauers to, I knowen haue herefore,
Who haue my counſel ay obeyed: I neuer knewe nor knowe
More bolde and mightie mortall men, than theſe and Perithoe,
Dryas in Prudence chiefe of price, Exadius, Polipheme,
Ceneis equall with the Gods, who by their force extreme
The Giants and the Lapythe ſlewe, whereby their glorie ſtodde
To Heauen highe, I called I, with them I often yodde
To battailes great and dangerous, in bloudy martial marte,
Whoſe face no luſtie liuing tho to front in fight had hearte,
They alwaies built ſo on my woord, as none would croſſe my ſpeech,
Wel ſhal you doe, if you performe by counſaile what I teach.
And firſt to you Agamemnon, be not of ſo greate minde,
Thoughe chiefe thou be, perforce to take Bryſeis, who is aſſignde
By all the Greekes his iuſt reward: Achil I thinke it good
You ſtreare vſe, with tarring woordes forbeare to croſſe in moode.
Of all the ſceptred Princes none ſo high is ſeated downe,
As ouer hirſt Ioue appoints the ſcepter and the crowne:
In force if ſo you more auaile, from Theus that it reiches

The Author ſhewes that Achil is Hector's murderer.

Neſtor had lyued 300. yeares.

Neſtor to Achilles & Agamemn

The authoritie of Kings commeth from Iupiter.

Your mother she, but yet thou pours his puissaunce further stretched,
For Nations more to him obey. And Agamemnon take it,
Appease your rage and your abuse, lette not your calling make it.
Achilles, for the loue of me, if true, I true reporte,
Forget this iarre, to Grekish campe in olde and wonted sorte
Shewe forth your selfe a bulwarke sure: Thou aged worthy sire, Agamemnon answereth Nestor.
Quoth Agamemn, what thou hast saide, belle reason doth require,
But here this mate by gallant heart triumphing Lorde will goe,
He will commaunde, he all will rule: but sothe, he shall not so,
If I may chose: his foxe is greate, as sib to power diuine,
Hathe he then leaue all wrong to doe, as fancie shall encline?
Achilles straight ful rebliche pot, from him the speache he toke, Achilles to Agamemnon
I were (quoth he) a coward leude, if I agrée to broke
Thy gouernaunce, after thy wil I ruide will be no more,
For no obedience lokes of me, others commaunde therefore,
And builde on this: For Brysеis faire, no quarrel I wil make
With any man, sith obstinate you bent are for to take
The gifte on me whiche was bestowed: but haue regarde to bare
(Yea for thy life) to touch the Gods in my possession are;
And be aboarde my bessels, thou a bestelesse worke shouldest haue.
And if thou beest so gallant set, or yet so beastly braue,
Aduaunce thy selfe, thy valor shewe, and al men shal beholde
Me with my Launce to shed thy blood, and lay thy carcasse colde.
The case debated thus at length, the Councell al they rose,
Achilles with his companye to his Pauillion goes. The councell breaks vppe.
A shippe well furnished Agamemn on sea he causeth rise
With twentie Oares, forgetting not things méete for Sacrifice,
And pucell Chryseis fitly there he shipped honest well,
And Vlysses for patron put, who Grékes did all excell Vlysses goes vvyth Chryseis to his father.
In good aduise, and pleasaunte speache, the waues at will they slice,
With winde in poupe, they hope full soone to finde his father Chryse.
Againe home offerings more to fitte, Agamemn hyeth faste, VVith sacrifice they purifie the campe.
To cleanse the campe, and in the sea the ordure for to caste.
Then to the Altars reared high on shoare right beautifull,
He bideth bring the wanton Goate, the sharpe and mightie Bull,
Deuoutly for the army all, on Phoebus to bestowe,

Whereof the ſmel and vapor thicke to heauen right ſtraight doth goe,
As burnt they were, the people eke in many ſundry wiſe
Vnto the Gods ſent their demaunds, their prayers, and their cries.
But Agamemns wrath ſwageth not, he ſtil in rage doth roſte,
Till he at pleaſure Bryſeis haue, for Chryſeis he hathe loſte.
Two Heraulites ſtraight he bids to come, he thought of beſt reſpect,
Talthybe and Eurybate twoo Heraults of the Greeks.
Talthybe, and Eurybate, to whome he ſpake to this effecte:
O Heraults here ſeeke out Achill, who in his tente nowe is,
Bring Bryſe away, if he withſtande, I preſent will not miſſe,
Spite of his teth to fetche hir I, and wel vnto his paine.
Suche were his wordes, outragious, more fond and folithe vaine.
To place the Heraulites quickly came, where lay ẏ valiant Grék,
They him no ſoner ſawe, but that their dreads were not to ſeeke,
Againſt to touch ſo mightie a Prince, of whome when he did heare,
Although in griefe he welcombe thẽ, and ſhewde thẽ pleaſant cheere:
Achilles to the heraults
You Heraulites high, come on quoth he, no daunger dread at all,
For by youre diſarde king, not you, this wrong on me doth fall,
Agamemn, who will me bereaue by force and tyranny
Of Bryſeis liking preſence, whyche ſo deare is in mine eye.
Patroclus mate and brother mine, of beautie fetche the dame,
Giue hir in handes to Heraults theſe: And here I doe proclaime
Before the Gods, ye Heraults eke, al people vnder Sunne,
This tyrant too, whoſe ſenſes ſtil to worſe and worſe do runne:
To witneſſe I do call you al, hereafter, if perhappes
The Grékes haue nède of my reliefe by meanes of afterclappes,
And peril comming to the campe, this doting dazeled Aſſe,
He knowes not good diſcourſe, nor yet what ere good councel was.
He mindeth not, who hitherto hath bin the armies ſhield,
He knoweth not who hathe the power to ſaue the ſame in fielde.
Bryſeis is brought to Agamenon.
Herewith Patroclus bringeth forth Bryſeis the Damſel gay,
He giues hir in the Heraulites handes, who onwarde take their way
Apace to Agamemnons ſhippes to leade the Lady faire,
Who much againſte hir wil, to him doth make hir new repaire.
By this farewel, the pleaſures al of valiant Achill quailes,
He martirde ſo is with the griefe, with ſheadding teares he wailes,
And from his people goes aparte. And better to abide

His

His bitter paine, vnto the ſhoare he ſtraight there aſide,
Thus to his mother Thetis ofte ſhewing his woefull caſe:
  Sith in my birth by fate full harde fewe yeares I dee embrace
Of life, then Ioue (quoth he) who ſées al things from Welkin hye, Achilles to his mother.
Some honour ſhoulde haue giuen me, before the time I dye,
And not to ſuffer Agamemn my ſolace thus to ſterue,
By power to take that noble gift, whyche well I did deſerue.
  From deapth of wide and hollowe ſea, hir ſonne complaynyng thus
With piteous noiſe, Thetis gane eare, leaning Oceanus
The aged ſire in Marine Courte, in likeneſſe of a cloude
With ſpéede ſhe comes to Achilles, in dolour where he ſtoode.
Kinde countenaunce and ſhewe ſhe makes: Alas deare ſon quoth ſhe, Thetis to Achilles his ſonne.
What ayleth thée? whence commes thy griefe? Alas, what man is hée
That hathe thy minde diſturbed thus? let me th'occaſion ſée,
That of thy doleful déering here, partaker I may be.
  He ſighing ſaide, muſte I to you declare my martyring throwes? Achilles to his mother.
The wrongs to me nowe lately done your ſelfe to to well knowes.
You knowe full wel howe for to harme King Priame and his kinne,
Many a ſubiect towne of his, and neighbors, quite haue bin
To ruine, ſacke, and battie brought, the walles of Ætion
The puiſſant king, by me were torne, whereof to euery one
The ſpoyles were parted equally: Chryſeis of beautie moſte
Was leſte to Agamemnons cheéce, who kept hir in the hoſte.
Chryſeis the fire thortly in campe his daughter faire he ſought,
And for hir ranſome alſo due he gallant preſents brought.
Vnto vs all in humble wiſe he lowly made requeſt,
And eke to him that had hir rule, with whome the Maide did reſt.
Of Phœbus cleare, olde Chryſes was, cladde with the worthye wéed,
Thereby to purchaſe more regarde. By vs it was agréed,
That ſhe in frédome ſhoulde be ſette, and giftes had in exchaunge.
But here oure Chieftaine our aduiſe he toke it very ſtraunge:
And maugre al, with choller ful, the hoarie haires he chode:
His preſents thus refuſde, good Chryſe, right ſorrowfull abode.
To Phœbus cleare he prayed harde, who put him not abacke:
For ſhortly numbers greate, by plague are put to direfull lacke.
This woefull plight, when plaine I ſawe of Grékes by death ypent,

Which Calchas wiſe ſaide from Apoll procéeded ill conſent,
I did perſuade the people al, the God to pacifie,
Thereby diſpleaſing Agamemn, himſelfe ſo gloriouſly
And ſterne who beares. With outrages and threats he eke begun,
And ſayde, his loſſe muſte healed be of me. I was the man:
He failed not to execute his filthie minde ſo falſe.
Chryſeis in Galley ſcarce was put, and haled vp the halſe,
But that they Bryſeis fetche away, whether ſhe wil or no
Out of my Tent, King Agamemn to him wil haue hir goe.
I this way of the goodly gifte, which all the Campe me gaue
Defrauded am. But if that you ſuche might and puiſſaunce haue
(As well I know your force is great) then yéelde thou ſome reliefe
Vnto your woful ſonne, whoſe ſoule is paſte with inward griefe.
Aſcend, and licence craue of Ioue that I reuenge may take,
For once from danger you him drew, for mends let him this make.
I minde it well, I ofte haue heard you largely vaunt and boaſte,
That, but for you and for your helpe, he life and laude had loſte.
For Neptune ioyned with Pallas, and Iuno Dame that ſhrowe,
Had enterpriſde to bind his hands, & down the heauens him throwe.
But their malitious harde deuiſe preuented was in time:
For you deſcending, to the Heauen you cauſed for to clime
Briareus called Ægeon, the hundred handed Giant,
The fierceſt of all mortall wights, who fiercely there reſiant,
Did ſo againſt the Seaiſh God, and other Goddiſh powers,
That Ioue as ſoueraigne ſtil remaines, & none againſt him ſtoures.
Goe get you to him mother mine, and lowly on your knées
Minde him of this your ſeruice done, demaunding for your fées,
That he vouchſafe the Troyans ſende ſuche courage to embrace,
That ſlaine or burnt, the Grékes to ſhore do fearefully giue place.
This miſchiefe byding by their King, who then his fauite ſhal ſpie,
loſſe liking of himſelfe, ſo little care, loſelie
ling his prowéſſe, who of all in valor beares the Bell.
againe Achill his ſonne thus anſwers very wel,
beamy hearte and weping eyes: Alas (ſhe ſaid) my ſonne,
I thée hither thus brought for thy life haſt thou begonne
is cutte off, Why blaiſfull is it note

Conſpyracie of the Gods againſte Iupiter. The fable of Briareus hauing an hundred hádes.

Haue

Haue I conſented thée deare ſonne, to this vnhappy loſſe?
Without, to thy late ſo hard, to giue thée heart and doleful dayes?
Wo ei, thée to pleaſe, I will in loue, perſwading diuerſe wayes,
In telling this, that to thy loſſe he be a ſetter on;
But fiue dayes paſt he with the Gods is gone th'ocean,
Vnto the Æthiopes do inuite the auntient Gods to thiers,
Eleauen dayes it will be full eue he returne I héere.
But then a ſuter will I be, till when I with (my child)
You from the battayle do abſtéine, and not your weapons wield.
Diſpoſt your ſelfe vpon the wanes, a ſhip-bord take no care,
That it be wift vnto the Grékes how great your dolours are.
With this ſhe leaues hir ſonne Achil. A bord he kéepes in páine
For Briſies gone, he féeles the ſmart, that thrils through euery vayne. Vliſſes arriues in the Ile of Chriſe, and deliuers Chriſeis to hir father.
That while Vliſſe with winde in poupe, and trauaile of the Oze,
Of fertile Chriſe he with the dame approcheth to the ſhore
And pleaſant port: downe come the ſayles, & round they roll thé faſt,
Vpon the deck haeled adowne is layde the mighty Maſt.
And then from Poupe with Cables harde the tothed Ancres fling
Their holde to take, and lay alande proniſion which they bring
For ſacrifice: Vliſſes doth the mayde with careful charge
Vpon hir ſaddle ſette, conduct to Phœbus temple large,
With minde ful milde, where to hir fier he giues hir in his handes,
And with theſe wordes: Thou Chriſes Prieſt, ſo happy thou ỳ ſtands, Vliſſes to Chriſes.
Agamemn, who commaunds the Gréks, to thée hath ſent me hither
To bring thée home thy daughter here, and with hir eke togither
Such bowes to offer to Apol, to pacifie his anger,
That Grékes therby ſo déply pinde, be therewith plagde no läger.
The good olde man did ioye apace his daughter to poſſeſſe,
And forthwith had to ſacrifice they all things readie dreſſe.
And Barly cakes he cals to bring, and fingers waſhed faire,
Aloude he liſteth vp his voyce, and ioyned hands doth reare. Chriſes prayer to Apollo.
Oh puiſſãt Phœbus (thus he prayes) whoſe darts do al things feare,
Thou Phœbus cleare, Apollo God who ſiluer bow doth beare,
And Cyl, Chryſa, and Tenedos doth rule vnto thy liking,
If any time thou haſt vouchſafte to graunt at my beſéking
To ſhew to the working of thy wrath on Grékes afflicted ſore,

The plague ceaſeth in the Greeks Campe.

Who wholely yéelds vnto thy will, O Phœbus graunt therefore
To chaunge thy minde, & frō this Cāpe thy bitter plague do banish.
No ſooner prayde, but Phœbus hearde, & plague it ſtraight did vanish.
Full ſundrilie were the offrings, when ended was to pray,

Sacrifice.

The ſhéepe are ſlaine, their ſhinnes of pluckt, & to the fire they lay
The gigots plumbe, and cut off legges: god Chriſe with wine is red
The Aulter throughly doth perfume: himſelfe he careful ſped
About the ſeruice of the God, and fier great doth kindle,
The lorres of the oblations dead, and other fleſh they mingle,
And roundly roſt on broches fiue, and gridorne on the Coales,
And euery one prepares himſelfe vnto his chéere and boales.
A ſéemely ſight it was to ſée the ſeamen plye their téeth,
Wherewith the Cups apace they walke, they wel content therwith.
Refreſhed thus, Vliſſes and the Grékes they do not ſpend
Idle the day, they Hymnes do chaunt, and ſerly ſongs do ſend
Apollos prayſe to herrie hir, wherof the pleaſaunt tunes
Reſounding in the God his eares, he pleaſure great reſumes.
At night Vliſſes coucheth him within his galley lowe,

Vliſſes returnes to the Grekes Campe.

At péepe of day eche one prepares to plucke, to hale, to rowe.
To loftie ſeas the maſte they hoyſe, Gods ayde they do not lacke,
For ſhortly with ẏ winde he gaue (which made their ſayles to crack)
In port of ſafetie they arriue, where bloudie war doth roze,
And taking land, their veſſel they do draw vpon the ſhoze.
To his pauilion eche retires, or hieth him abroade.
This while Achilles kéepes his tent, for matters of the ſworde
He neither makes nor medels with, nor yet to counſel cōmes,
In minde with trouble ouercharged, he grieued ſits, and glōmes,
Pyning away his valiaunt corps, a patterne odde produced
Vnto the worlde of worthy ſhape: when as ſhould be induced
Alarme among the Grékes, he grapes, whom Troyans ſhould aſſaile,
God prayſe to ſhew his helpe, to them to be of great auaile.
The day now come of Ioues returne from th'Eccan ſolemn feaſt,
One morning Thetis from the ſea to heauen hir ſelfe doth preſt.
The God aſide ſhe ſitting ſaw, approching to him nie,
His knées hir left hand doth embrace, with countnaunce curteouſlye
Hyr right to chin ſhe moued ſoft, and humbly thus ſhe prayde:

If any time (no doubted sire) that I haue with mine ayde
Thy high and mightie maiestie relieued in thy want,
I thée beseech this my request O father do it graunt,
With like is heart, his honor touchte, yéelde thou vnto my sonne,
Let Agamemnon shortly know what wrong he hath him done,
Yéelding the Grékes a thorough feare, the Troyans courage hie,
So that the wracked Campe restore his credite worthilie. Thetis to Iupiter.

To this the Goddesse milde speech, the great God answers nat,
But sadly musing with himselfe, he still in silence sat.
The Goddesse eftsone wearie now, this silence long that spies,
In humble sort vpon his knées intreateth in this wise: Thetis eftsone entreateth Iupiter
Say yea, or no, Oh Iupiter, ende both my hope and feare,
For you of whom to stand in dread, I know none like doth beare:
Say on therfore, that I may sée, in fauour how I stand,
How small regarded or estéemde, I crane it at your hand.

With fetched sigh Ioue answeres thus: Oh harde and heauy case, Iupiter to Thetis.
Sith my wife Iuno I must stirre, and haue hir froward grace.
Tis she, tis she of all the Gods with me that most doth iarre,
Alleaging that I Priams part support do in this warre.
That she do not our meaning finde, down straight descēd your ways,
And your demaunde I will fulfil, assurde without delayes.
And that you know my promise sound, I will you shew a signe Token of the certainetie of Iupiters promis
To ease your doubt, this shal it be, to bow my heade diuine,
A token aye that neuer faples, when any thing of waight
Vnto the Gods I do behight. His head he shaketh straight,
And bended waues so raiseth he, that al his holy heare The olimpus passhaketh. Iupiter returnes to Heauen.
By only shake, Olympus large doth tremble fast for feare.
Thetis to depth of sea descendes, the God his mansion kéepes,
In Wielkin Countrey he remaines, with other Gods he méetes,
In troupe, not willing no not one, themselues they humbly show,
Amid them all right gloriously on throne he sitteth tho.
Then Iuno chafed at the full, now found the secrete tricke
Of Ioue, to wracke of Grékish Campe, which touchte hir at ẏ quick. Iuno angry with Iupiter.
With hart audatious thus she says: thou God with malice fraught,
What subtile toy, what pretie práke, haue you (I pray you) wrought
With that my maisters Mariner, from whence now doth it growe

That

That I with you muſt not conferre, nor muſt your counſels knowe?
Delighting that your dealings cloſe to other knowen be,
Iupiter to Iuno. I for alouſe a ſtraunger I. Hope not then aunſwearest he
By ſecrets I acquaint you with, your gaine it would be leſſe,
Although my wife and ſiſter both, you are, I do confeſſe.
In Counſayles which are fitte for you, you ſhall haue your right,
None ſalde ſo ſone, no not the God, that greateſt is of might.
If, what I haue determined plaine, none is ſhall know the matter,
Then let me reſt, to ſearch it out you ought not thus to patter.
But cried the Goddeſſe loude, alas, O crabbed ruſticke Ioue,
Iuno to Iupiter. So like an Aſſe or vndiſcrete, when did I euer roue,
To ſeeke the things of ſecrecie, but ſtill I am excluded,
You crabbed you, your ſecrete deedes without me are concluded.
Which made me careful, when I ſawe Thetis that ſpiteful peate
Thys morning here ſo perting ſitte at elbow by your ſeate.
I greatly dread hir ſonne to benge, obtainde ſome ſuite ſhe hath,
Wherby to danger bowe the Grecians, & worke their harme & ſcath.
Iupiter to Iuno. To this the God did cal hir hag, (quoth he) I cannot ſhift,
But thy ſuſpitious ielous heade aye findeth out my drift.
But how much more (I ſwel) you thinke to alter what I meane,
I ſo much more in ſpite of you do ſtil contrarie cleane,
The rather for your kicking thus. If I vnto Thetis
Haue promiſt anye thing at all, ſith ſo my pleaſure is,
And you it knowe, why ſhould not you agree as wel as I?
Go ſit you downe, and talke no more ſo fonde and ſulkily,
Leaſt moued I, with both my fiſtes I giue you banging lawes,
And in ſuch ſort as no God here can ſaue you from my clawes.
By this ſo great and dreadful threat, dame Iuno more ſhe feares,
She quiet growes, ſhe goes hir waies, & viſage downe ſhe beares,
Among the Gods ſhe takes hir place: this while the heauenly route,
By this contention greeued are, and troubled thereby out.
Whereby with pitie Vulcane bare to Iuno, which he had,
With doubt this ſnarling would proceed to worſe, which was to bade
With curteous ſpeech he did his beſt, to comfort hir, as thus:
Vulcane to Iuno his Mother. My mother deare, if this deſpite remaine, and that with vs
Immortal Gods two quarrel haue, for mortal peoples cauſe,

I ſurely ſe beeap to fal vpon this goddiſh race.
The banquets ſhal be brought to nought, and quailed with diſquiet,
Wherat we all are ſtil refreſht, and reaſon why, for repet
In miſchiefe like makes better head, then better can attaine.
You muſt more kind and louing beeth noble dame refraine
Your choller now vnto my ſire, how, beſt your ſelfe both knowe,
Elſe by this rigour of debate the caſe will fall out ſo,
As all the Gods, both you and I, ſhal finde no little griefe,
If once he grow into a rage. He might is, and chiefe,
He from the heauens will vs hunte, wherby our iunkets gay,
Our ſport, our chat of louing toyes ſhal cleane be tane away,
And more of this our manſian hie, all counſels ended quite.
I you beſeech to haue ſome care this daunger do not light,
Agree your ſelfe vnto his will, with words of milde allay,
And what you lik, you ſhal obtaine, he can you not denay.
With this a boule of Nectar ful, in hand ſir Vulcane take,
And to his mother did preſent it with a comely loke.
Beare mother mine, (quoth he to her) refuſe not to obay
To Ioue, though eare both maiſter you, and wils you anſwere nay,
Leaſt greater ſhame you hap to haue, he laying you on the Ride,
And though I would, no help at all I could for you prouide,
For yet reſiſt his power diuine: haue you forgot ſo ſone,
How you to reſcue from his hand, he had me almoſt done
To death: when ſo his furie were, from thies he did me thrie
Down by the ſote, where in the ayre I tumbled to and fro,
Whole day throughout, and fel at laſt with bones and body burſt,
In *Lemnos* Ile, in manner dead, wherein I fel at furſt.
Wherein I was wel entertaind there by the *Lemnos* dweller,
With bountie great. When Iuno heard thus Vulcane for to tel hir,
She was appeaſde, and gan to ſmile, the cup to lips ſhe ſet,
With Nectar ſweete, celeſtial iuyce, hir mouth and hart ſhe wet.
It was a paſtime to behold the pleaſaunt Vulcane God,
In taking fay to al the reſt, with halting haunches plod.
Wherout the Gods do laugh apace, much liking of the ieſt.
And then prepared to feaſtwith, the high and heauenly feaſt,
From morning cleare which vntil night was drawen out along.

Vulcane preſenteth drinke to Iuno.

Vulcane once throwen out of Heauen fel in Lemnos Ile.

Iuno drinketh of Nectar and is appeaſed.

The Gods feaſt. Phœbus & the muſes.

With great and glorious aray, the Gods with their ſeruy
Conceyuing ſtil, and Phœbus he his double Harpe doth ſtrike
Agrée ing in ſweete Harmonie, wherewith they greatly like
The worthy route: the ſun gone downe, eche one with beamie eyes
Retires vnto his ſeuerall home, in buildings which do riſe
Iupiter and the Gods to reſt. By ſkil of Iumping Artyſane: Ioue to his Chamber hies,
And downe he coucheth on his bed, and Iuno by him lyes.

Finis Libri primi.

¶ The ſeconde Booke.

THe Heauenly fires and mortal ſoules
paſſed the night as the
In pleaſaunt ſléepe, yéelding to ſt
ful frée of care and woe.
Iupiter can not ſleepe for the care he hath of Achilles. But Ioue ſticking with teeth and nayle
ſtil vnto hys beheſt
To Thetis made, with irkeſome cheare
bereſt was of his reſt,
Caſting how he Achilles fame vnto the ſtarres might raiſe,
And mone ſome hoyles in the Gréeks Cápe to their loſſe any leape.
Iohn dreaming God he calde to him, that God chiefe God of il,
Common cole carrier of euery lye, thus laying him his will: (here
Iupiter to the God of dreames. Thou cankerde dreame thinke on thy charge, & leaue thy ſeate meete
And ſtraight to Agamemnons ſhips this meſſage ſie thou beare,
Without abode that he do arme eche Gréekiſh crue and bande,
His enterpriſe to ende, my ſelfe will put an helping hande.
For now the Gods do all agrée that *Troy* to ruine goe,
Among them though hath beene great tug whether it ſhould be ſo.
Throughly by Iuno brought thereto, whoſe will and whole deſire
Is both the Troyan towne and folke to deuoure with ſworde and fire.

Hauing

Hauing his errand thus from Ioue, the dreaming God him sped
Forthwith to Agamemn that Prince, whom he found then abed,
By sléepe refreshing to his spirites of toyle and trauaile gone,
Of Nestor olde that famous wight the shape that God put on,
Saying: Oh valiant Atreus heire, sléepst thou or doost thou wake? The dreame to Agamemnon.
A Princes duetie is not thus himselfe to sloth to take,
Who hath the charge of such a crue of knights and army big,
For not throughout to sléepe a night the care of them would twig. A prince in warre ought not to sleep the whole night.
Sith Ioue so much thy fame desires, and eke thy name to raise,
And for thy sake hath cause such broyles he bids without delayes,
That nert when Titan shewes his face this, Orizon to light,
In order pon pour armies range of battaile for to fight.
For now the time is right at hand, yea this is now the day,
Wherein the Troyan Citie shal be giuen to Grékes in pray.
The Gods as now yéelde all therto, agréeing in this case
Willing to follow Iunoes traine, whom great desires embrace
Of *Troy* to sée the Towers downe tone, and euend with the ground,
And Ioue that God, of others most, that stirring doth whoop sounde.
The Troyans little to estéeme his Godhead he doth know.
Thinke on oh King that I haue saide, my message do not slow.
His errand done, as he was willde, he toke his flight from thence,
Leauing Prince Agamemnon then in dumpe and in suspence.
And casting for to make exployte and end without delayes,
To spoyle the *Troyan* towne and line, and not to take more bayes. Agamemnō thinkes of his dreame.
But the great Caise mist of his counte, for Ioue had layde a bayte
As wel the Grékes as Dardanes kind them both a shame to waite.
But then he rose, leauing his bed, and sitting downe thereon, Agamēnō riseth and maketh him readie.
He clad himselfe with garments newe, and put a Mantle on.
And on his féete full delicate cleane shoes right feate he set,
And to his side a swoorde he girt, with golden nayles ybet.
Thus clad, holding in his right hand his own paternal Mace,
Went from his tent vnto the ships to consult of the case.
When as Aurora gan to clime vpon Olimpus hie, The Sunne rising.
And brought to men message of light before the Sunne in skie,
Agamemnon went to counsel his Heraults crying out,
Both great and small, yea more and lesse of all the Grékish route

Came to the cal, but ere he would his minde to them declare
He calde the auntients of the hoſt, they that moſt worthy were,
The Counſell aſſēbles. Whoſe counſel was the beſt eſtēmde, to whom he thus began
Somewhat with ioy in Neſtors ſhippe that famous worthy man.
Agamēn. his dreame. How this laſt night the dreame diuine did ſet my thought on fire
Heare now my friends, when as he came reſembling this old ſire.
This reſt becōmes thee not, quoth he, you child of Atreus kinde,
But rather on thy charge to thinke, and there to ſet thy minde.
A wiſe man the which ſubiect is to euery kinde of ill,
Ought not in reſt ſpende all the night, or ſleep: therein his fil.
Giue eare therefore vnto my words: ſith Ioue now willing is
T aduance thy name & great renoume, cōmands, thou doſt not miſſe
But in the field to rauage thy power to morrow for to fight,
For therein thou ſhalt bring adowne the Troyan pride and might,
And ſacke their Citie, ſith the Gods no more are at diſcorde,
To ſuccour them, their foe Iuno, hath wrought them to accorde.
And namely Ioue againſt Priam will follow his reuenge,
And as a foman, ſo of him, himſelf himſelfe will venge.
This meſſage done, the dreame me left, and I addreſſe likewiſe
My ſelfe to you my friends, to know your counſaile and aduiſe,
How to furniſh this enterprize: but ere we do beginne
Our armour to put on, lets ſee what mindes our men be in.
If yée thinke good, to Countrey home I will them will to hie,
And with faire words will counſayle them, & willing ſeems will I.
But you ſhal argue and reply againſt that my requeſt,
Conſtrayning them by word and deede to tarrie and areſt,
Neſtor perſuades the Greekes to beleeue Agamemnon. Til that a thorow ende be made: then Neſtor vp did riſe
Straight at his tale, and to them al he gan ſpeake in this wiſe.
Oh Princes famous of renoumme, if any preſently
But Agamemn ſhould counte this tale, we would it hold a lye,
And making him a laughing ſtocke, his credite ſhould be ſmal:
But ſith this tale is his, who hath the leading of vs al,
We muſt to it our credite giue, not ſpending time in this,
But to aſſent is my deuiſe vnto theſe words of his.
Encouraging our ſouldiours all for to committe to winde,
And to aduaunce our enſignes all with courage good and minde.

This

This sentence of Nestor allowde, Agamemnon straight rose,
The Peeres accompanying him, & rauld ye scale of nedfull woo goes,
Ye, who hath seene the busie Bees, whē Prime time first forth leaps, Similitudes of Bees.
Issuing out the hiued rockes, flying in swarmes and heapes,
To smel the odour of the floures, of the small blossombe trees:
Suppose, that from al quarters came, both great and small likewise,
Following their chieftains at the heles, for newes to heare they call,
Togither so to the sea stronde they hyed them to haste.

The messenger of Ioue so twist with wing as may be thought, The famous messenger of Iupeter.
Fame with the help of his strong pens, did leane no place vnsought,
But stirres eche man with doubled woordes to haste vnto the rout,
That with ye noise of those that came the earth trembled throughout:
And in the ayre the bruite resounded, right hardly he was set,
That could by chance find out some place among such preasse so great, The preasse
Ye preaseth him, him he again, shouldring ech one his fiere,
They labor till with heate and thoute, eche one to draw more nere.

But the Heraults silence to make, nine times th'Dies did crie, The Heraults make silence.
To the Kings woordes praying the Grekes to hearke attentively.
Agamemnon him ready made, and on a place of state
He mounted hyge, in his right hande his Sceptre beaurate Agamenon Scepetre.
Wrought lately by the God Vulcane, to Ioue it with great care
Did he present, elle by whose gifte eke Mercurie it bare,
And Mercurie in present gaue it to Pelops the greate,
Who it did yelde to Atreus, and in his hand it set.
And Atreus yelding vp the Ghost, to Thyestes the strong
He it bequeathde, with other things which to it did belong.
This Sceptre Agamemnon holde, and it possest indede,
For to the seate of Argos riche as heire he did succede,
And eke to other Cities more in lande right firme and fast,
With Iles, whose beauties to beholde eche minde would be agast.
Wherefore vaunting this royall Mace in his right hand before,
Whiche eke Pelops his auncestor had borne himselfe of yore,
With stately looke vpon his crues, he set and fixt his eies,
With stretches limbs he gan him shounde, and spake thē in this wise: Agamemnō to the Ieuelours to se to their maides.
With grieuly plagues not to be borne, O host of Grekishe soile,
Famous by Armes, Ioue hathe me deceyde, and put me to the while,

And ſi hath ſauourde our affaires: for promiſe he did make
To me, that long ere this we ſhould the towne to flame betake
And that we ſhould to *Greece* returne al ſafe in proſprous plight
But I ſée he hath laid a traine to trappe vs if he might.
For chaunging now his auld deuiſe: he counſels at the laſte
Home to returne, when at this ſiege greate perils we haue paſt,
Which we this long time haue ſuſtaind: thus will this God of powre
Bring downe mens force if he ſo pleaſe in moment of an houre.
And Cities huge he layes in duſt, euen as his pleaſure is,
And brings eche mightie ſtrength to ruine: oh what miſhap is this?
Suche warped keles for to beholde fléting vpon the ſeas,
And dead ſo many worthy knightes on the earth ſtrowd wayes,
And *Troy* to ſacke haue had no might, who neuer cannot abide?
Compariſō. For if a preſent proufe were made, and that it might be tryde,
That Troians as our frendes and feres were numbred al in one,
And that we Grékes diuided were, by tens and tens eche one,
Appointing to eche troupe of vs but one Troyan by name,
To retche the Cuppe at our requeſts, when we call for the ſame,
A man ſhould ſée thouſandes of Grékes (the Troyans be ſo ſcant.)
That calling in their thirſt for drinke, their butlers they ſhould want,
So much our number theirs ſurmounts, which be of Troyan blood.
But truth it is, that numbers great are come of nations good,
Reſolued wightes themſelues haue vowde to dye in their defence.
Whiche not a little grieues me nowe, and caſts me in ſuſpence,
Not being of force for to preuaile, and yet nine yeares throughout
We haue this *Troy* ſtrongly beſiegde on eche ſide round about.
Yet they our Machins haue withſtode: what hope then in the ſame
Of them to gaine ſhould we now haue, but mere reproche & ſhame?
And of our ſhips the deckes be broke, and whole there is no ſaile,
Our ſaile yards rotten, our maſts ypſent, & tackling ginnes to faile.
For our returne to take in hand they are in ſorie plight.
And yet againe our dolorous wiues doe with of vs ſome ſight,
And haue done long with ardent zeale, hearing the guiltleſſe cries
Of the ſmall babes, with our returne wiſhing to baite their eyes.
And we now brought into diſtreſſe, and voide of our purpoſe,
Our honor, fame, and good renowme, and like our time we loſe.

For

For lest we linger, and certaine be, that we can not bestow,
Nor put to flame this Cities owne impugnable of *Troy*.
And other councell I knowe none, but this for beste I chose,
That to our houses we returne, and not our honours lose.
Doing as reason ehe requires, let vs the Gods obay,
And that eche man hie to his home, let no man thinke of stay.

These words at pleasure thus pronoust, did yelde ỳ Grekes a mind
Of full desire of their returne, and so they ganne to wind,
With whispering noise, yelding a sounde, as oft the seas we se
The flowne the boistrous surge to raise, welt'ring now low now hie,
And with the strength of southern blast is driuen against eche rocke,
It doth rebound with griesly rore, when on them it doth knocke:
Or else, when as the westerne winde doth mete a field of graine,
In harueste time, & cause the eares to whush throughout the plaine.
Eche man such hast made vnto shippe, that yet before their eyes
The dust into the aire was raisde aloste into the skyes.
Which was a griefe vnto them al, yet suche desire they had
Of their returne, that eche his friend beganne thereof to glad,
And councel gaue their Pates to hoise, and ehe their sailes to spred,
With such a noise, as to the stars their cries and clamors ped.

In truth the selfe same morning then eche his returne did his,
And al agréd were of the same, maugre the destinie:
Had not Iuno hit on hir handes, and taken better holde,
And prayed Pallas of hir help when these things waxed colde.

Minerua thou my friendly mate, shall we before our eyes
Suffer vppon these Grékishe handes such infamie to rise,
And shamefully to take their flight by armes not sacking *Troy*,
Not winning Helene, who is cause of all this great annoy,
To King Priames immortall fame, and honor of his kinne?
If oft thy godly wisedome hath preuaild mens hearts to winne,
And them to change from sentence set, the same now for to bis
Is méete, to cause the Grékes to change, and thys their way refuse.
And that from *Troy* no shippe departe, haste downe I thée desire,
Till *Greece*, who hath receiude this wrong, do venge hirselfe by fire.

Whé as ỳ green eyed Goddesse thus had heard dame Iunoes talk,
To finde the wilie Vlysses straight downe she take hir walke.

The author describes the incredible of the multitude by two fine comparisons.

Iuno to Pallas.

Pallas descendeth and commeth to Vlysses.

Who

Who hauing left the other Greekes in care, them plunged deep,
With ſorrowe ſore, ſeeing their ill the worke was brought to paſſe.
Who diſobeiſance ſhame, mo mountaines made, homewards to take ꝑ ſeas,
Mo? once t'imbarke himſelfe, this ende ſo muche did him diſpleaſe.

Pallas to Vlyſſes.

Is it agreed, ſaide Pallas then, O thou Vlyſſes wiſe,
That this ſhamefull departure thus be taken in thyne wiſe?
Shall thus the Greekes be ſeene to flye, and Troyans to enioy
That beautie which all *Greece* to win, brought their whole ſtrẽgth to
Theſe rauiſhing beames hir to poſſeſſe, to ſee doſt ꝑ not burne? (*Troy?*
I pray the hault with pleaſant wordes, to ſtay the Greekes returne,
Here to abide, vntil ſuch time, as ye haue ſeene erthe ende
The Troyan towne within the walles and towre of *Ilion*.

The warie Greeke hearing the voice diuine, without delay
Threwe off his weed, and to the campe he toke the neereſt way,
The lighter clad to make more ſpeede, and meeter to make haſte,
The which an Herault ſtraight toke vp, and followed him as faſt.

Vlyſſes takes Agamemnons Scepere.

And Agamemnon as he ranne, he mette right in the face,
Of whome (the more to be eſteemde) he toke hys golden ſpace.
By happe, if in this hurly berie, with Prince or King he met,
With gentle ſpeche he ſtaulde them ſtay, theſe wordes he forward ſet.

Vlyſſes ſpeakes curteouſly to the Princes.

Ah fellowe mine, it is not meete, that we, who beare the poſte
Of Kings and heads, ſhould ſhew our ſelues as do the meaner ſorte,
Vaaild baſtardes, but our parte it is, from flouth them to reſtraine,
And to leade them by counſel good, to things more for their gaine.
Agamemns ſelfe you do not liele, who by a gentle way
Doth proue to ſee which Grecian heart moſt failes and faints alway,
Or who holdes out: ſo his reward or punishment to beſtowe.
He is to wiſe that eche man ſhoute his minde and ſecrets knowe.

The wrath of a King.

Wherefore we ought all to forbeare, that he finde cauſe no where
In vs to ſtirre: for a Kings wrath is burthen great to beare.

The reigne comes from God.

For that powre, by the whiche he rules, proceedes from grace aboue,
And who commands here in Gods place, him God doth alway loue.
Vlyſſes to his fellow Knightes thus curteouſly did ſay,

Vlyſſes chaſtiſeth mutinous ſouldiours.

Not ironſly, but if he founde a knaue carefull of pray,
Or mutineus, who made as though he home would pull the heed,
With his Scepere he beate ſome blowe, & beaſtly wordes he threwe

Becauſe

Becomes it thee, thou hedgebog them, who loues no toile but eafe,
With murmurous words to go about thy Captaine to difpleafe?
Retire and ftande, my friend I fay, both thefe affaf thy hande,
To heare the Kings, who are appoint whome meete to take in hande.
Ethe one of them) maye not be a King and Ruler ftraight,
For worthy Fame and great renoume are things that are of weight,
If they be Marfhalled by one: wherefore in euery eafe
Let vs obey that King, whome Ioue hath fet here in his place.

The Monarchie commended in all common vvealthe. Obedience to Kings.

Suche gentle wordes Vlyffes vfde, that fo they did retire,
And ftraight they left their fhips, in troupes & plaine & kinge to heare,
Making fuch noife as doth the fea, when with feme boifterous blaft
It makes the fheare whiffle along, with beating on ethe caft.

Compariſ.

Ech one did thrufe himfelfe a place, whereas he beare might beffe,
Saue Therfites amonge them al without a roume did reft.

Homer in the name of Therſites deſcribes a ſeditious perſon.

Whit Therfites was a furly knaue, and ele a dogged fwine,
Not knowing honeftie his god, and alwaies fpent his time,
And take delight to mocke and fcorne, and vfe with trifling toyes
Euen the chiefe: and in fuch trickes conffifted al his ioyes:
Thinking that it becomes him wel, when he did them contrary:

Therſites vvas deformed.

And worfe he was the vgliefl beaft, that euer the earth did carrye
It ſeemde Nature had fought fith wit his fondenefle for to fhape:
Ill limmde he was, and for his head, it pilde was like an Ape,
A *Craſſum caput*, and his eares they were of Affes laft,
His limmes gowtie, crooked, and lame: in fine, take thys at laft,
His foote was monftrous to beholde, his fhape none euer had,
Pe reaked not, though he were thought in trouble ftill to gad.
All his contention and debate was brandly to gainfay
Vlyffes and Achill, and elfe like part, yea, would be play
With Agamemnon, who, becaufe he knewe th'ole hoft of late,
Or malke of it, did ftomacke them, for that fo fonde debate,
Becaufe he helde Bryſeis the faire: he fpeedes to him awaine,
Thus fcornfully to anger him, and mone him in ethe vaine.

Therſites to Agamemnon.

What doffe thou lacke Agamemnon, t'accomplifh thy deffire?
What wouldft thou haue? what grieues thy hart? q fets it fo on fire?
What doth it elfe demaunde? for ferft thy coffers full they be
Of golde, fliuer, and totelle braue, thy fhips and tents we fe

Belet with paſſing Damſels through, which we the Grékes beſtow
In gifte on thée, when by aſſaulte we bring a Citie lowe.
If to vs chaunce a Priſoner rich, we can thée not deny,
But bring to thée (ſtrangely me thinke) his raunſome by and by:
For all theſe things at thy deſire, yet art thou not content,
But if thou ſeeſt a captiue, whome nature hath beautie lent,
Hir ſtraight t'abuſe thy corage ſerues: wherefore what ſhould mé ſay,
Shall we al our allegeance beare, and ſuch an head obey,
Or honor him, we very beaſtes and Grékes infamed nay, nay,
Not Grekiſh knights, but Grecià dames, what get we here to bide?
This Auarice here let vs leaue, that perish may this pride,
And he of cauſing wrong debates may know the irkeſome gaines,
Lets leaue him here, and he ſhal know what wrong Achill ſuſtaines,
For Agamemn thou hadſt good hap when as the quarrell grewe,
For, if that he reuenge had ſought, downe there he had thée ſlewe.
a Vlyſſe hearing this arrogant ſaie, with auſtere looke drew neare,
b And looking through his browes at him, he ſpake as you ſhall heare:
Thou knaue defamde, thou buſie Jacke, although I knowe by kind
Thou arte a rayler, hold thy tongue, and ſet not thus thy minde,
Aught in reproch of him to ſay, whome we as chiefe do chuſe,
For not the beſte, euen of vs al, ought him in wordes miſuſe,
And much leſſe thou, who of the campe art refuſe and outcaſt,
What a trim Counſellour is this, who prates and talkes thus faſt.
Of our departure from this ſiege, without reſpect to knowe
Whether our good or loſſe it be: and (his vile minde to ſhowe)
Commes here to taunt Agamemnon, and caſteth in his téeth
The gift, which his deſert did craue, and we rewarded with:
But hearke thou Jacke, and be thou ſure, that if little or muche
h 2. I finde thée chatte agaynſte the Kyngs, or elſe their honor touche,
That from my necke my head I loſe, I pray the Gods aboue,
And that mine onely ſonne do dye, whome I entirely loue,
If ſtraight as cruelly as I can, I ſtrippe thée not of all,
Yea mother nakte, no not thy ſhirt to couer thée withall,
And then in eche my hands a whip I ſcourge thée through the plaine,
Carelelle the Gréeks and thou thy ſelfe ſhalte hide for ſhame & paine.
So ſaying, with his Mace he bent him fire or ſeauen bangs,

That

That on his crooked backe and bombes, the bloudy drops so hangs.
Then Therſites ſet vp with ſhame, grunting with chére full ill,
Dreading that worſer hoſtes might hap, wyth ſobs ſo held him ſtil.
Which made th'aſſembly all to ſmile, (though troubles as before)
Laughing at him with open mouth, and at this ſkirmiſh ſore.
Eche one lauding Vlyſſes manhe, they thus reporte of him:
O what good zeale and wiſedome great, with care of him ſo trimme.
His valyantneſſe we knowe long ſince, and eche man well eſpies
He perelleſſe is, hardie in warre, and eke in councell wiſe:
Yet neuer did he better déede, than courſing this rebel,
For henceforth nothing ſhal be moue, whiche dutie thinkes not well.
And Pallas played the Heraultes parte, exclayming to eche one
To holde them ſtill, the flowing Gréeke to heare, ſeconde to none.
Who ſeeyng them al ſo whuſht to heark, ſpake thus before the throng:
Agamemnon thou worthy Prince, thou haſte to open wrong.
Of al theſe Gréeks vnder thy charge, to *Greece* who homward would
Againſt the promiſe they haue made, which rather kéepe they ſhould,
The whyche they made not to returne, til *Troy* were in thy hande,
Like Babes and Widowes full of rage, themſelues alone to ſtande,
Deſiring to their pleaſure thus their Countrey earth to gaine,
Which rather they ſhould flée, knowing their toile hath bin in vaine,
And truth it is, that the pilot a whole month on the ſeas
Toſſe with the ſurge and weltring waue, is penſiue diuers wayes,
And on his houſe, and wife at home, his whole deſire doth goe:
Likewiſe theſe men ſome reaſon haue, to grieue and ſorrowe ſo.
But if we ſhoulde wel weigh our caſe, Repproch we cannot flye,
But loſe our honor and renoume, whiche loſſe is now to vs,
When men ſhall know our long abode: I doe aduiſe and pray,
All you my friends, pluche vp your harts, for your own wealth I ſay.
What, ſuffer noiſe yet one yeare more, that we Gréeks know thereby
Whether the knowledge of Calchas truth tolde or elſe did lye.
What he declarde by Prophecie, I thinke you all well knewe,
In *Aulis* towne of *Beocie*, he then as Prophet true.
Where all the Gréekes aſſembled were reuenge for to deuiſe
Againſte Priam, it happned then in doing ſacrifice,
To Iupiter to be our guide, vnder a Wéeche right gréene

Vlyſſes ſtrikes Therſites with his Scepetre.

The opinion had of Vlyſſes.

Pallas plaſheth the Heraulte to keep ſilence. Vlyſſes to Agamémnon and the reſt

Compariſō of a Pilote of the ſea.

The token appered to the Greeks I the towne of Aulis in Beotie.

With shadow fresh, by which to rise a lively spring was seene,
That of the Grecians who stoutest is, his heart for dreade was colde.
From th'aulters foote, a Dragon crept, so hideous to beholde:
For huge he was, and to all sights right terrible in shape,
The colour painted on his scales, was as the scarlet Grape.
The Dragon drawing to the tree, to highest braunche did crepe,
Where in the leaues he sparrowes found 8. yong that loud did pepe,
Which sodainly he raueud vp, and hir birdes to forge,
The Damme alone lamenting much, he straight deuourd also:
But by and by his figure chaunged, when he had eat the Damme,
And of a monstrous Serpent tho, a rocke he straight became,
We present there, and looking on, and eke astonied all
At this so dreadfull beast and chaunce, that erst did so befall.

The prophecie of Calchas.

Then Calchas said: O people Greek, what makes thee in this maze,
The mightie heyre of Saturne high thine honor meanes to blase,
And hath declarde a perfect signe of thy renowme to raise,
The time shall serue, though long it be, to thine eternal praise.
And as the Dragon did deuour these seely little ones,
And eke the Damme, in number nine, did swallow all at once:
Likewise great daungers we shall passe in this our warre of *Troy*,
For nine yeares space, we shall returne to oure twice double ioy.
For in the tenth yeare we shall see *Troy* sackte, and Priame slaine:
Thus Calchas tolde this secret hidde, which hitherto is plaine.
Beholde the end at hand: Wherefore a while attende the same,
That hauing victorie of this towne, we parte with lasting fame.

Vlysses woordes and zeale so wel receiued was of the rout,
There of the Tents, the ships, and shoare, bare witnesse al about,
Resounding with the peoples noise, praysing his iudgement wise,
Whiche being stilld, the hoare Nestor to speake then straight did rise.

Nestor to the Greeks

Oh hatefull case, worthy reproche, thus Nestor did begin,
O ye most variable folke, what mischiefe are we in:
As for our braueries heretofore, and counsels diuers wayes,
As farre as I see, are but topes and little childrens playes,
Who trauaile with their whole delight in foolishe trifles more
Than things aught worth, where are þ vowes & promises erst swore?
The othes so deepe and plighted faith: where is the hatred greate?

Against

Againſt Priam remaynes it yet, or elſe the cruel threate?
No, no, all theſe things quite are gone, and cleane you do forget
You minde them not, your idelneſſe hath you ſo fully mette,
That without harming any wapes our enmies here of *Troy*,
We ſtriue among our ſelues in words of eche inuented toye,
And none there is ſo wiſe, which mindes how now may ended be
This warre begonne: Agamemnon, the thing belongs to thée,
And if thy duetie I declare, thy pardon I require:
Togither for to plucke thy ſpirits ſhould be thy chiefe deſire,
And on theſe Campes, as reaſon is, to ſet thy care and minde,
As to the chiefe of all the hoſt, and chiefetaine is aſſignde.
And if ſome one withdrawe himſelfe, and will not bide the fray,
And do refuſe what thou commaundſt, leaue him for nought away.
(Hauing indured ſuch hurrie harde) what Greeke will here requeſt
For to depart, no knowledge, whether the plighted heſt
Which Ioue did make, be true or no: for ſure by lettyng fal
The dreadful flames of lightning fire among vs Grecians al,
On our right hands we marching on, did giue vs for to know,
That he himſelfe would point a meane, and once the time wold ſhow
Wherein we ſhould cleane take away by ſword the Troyan route.
What courage ſirs my fellowes al, and yet a while holde out,
For we are almoſt at a point: wherefore what néedes this haſt,
Til that eche one here of vs al, at will and eaſe be plaſt
With Troyan Dames, and of Priam ſome daughter eke of his
Their owne parents and huſbands by, to benge vs of Paris,
That wicked whelpe, who toke in hande, and that ſo lewdly durſt
Raviſh from vs, and ſcale away from *Greece* our Heleine furſt?
And in meane time, if any wretch or coward dareleſſe knaue,
Do hardly beare this our abode, or elſe miſliking haue,
And home will runne, him hang you vp: é much you ought to héede,
And be aduiſde with careful minde, how al things do procéede,
Conferre, both giue and counſel take, but who the beſt are tryde,
Thoſe follow ſtil: I thinke it good your Campe you do deuide
By nations fere, as they do marche, ſome diſtance leaue betwéene,
That if apart they happe to fight, they ſhal be better ſéene,
Than if confuſedly they went: and plainely ſhal you ſée

The lightning on the right hande good tokē for the Greekes.

Which of them beſt their tactics do, and whether ſo it be
That for prolonging of this war the Gods do it agree,
And ſtil continue to the ſame by heauens hie decree,
Or that the fault is in their Campe which liſteth not to fight.
To this good counſel Agamemn anſwers the aged knight:
What ioy quoth he, is for to heare in wiſdome how you paſſe,
Oh worthy ſire, ech *Grecian* Prince that is, or euer was.
Oh Ioue, oh Phœbus, oh Pallas, would God ſuch Neſtors ten
Were for to comfort now I had, you ſhould ſee quickly then
By their good conduct Priam tane, and down his Citie towne,
The Gods ſo would, and my miſhap that I to ſurie borne
So hateful gainſt Achil ſhould be, for loue ſole of a dame,
For which I only am in fault, and no man elſe to blame:
But if it pleaſe thy heauenly grace, that we two may agree,
Maugre all force, ſome Ilion quite in Aſhes you ſhall ſee.
To make vs ſtronger, let vs time, and then draw out our power,
To front our foes more valiauntly, and ech one for to ſecure
His gallant bright ſome armour tricke, let him ſome care apply,
And trim their ſhields and bucklers all, your Chariots alſo his
To binde ſo faſt, they ſtagger not, and chief, as beſt is wont,
Do throughly prouend wel your Horſſe, for they muſt bide the brunt.
The battel and the murder wil indure til ſunne doth ſet,
Where many a luſtie ſouldiour ſhal vnder his Bauzike ſweat,
In playing the man with Target borne himſelf for to defend,
And laying from him with his ſword to bring his enmies end.
And eke ẏ ſteeds orehaeld by draught, ſhal ſcarce haue power to blow,
In fine, if any Gréeke there be ſo lewde, that I may knowe
The fight to flye, and for to runne out of the troupe and bandes,
In ſhip himſelfe to hide, no helpe ſhal ſaue him from my handes.
But forthwith die, yea die he ſhal, to graue none ſhal him beare,
The dogs and flying foules for feode ſhal him aſunder teare.
This ſpeech which Agamemnon had, doth greatly ioy the Gréekes,
They ſuch a noyſe and whirring made, as round the ayre it ſtrikes:
The ſound was like vnto the ſea when as the whirling blaſts
The fleeting waue it roring loude, on rockie mountaines caſts.
Ech one repaireth to his tent, and dines contented wel

Ye mightie Gods they sacrifice and to their prayers fel.
They pray that that dayes iourney end, and to their daunger come.
To Ioue oblation doth prepare also Agamemnon,
As best becomes the Captaine chiefe: an Oxe of fiue yeares old
Ful thicke and fat, to dine with him the Prince also he woulde
Haue of the Campe the chiefest Peeres, who sent for, there did méete:
Nestor of all came first, and then Idomene king of *Creete*,
The Aiax twaine, Diomede fifth, the firth Vlisses sie,
To whom also then Menelau presents himselfe them by,
Ful certaine of the burden great, his brother then did beare
Sole for his sake in those turmoyles: they all assembled there,
And th'offring brought into the place, and cakes on Aulter layed,
As best deuotion then did bid: Agamemn thus he prayed:
O Gods thou Ioue the soueraigne chiefe, and Lord of Welkin hie
Of aire, and of this earth below, who lets the thunder flie,
The stormes of Haile & pashing showers, grãt me this day thy grace
That I this Citie set a fire, or night do come in place
Which hath so long withstood our force, grant ẏ my sworde doe sheare
This day the shirt of Hector stout, on brest which he doth weare,
And that by me he end his dayes, viewing hys souldiours al,
Enforcing them to saue his life, in bloudie death to fall.
He prayed thus: but Ioue was deafe, he pleased not to heare,
For all his offering there so great, he doth him greatly deare.
Then is the hostie slaine and flayde, and part on gridyrne put,
The liuer and lights they comely séeth and euery little gut.
The gigots and the other flesh in péces they did spit,
Which rost, tipling the pleasaunt wine they downe to table sit.
At pleasure hauing fed their fil, old Nestor was the furst
Who could not rest, but with these words their talking tales he burst:
It is no time Agamemnon to laugh or chat at all,
But execute we must the thing, to which Ioue vs doth call.
Commaund then all the Heraults here that they go crie amaine,
And hither warne the Campe to come, and then let vs againe
Ech one in field go raunge his bande, and there with curteous wordes
Exhort them, that right souldiour like they wéelde, & vse their swords.
Agamemn bids the Heraults good to go from band to band,

And

And eaſily Grækes, who Herraults heard, ꝛ came ſtraight out of hand.
A ſeemely ſight it was to ſée th'array in euery thing,
And armour of the warlike Grækes ech following his king:
But godlier was it to behold, thoſe great and mightie Kings,
What paine they toke, the multitude who there in o2der b2ings.
Wyth them ſwode Pallas al vnknowen, come down frō Wythin hie:
Of Ioue the God inuincible, who liues immo2tally,
The Target hung, and gaſtful ſo, ſhe on hir ſhoulder bare,
About the which hanging of gold an hund2ed pendants were.
So richly framde, as ech was wo2th of beues an hund2ed told.
So armde, of doughtie Grecians ſo the harts ſhe doth embolde
To play the men, with d2eadleſſe minds, and do as ſould2ours right:
They nothing mo2e wiſhe, than their liues to venter, and to fight.
The ſhining of their armo2 b2ight, gret Targets, ſhields of weight
Amid the plaine, was like in ſhew to thoſe on mountaine height,
As is the fire in fo2reſt made, which men do ſée a farre:
So ſhone their harneis gainſt the ſunne, and weapons fo2 the warre.
And like a gay great heard of Cranes, o2 flock of ſwans like ſnow,
O2 Géeſe a leſſer foule, with Charme, and ſund2y ſinging go,
Harde by the pleaſaunt *Caiſter* flood, vnder the clothed trées,
That all the places rounde about do ſound in ſund2y wiſe:
So Grækes armde at *Scamanderbanke*, fo2 fight in euery thing,
Such noiſe they pælde, as fur aloſe they make the medowes ring.
With treading of the Ho2ſſe likewiſe the valley long did ſound
To battayle marich, as many Græks, as flowers on the ground.
And as you ſée great ſwarmes of flies, flie oft out hollow hoales,
And come in ſkul into the place wheras the ſhepheard foldes,
And gathers at the ſp2ing the milke, which of his ſhépe he reapes:
Euen ſo ſuppoſe the Græks, they came out o2der al in heapes.
But their god leaders them diſpoſe, as heardſmen who with care
At euen aye their flockes in field, to ſeuer do p2epare.
Whom al aboue, P2ince Agamemn himſelfe did ſhew at ful,
As chiefe in name, ſo chiefe in déede, who braning as a Bul
Came fierce, triumphes, and rule he wil, ouer the Dren héede:
So he the puiſſant King commaundes how matters ſhal p2océede.
Fo2 head he lokt that day like Ioue, like Neptune fo2 his b2eſt,

You would haue iudged incontinently God Mars for all the reſt.
It was the pleaſure then of Ioue ſuch bechings to beſtow
On Agamemn, that made thereby his honor he might ſhowe.
Now Muſes who in heauen hie your place and dwellings haue,
The fauourers of verteous workes, teach me I humbly craue,
To tell that now I cannot write, ye all and all do knowe,
Recite the pointes whonto Troy did with the armye goe,
Recite their countrys and their ſhips: but hearſay, nought haue we,
It ſhall ſuffice to tell the names of theſe, who chiefeſt be.
For no man can with all his wittes rehearſe of all the men
The number and the proper names, though tongues, yea, fully ten
Right good he haue, and mouthes like, wel ſpecht that open were:
If euerlaſting voyce I had, and breaſt of braſſe did beare,
Without your fauour I may haue, in this, I am but loſt.
Of Loue you daughters Goddeſſes, of grace and vertue moſt,
Oh teach me then to name the kings and ſhippes of Grecians hoſt.

¶ The Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, and of their nauie that came to the ſiege of Troye,

and alſo of the *Troyan* Dukes, and forraine Kings who came to Priams ayde: Tranſlated out of the Latine.

THe *Troyan* roll from *Beotie*
Fiue warlike leaders cum,
Pencle, Prothæno, and Leiton,
Arceſilaus, Clonium,
Theſe people hath *Beotia* lande,
they who do hyries eare,
With Scænon, Scolon, Aulida,
which ſtonie earth doth beare,

The Beotii Dukes.
The places of Beotia.

And alſo famous *Eteonum*, beſpred with Pines,
Theſpia, *Graa*, *Mycales*, and towne *Latinogam*
With *Harma* olde, the *Iliſij*, and thoſe that paſture eat
The auntient ſayle of *Erythre*, and men of *Eleon*,
Of *Petean*, and *Hilis* the, and thoſe in *Cope* dwel
And in *Medeon*, who for walls in pride doth ſo excel,
With *Thiſbes*, which doth ſo abound with doues of wanton will,
Who *Entreſis*, and *Coronee*, and *Plateas* gay do till.
Th'inhabitaunts of *Aliarte*, which is ſo fraught with graſſe,
And who do ſtately *Thebes* holde, and line about *Gliſſa*,
Orcheſton ſtr, with ſacred graue to Neptunes goddeſſe bolde,
And *Arnee*, where ſ trim of vines with waight of grapes are bolde,
Midea faire, *Niſſa* diuine, and *Aſkly*, who do line
In *Anthedo*, whoſe fields about do fraught of flowers gine.
50 Beotian ſhips. With fiftie ſhips they come full fraught with weapon and with men,
Ech one an hundred ſouldiours brought, and alſo double tenne.
Orchomenians. Who from watred *Orchomenon*, with *Minyens* flood,
Whoſe Citie is *Aſpledona*, two knights of Mars his blood
Aſcalaphus and Ialmen leade: Aſtyoche the fayre
While ſhe a virgin Actors childe, did by hir ſelfe repaire
To Parler ſole, Mars hir deflourde, and forth ſhe brought the tidinge,
Thoſe two well furniſht at the ful with thirtie ſayle come in.
The Captaines of the Phocenſes. From *Phocis* oppoſite againſt, ſuch numbers as were ſent,
With Sciedius and Epiſtrophus two ſouldiours odde they went.
Them Iphitus Eubole begat: they all of *Cyparis*,
Of rockie *Pytho*, af *Criſſa*, of *Panop* and *Daulis*,
Of loftie *Hyampole*, and wholy on *Cephiſſon* flood,
In *Anemore*, whoſe dwellings ſtr, at head of *Lilee* ſtode,
From whence *Cephiſſa* riuer runnes, with fortie ſhips they ſwarpe,
And as *Beotians* faithful mates, their left hand ſide they karpe.
Locrenſes. The diuerſe armed *Locrenſes* valiaunt Oileus ſonne
The noble Aiax he did guide, who did as ſwiftly runne
As Eſterne windes, but leſſe in fact and eke in name likewiſe,
For nearre to Aiax Telamon in heigth he did not riſe,
But weaker much with members leſſe, yet bare he mightie breſt,
And for the throwing of a Dart he paſſed all the reſt.

Theſe lands the *Locrenſes* do holde: *Cynus*, *Opoes*, *Scarphen*, The coaſtes of Locris.
Calliaron, the pleaſaunt *Augie*, *Thronium* and *Tarphen*,
Boſſa, and people who do bide about *Boagrie* banke,
All leynde to warre, with fortie ſhips to *Troy* they come in ranke.
Againſt ſacred *Eubœa* ſhore the *Locrijs* region lyes.
The *Abantes* who holde *Eubœa*, out whoſe mouthes force out flyes, Rebolum.
Who *Chalcide*, *Eretria*, and withe *Hiſtia* haue,
Cerinthus by the ſea, the towne of Iupiter ſo braue,
With *Caryſtus*, and in *Styra* who dwelling do abide,
Theſe doth a martiall worthy Prince Elphenor Captaine guide,
The *Caleyens* eke a guider founde, of the *Abantes* bandes,
Who were the beſt throwers of Dartes, that euer threw with handes,
And cunning ſhakers of the ſhaffe to hit their foe a farre,
Theſe alſo ſtoute Bottomes big did bring vnto the warre.
From mightie walled *Secrops* towne where people ſo do flourith
Of Erechthus, whom bred in field Ioues daughter great did nourithe, Athenians
To him a Temple *Athens* raiſde, on them he firſt did raigne,
For yearely ſacred offerings there both neate and lambes are ſlayne,
The doughtie mightie Meneſthe the army out he leades,
No man his match for placing hoſte, and furniſhing of ſteades,
And marchaling of ſouldiours cloſe, wherin though Neſtor ware
His better both for vſe and yeares, therein he durſt compare.
With fiftie warlike keeles he came from *Athens* ſtraight as line,
And twice fyre Aiax Telamon did bring from *Salamine*, The Salaminit.
The which he plaſt hard on the ſhore, the *Cecrop* ſayles them by.
Who Græckith Iunoes Argos holds, and *Tyrinth* walled hye,
Hermiones, and *Aſines*, *Troëzene* hie in ſhore,
Eione ſacred *Epidaure*, of Wines which hath ſuch ſtore,
Who are in wealthy *Egina*, and in *Maſita* bred,
Theſe Diomedes big of boyce, and Stheneleus led D. Diomedes, Stenelus, & Eurialus theyr Soſaile.
The ſonne of noble Capanus, two men of prowes odde,
With them the third Eurialus, in vertue like to God.
Meceſt of *Telaios* was his ſire, but doughtie Diomede
Did rule as chiefe, with fourſcore ſaile they came right wel arayde.
Who do *Mycenas* ſtately frontes inhabite and maintaine, The coſtry Mycenæ.
Who in rich *Corinthes* walls of pride, and in *Ornias* raigne,

Who in *Chaonie* building braue, and *Arethyrie* bin,
With fruiteful falleies round beſet, and liue *Sirum* in:
Where once Adraſtus great was king: *Gonoeis* on the hill,
Hypereſie, *Pelleus*, and *Ægion*, who do til,
Agaīking 100. ſhips. All who diwel on the croked ſhore, and in the region large
Of *Helliſſon*, theſe Agamemn *Atrides* hath in charge:
Gallies and Gallions riggde he brought an hundred for reliefe,
Whom people and the princes all did chuſe to be their chiefe.
For as in power he paſſed farre, his valure was not ſmal,
Wherefore by Grékes conſent he had the gouernement of all.
The Lacedemonians and their dwellings. Who people do the Bulwarkes pleaſde of *Lacedæmon* towne
Piſtene ſurnamde, who laſtie *Sparte*, and *Par* in low aboūne,
Who *Meſſis* full of doues, and *Augie*, that is ſo pleaſaunt aye,
Bryſas, and who of *Amyclare* enioy the greénes ſo gay,
King Menelaus. 60. ſhippes. Who *Helos*, and the ſeruith ſhore, and *Tylon* do frequent
Withy *Laas*, theſe with threéſcore ſaile with Menelaus went,
With men and weapons furniſht ful, a man of doughtie pride,
Whē youngde, he alſo brother was vnto the great Atride,
His wife by ſtraith him taken fro, to deadly wrath he grew,
For Helenes ſake with teares and plaints the Grékes to war he drew.
The Pylies and their dwellings. Who kéepe in *Pilon Neleida*, and in *Arenus* tilde,
Thryon, and *Alphes* méeting fordes, and *Epy* hielie hilde
With towers aloft, *Cypariſſa*, and *Aneon* alway gréene,
The fable of Thamyris, depriued by the muſes, of verſifying. And who in *Pteleon* and *Helos*, and *Dorion* dwellers béene,
Where Muſes did bereaue of *Thrace* Thamyris of his ſkill
Of verſifying, with whom he met with hap vnluckie ill,
When from Eurythus he did come, of *Oechalie* the king,
And ſwéeter than the Goddeſſes he boaſted he did ſing,
D Neſter, 90 ſhips. If they durſt tryc with him in ſong: Ioues children gréeude thereat,
His ſong and harping they doe marre, ſo vainely who did chat.
Theſe ſouldiours brings Duke Neſtor he, the oldeſt for his yeares,
With ninetie ſtrong and warlike barkes wel armed he appeares.
The Arcades and their dwellings. The nations of *Arcadie* towns, which ſo doth ſwarme with men,
And who doe diwel about the foote of mountaine hie *Cyllen*
Hard by the graue ſo highly heapt, where mightie bodies lie,
Of many worthy warlike men, who in the war did die,

In *Pheneon*, ſubiect alway to winde where ſo it blowe,
By meanes of Lambes ſo finely fleſhe, in *Rhipes Stratium*,
Tigea, and *Mantinea* gay, and who in *Stymphalo*,
And ſtately ſeated *Parrhaſie*, to theſe Agapenore,
Is Prince, the worthy Ancus ſonne, who came with full three ſcore
Right roomy beſes, with ſouldiours fraught, but they him giuen was
By the great king Atride, the ſon of *Nigropone* to paſſe,
Bycauſe the *Arcades* farre from ſea, and thoſe thereof doe fare,
They little reake for marine worke, and ſmall for ſhipping care.
The native men of *Bupraſi*, and of *Elidaſe*,
Of *Hyrmin*, of furtheſt *Myrſin*, harde to the gates hie,
Of craggie *Olen*, and who dwell as farre as *Aliſe* olde,
Theſe forward came with doubtie Dukes ful foure in number tolde.
Eche one with twelue ſwift weſſels armde, as any could deſire,
Amphimach firſt, ſharpe Thalpy next, to whome Eurite was ſire,
And Eteato to Amphimache, thirde Amarynces ſonne
Diores cheapte, Polyxen fourth in ſhape who ſo Dis paſſe,
Ioues ſonne by Auge, of *Epeis* they did bring a mightie maſſe.
The nations of *Dulichium*, and ſet alofte in wanes,
Sacred *Echinald*, *Elidis* for Region fine that braues,
Meges a matche for Mars himſelfe, their Captaine him they wull,
With teames of warre, he Wigants brought in number fortie full.
The riuer god Phileus Auge at *Dulichie*, gote him there,
When from his wrathfull ſire he fled, whom Ioue did fame for beare.
The warlike bandes of *Cephales*, with crags and rockie hilles,
And of *Neritos* fertile earth, which mightie trées ſo filles,
And of the little *Ithache* fieldes, ſo barraine and ſo bad,
Of hard *Crocilia*, and the ſoile of *Ægilipes* clad,
With barenelle ſtrange, and towne Tozres of *Samos*, of *Zacin*,
Whoſe paſtures be ſo ful of woodde, and al the folke within
The Countrey hie, the ſea alofe, Vlyſſe a Ioue for head,
Did ouer-rule, twelue ſhippes he brought, their ſternes al okard red.
The *Etolian* men of *Pleuron*, and lofte *Olenos*
Of *Chalcis* rife, high *Pylen* ſhaze, and ſtony *Calydon*,
Andræmons ſonne Duke Thoas ruled, the *Etoles* all he lead,

The Epeians & their ſouraes.

Dulichians.

Cephalenians, and their boſe dukes.

Cretenſes. For all Oeneus ſtocke was lefte, himſelfe the lately borne,
Nor pelleus Meleager did liue, with twelue foure times lustie
He did augment the naute, and with thouſandes ſo of men.
The worthy ſouldior Idomene the *Cretian* tribes he brought,
Leuied out of *Gnoſſus* and *Gortbyna* walld aloft,
And *Lyctus* olde for buildings fame, and *Lycaſt* white as ſnowe,
With *Phaiſt*, *Milet*, and *Rhytion*, well peopled cities pourtraide,
100 Cities of Creta. The whole ſupplie of *Creta*, whiche the towne ſtā beſide,
With Cities large an hundred full, doubtie Idomene ſets,
And Meryan a Mars indede, with fourefolde ſoldiers in tale,
And harneſt Hulkes, with picked men they come with merry gale.
The Rhodians. Great Tlepoleme great Herculs ſonne, for war and bones a man,
The *Rhodians* they in number great with him to naute runne,
Their Townes. With Galleis nine of fertile *Rhodes*, where men tricke to their haire
Of *Lyndus*, *Ialiſſe*, and *Camire*, who ſtowtly beare both weare.
With them to *Troy* Tlepoleme commes, of greate Alcidas ſtrde,
Whome it is ſayde Aſtyoche bare, when Alcide did procure
His mightie fire to conquere realmes, he him from *Ephyre* take,
And out that countrey brought him home from his *Sellemoes* brimbe.
Where growing now to riper yeares, he ſlewe his fathers friend
Alide in bloud, a vertuous wight, Licymnion had his end,
An aged man by ſlaughter his. Which done, his mates he calles,
And hailing ſtraight vnto the ſea, to flight he forwarde falles:
For al the flocks of Herculs brede themſelues to vengeance call,
Nireus Captaine of the Symoi ſhippes. He ſcapte them al, with ſundrie toiles he ſeas and countries paſt,
And light at *Rhodes*, which Ile beſet thre Cities namde before.
Next Achilles he was the goulieſt man. The whiche, for his ſake mightie Ioue did bleſſe with wealthie ſtore.
With fore gates thre from *Syma* went Aglaies Nirēus,
A King he had to father his that hight Caropæus,
Of all that came to *Troy*, he was a man for making ebbe,
Achill except, yet ſewe he lead, becauſe he was a lobbe.
Calidnciens and other Inſulans, whoſe princes were Phidippus and Antiphus thirtye ſhippes. The *Nyſire* youth Capathus, Caſt, and Euripile, not greate,
And al the Iles *Caludnee* cleapt, whereon the waues do beate,
Phidippus and Antiphus brings, Theſſalees ſonnes that were,
Amphytrios nephewes, Carauels they ſeas with their tie there
Pelaſgiens. Theſſalians. The Brickers of *Pelaſgicke*, *Arge*, *Alopen*, and *Alon*,

Trachine

Thorikius ſtrall, and well walld *Pelie*, and many a Myrmidon,
Bred of ful of many mothers haire, Achæs and Helens knight,
Who are alſo the Hellades eke, theſe Achill led aright;
To *Troy*, there fifty Argoſies, both bigge and ſmall he wrought,
Theſe vale people of the warres vnhappy neuer thought.
The mates who ſet their mind on muck no man wil bring to fight,
Achill then loytering kept aboord, doled with griefe and ſpite,
And wroth for leauing of Bryſeis his tricke and gallant trull,
For whome he taken had ſuch toile when as he downe did pull
The Bulwarkes proude of *Lyrneſſis* in ſtrong and warlike mart,
And woune hir there, and *Thebes* ſackte, and alſo claue the heart
Of Minite and Epiſtrophon, who ſonnes of Euen were,
And alſo beethen vnto hir, whome now he helde ſo dere,
And for whoſe ſake he mourning lies, with dreaming ſtill of her,
That abſent was, yet he againe to turne vnto the war.

Myrmidõs, Hellades &c. vvhoſe leader vvas Achilles 50. ſhippes.

Who ſeated are in *Phulaca* and in *Pyrrhaſon* wood
So fully fraught with *Ceres* plants, and *Iton* breder good
Of waightie fritters telled ſheepe: and *Antro* in the ſhore,
With *Ptelon* of Wedlockes rytes that makes ſo great a flore:
To theſe was prince Proteſilau, with fortie ſaile he hyed
Straight vnto *Troy*, a ſouldior right, whereas he quickly dyed.
For whome his wife Laodame with teares ful mourning is,
And wayling ſtands that princely Court, who doth ẏ Gaiſter miſſe.
He was the firſte of all the Grekes on *Phrygian* ſhore that lepte,
Who there a worthy warrior ſlue of *Troy* to him that ſtepte.
Theſe people were not Princeleſſe yet, nor left vnarmed quite,
Podarce rich, Iphiclus his ſonne, them rules, a warlike wight,
Brother to ſtout Proteſilau, but leſſe of yeares and dede,
A good man yet, and therefore glad his ſouldiors forth to leade.

Phylaceans and their dvvellings.

Proteſilaus ruler tortye ſhippes.

His ſlayer is taken to be Hector.

The ſolke of *Pheres* and *Beben*, *Glaphyre*, and *Bebeide*,
In tennith ſcite, *Iaolcon* which in houſes beares ſuch ſhowe.
Eumel with fiue wel harneſt Hoyes augments the naule there,
Who to Admetus Alceſt, brede, of beautie odde, did beare.
The garriſon of *Methonie*, and next *Taumacie* fieldes
Melibe, and *Olizones*, whiche ſtony countrey yeldes,
The cunning ſhot Philoctetes in ſeauen ſhippes doth bring

Phereians.

Methonits, and their borders.

And

Philoctetes wounded, and left in Lemnos, of whom is a Greeke the Tragedie.

And miles they were not many more, when [illegible]
In eche ſhippe ſtyll ſtode ſtoute men, and [illegible]
Was by the Grekes, where wounded lay his chiefe in woe to bee
With feſtered wounde, that ſore him ſmarte, and with blacke blood,
The *Argiues* yet him not deſire, not Duke ne Knight though they bee.
To them is Medon Captaine, the baſtarde of *Oiley*,
To whome his mother Rheine did bare, when Medon leades the band.

Triccenſes, Ithomenienſes, and Occalliens.

The *Tricceni* then, and they whiche in ſtrong mount *Ithome* ſtill
And *Orchalie*, where Euryte rules, with lilie white temples gray,
Their Generals were brethren two, their ſyre Aeſcolis bare,
Aeſculapius Nephewes to Phoebus, in Phillike they cunning Phiſitions were,
Both men of warre, Machaon eke, and Podalire his mate,

Ormenians with their borderers.

Of Ormen with Pine Hil periſhing, the *Aſtre* holdes the ſtate,
By cop of *Titan* full of ſnow, their Duke was Eurypile,
Euemons ſonne, he bekels brought forty to *Troy* that while.

Argiſſet with their borderers.

Argiſſa lads on *Peneid* ſtore, and who do *Gyrtho* till,
Orthen, Elone, white Oloos they followe with good will,
Meneptolemie a doughtie thief, he was Penthoes ſonne,
Whome loue on Hypodamie begot, where *Pelis* mount doth ſtande
So nigh the ſkies, and where he ſlue the hairie Centaures bred,
And to *Macedon* coulde remoove, yet was he not the head
Of them alone, Leonteus was ſownde with him in charge,
A captaine good Coronus ſonne, with manie an armed barge,
And furnyſht ſtout, yea full, they ſaile in ſo an ayde.

Ciphei.

From *Cyphe* towne Guneus brought, barkes twentie two arayed,
Whoſe enſignes th'Enienes and eke the wo[illegible]thy Perebs wonde
Faſt followe on, and at *Dodo*, who dwell in countrey colde,
And who about *Titareſis*, whiche ay ſo ſoftly flowes,
As thoughe ſweete *Peneo* ruinely therein, not mixt with it, it goes.
Perhappes for there the riuers ſatte of Pallas Olives ſtande,
The head from *Stygian* Lake, by whiche the Gods to ſweare be fraide.

Magnetes, & Prothoes their prince. An other Prothoes 40. Shippes.

The ſtandards of *Magneſia*, begot by Terthredon
Prothous leades, but people elle of pleaſant *Penion*
And *Pelion* ſo beſet with wood, an other Prothous ſtande
A forwarde man hard order he, with fifty lowe galleys framed
Fit for the fight: theſe two be come, and the[illegible]

The

The King and Princes euery one, to *Troy* that came to hold.
Now say my Muse, which of the Greeks the best and worthiest was,
And whiche horse of the horses all in praise did there surpasse.
Whiche came to the *Dardanian* walles by conduct of Atride,
The Mares of *Eumel* were the best, as swift as though they flyde,
Both of a yere, both of a haire, and both in colour like,
And like the smoth and riped Grapes, their backes were softe & slike,
Apollo in *Pieria* their dammes he fostred stoute,
With mightie breasts, from nostrels whole they furie breathed out.

The goodnes of the men & horses in this warre.

Eumel is Mares the best.

Aiax Telamon bare the name of all the Grekish crues
Next to Achill, who wearing wroth the battaile did refuse:
Of the *Achiues* he was the prime for strength, for bones, for pith,
His horses eke they odde ones were, but now at variance with
Atride the Chiefetaine of them all, abaid he loyters still,
His mates yet met, in diuers mirth the shore in spoyling fil.
Some quaile, some exercise their bowes, and eu'the dankey shore
The Chariots stande, the steedes do fede in manger them before,
Great foyson of their liked foode, wilde Semalia go was their fare,
While that their Chariots to the fielde the Princes do prepare,
To these is forward to the fight when as they do request
A hand victorious them to leade, the no he doth protest.
Through all the campe they vp and downe do rolle and linger on,
There is no leaue that they may fight or else to battaile gon.
But now of Greekes the army whole doth marche with stately grace,
And al their brazen armors shone, as of the earth the face
Had bin on fire, and all the fieldes had flamed one with flasshe,
And like as Ioue mad mad lightning and thunder bolume doth passhe,
With driling showres, so large aboute the fields they do resound
With rushing of the weapons bright, and stamping on the grounde.
Oras when on Typhoeus tombe, whereon huge mountaines lyes,
He scourges with his tempest blacke, plant from *Arimis*,
The Giants Caue, as it is sayd, such noyse their trampling yeelds,
They mouing in a bodie whole, hasting out further fieldes.
And Iris pursuant to Ioue, from heauen takes hir flight,
To Troyan state brings dolefull newes, and at the gates doth light
Of Priam King, where on a plumpe consult bothe yong and olde,

Aiax Telamon the best souldiour next Achilles. Achilles horses the best.

Compariſō of the Grecian march.

An other comparison

Of things of waight, quicke Iris there to them this tale ſhe told.
The ſained ſhape and voice ſhe toke, of Polite Priams ſonne
So ſwift of foote, to Eeſites tombe, whom Priam made to runne
Aloft to vieive, and woorde to bring, if Grékes did haply ſturre,
Light Iris like to him in legges, ſhe enters in thus furre.
Delightſt thou ſtill O aged ſire (quoth ſhe) to ſpend thy time
In needleſſe talke, as when in peace did ſtande this ſtate of thine:
Great warres and deſtinie thée béres, and here vpon the gréene
Such ſwarmes and millions flocke of men, as never hath bin ſéene.
To ſande and leaues they are much like, their number is ſo great,
They fil the ample fields: this towne they harry wil they threat.
Do thou now Hector take the charge, ſith thou haſt in thy walles
Such great ſupply, and nations ſére as beſte it now befalles,
Commaunde the people ruled be by Princes of their own,
Aſſigne eche language leaders like, and enſignes to be knowne.
Thus Iris ſpake, but Hector well the voice diuine he knewe,
The Councell brake, from quarters all to towne the ſouldiors threwe,
And wide they open all the gates, the footmen forth they ruſhe,
The Cornets of the horſemen placed eke in order forward puſhe,
With tumult and with clamor great, and noive with heate they frie:
In ſight amiddſt of all the field yplaced is an hie,
Batias ſepulchre. A ſepulchre loftie and large, which men *Batia* call,
But Gods Myrynes tombe it cleape: here méete the Troyans all,
The Battailons and Phalanges of footemen Parthais be,
The troupes of horſſemen eke, to whyche the Captaines ſér.
The Catalogue of the Troian leaders. Gay Hector was the Troyans chiefe, of Priam King the ſonne,
Vnder whoſe enſignes many a feate of doubtie war was done,
The ioly forward ſouldiors had, men méete for ſword and launce.
Dardanians To *Dardans* ſtout and beautifull Æneas leades the daunce,
Whom Venus white vnto Anchyſe of *Dardanie* did beare,
In clothed ſhade of *Ida* hilles, with him iwhen iopde ſhe there.
Enee alone not ruled all, with him appointed are
Antenors ſonnes, Archilach, and Acamas men of war.
The bands of *Zele* in *Lycie* land, at foote of *Ida* ſprings,
Aphneians The *Aphnees* braue, Lycaons ſonne the noble Pandare bringes,
The *Æſapes* eke, who haply bib of *Trees* that water blacke,

Who golden Apollo taught to ſhote, and bowe to beare at backe.
The aydes of the *Adraſtreans* ſent out Pytiẽan,
And Apeaſe rich, and Terei hie, to theſe the Dukes were than
The ſonnes of Mecops, Percoſis, Adraſton, Amphion,
Whoſe fire the future haps did knowe, yet forward would they on,
All his perſuaſions ſette aparte, vnto that deadly warre,
They wouldе withſtande the deſtinie, which both the men did marre.
Who *Percot* and *Praction* townes, who *Seſtos*, and *Abyde*,
Who holde Arisbaes Princely walles, a King ful noble tride.
Aſius Hyrtacis gouernde, from riche Arisba ſent
With worthy couriers for their feate, from riuer *Sellecnt*.
The willing people of *Pelaſge* and *Lariſſe* fertile lands,
Hippothous and Pyleus both brethren, lead their bands.
Of *Thracians*, and nert *Helleſpont*, to war the crues are brought,
By worthy Acam and Peiro, a haughtie Heroe thought.
The launced troupes of *Cicones* al Euphemus doth commaunde,
The noble ſonne of Trœzenus Ceada hight le Graunde.
The cunning ſhot of Peony, Pyrecheies Marſhals all
Farre off from *Amydon* that came, where *Axius* broke doth fall
So wholly with his glaſſie hue. Pylæmen Prince is founde
Of *Paphlagons* from *Enet* ſent, where numbers ſo abounde
Of clownish breede: to theſe the feates, to *Cyter* ioyned nie
Seſamon one, and *Erythnie* on mountaine placed hie,
And Cities proud, *Cromna*, and eke *Aegiah* gay to loke,
Placed on the pleaſaunt bankes of *Partheneia* broke.
On *Halizons* Epiſtrophus and Dius Rulers raignde,
Of *Alyb* farre whoſe ſoile ful deepe with ſiluer Ore is vaunde.
Two warlike youths of *Myſiens*, Cromis, and Eunomus
Did guide: the laſt a Prophet good, yet could he not diſcuſſe
To flee his fate, and ſcape the fit, and fierce force of Achill,
When he ſo many wretches drounde, and field with ſpoiles did fill.
The mightie Legions of *Phrygie* to Phorcis did obay,
And to *Aſcanius* proude of forme, who both had tane their way
From *Aſcane*, a countrey farre, the lone of warre it brings
Two gallants gay armed at ful to fight they flie with wings.
With brethren Meſthles and Antyph the *Meons* came to fight.

Adraſtians, whoſe leaders were Adraſtus & Amphius.
Percoſi. Seſtians. Abdyens.
Aſius Price of the Ariſbeians. Hippolochus & Pyleus Dukes of the Pelaſgians. Acamas & Pireus Princes of the Thracians. Euphemus captaine of the Cicons. Pyrechmes duke of the Peones. Pylemenes ruler of the Paphlagões Enetí.
Epiſtroph' and Dius Dukes of the Halizones. Eunomus and Chromus Captaines of the Meſſis. The Dukes of the Phrygiens, Phorcis, & Aſcanius. Antiphus, & Meſthles brogbt the Meonians.

Who dwel nie *Tmole*, Gyga their Dame, their ſire Pylemene hight.
The *Cares*, the Dullardes in our ſpéech, of *Miletus* the rankes,
Amphimachus & Naſtes brogte the Cares & Milesīs. And men of *Ptheirus* ſhaded Mount, and of *Maander* bankes,
And who dwel on *Michales* hilles, them, as they did deſire,
Amphimach ioynde with Naſtes rude, to both was Nonlion-ſire.
Amphimach, like ſome wanton wench in golden robes was clade,
And ſo into a ſtubborne warre did thruſt himſelfe as maade.
No fence in golde, death fled he not, he falleth in the ſtond
Aëacis dothe bereme his golde, and eke there ſpilles his blond.
Lycians. On luſtie laddes of *Lycie* land, Sarpedon beareth ſway,
Drawne from his Countrey *Xanthus* far, where that bryght takes hys
With him was féere vnto the fielde in armor Glaucus gay. (way,

Finis Libri ſecundi.

¶ The third Booke.

After the Troyans troupes came forth
new raunged on the ſoyle
With manly mindes and courage good
to put their foes to foyle,
In ſodain with a maieſtie, they marcht
on Gréekiſh hoſte,
And like the Cranes they to the ſkies
their cries and clamours toſt, (to ſal,
Who leaue their hils and mountaines hie, great ſhoures knowing
And ſéek their foode by Neptunes ſhore, where they their armies cal,
For the Pygmeis, with whom ful oft war cruel they do hold,
With ſtroke of wing, of bil and foote, if they their fores vnfold.
Comparifō of the Cranes vvho vvar vvith the Pigmeis. The Gréeks againe come forward on, yélding no noiſe nor crie,
Full wod with rage them to revenge with furie they dryve nie,
With ardent minde for the deſire of victors onely fame,
Eche reſcuing his féere, who fought to death to gaine the ſame.

And

And as you ſée in winter time ful oft how fares the miſt, Compariſō of the miſt,
Which weſtern winds ſcouring ỳ plains on moūtaines hie doth keſt,
As much vnto the ſheapheards loſſe as to the robbers gaine:
For who can ſée a ſtones ſhadow of ought thing in land or plaine:
Euen ſo the troupes, when they approcht, the duſt was rearde on his
That neyther Troyan, ne yet Greeke could one another ſpie. (harde,

And when the armies both were raunge, Greekes by the Troyans The raſhneſſe of prouoking the Grekes to the combat.
Paris with ſtalking pace aduaunced himſelf to the Gréeks warde
Stoutly calling of the Gréekes the valiantſt to the fighte,
Body to boote was his demaunde, to ſhew therby his might. Paris his armour.
The armour which he bare that day, was of Leopardus ſkinne,
With bow ſtif bent, and with quiuer, and many a ſhaft therein,
His ſword in hand, and two braue Dartes armed with ſteele at all,
Which he gan ſhake, when as the Gréekes to combat he did call.

But Menelau his boldneſſe eſpyde, of whom he knowledge had Compariſō of a Lion meeting an Hart.
To be his foe, his hart it leapes, for ioy he groweth glad,
Euen Lion like méeting an Hart or Gote he ſéeking pray
Amid the woods, forth by the Houndes, and Hunters to the bay,
If kild, he taking his repaſt, is pleaſd at his good chaunce:
The Gréeke to chuſing Paris out, for very ioy doth daunce,
Th'occaſion offred to reuenge the wrong him lately done,
And armed as he was, he leapt down from his Chariot ſone.

But Paris who ſaw Menelau this fight in hand ſhould take, Feare and cowardiſe of Paris.
Could not holde out, but yea almoſt for verie dread gan quake.
And haſting ſtraight reculde, he dred the daunger in this caſe,
And did retire among his féres to raunge him in his place,
Euen as the trauelling man ful oft paſſing his great and hie, Compariſō of a traueller meeting a Dragon.
Not lokes for right in his way finding a Serpent lye,
Doth ſhunne the way, and ſtep abacke, with colour pale and wan,
With trembling limmes, more like the death than any liuing man. The vehement ſpech of Hector to Paris.
With this ſo villanous retreate ſir Hector gay was wroth,
The ſlaunder ſéeing now would grow, chid Paris for his ſloth.
Vnhappie Paris, bearing ſhew as doughtie as the beſt,
Yet in effect but feminate, with luxure to deteſt.
Oh would to God thou cowarde vile, in birth thou hadſt bene loſt:
Such ſhame to bring thy dolorous ſire, and eke thy Country coſt:

Dyd thou the mirth the Grekes do make for this thy vile reu
Who thought thy corpes for brawne and bones of armes to bea
And this is ech mans spech & crie, behold the Grekish fides, (
Behold a paste of flesh, wherin no spirits or strength abides.
You were of force, I know, ere now, your ships to arme and ha
And hoyse your sayles, and turne your course to fetch a stranger
And like a yong man being receivde, into a Princes houfe
Didst steale away against all right a worthy King his spouse,
To the dishonor and reproch of all the Troyan name,
And by the same there doth redounde to King Priam a shame,
To Grekes a ioy, to thee a griefe, and yet thou wert afright
And erst for dread began to pale with Menelau to fight.
Menelaus. This is thy feare, thou caitefe thus, that he should thee of life
Depriue, whom thou vnworthy hast depriued of his wife.
Thy voice so sweete, thy pleasaunte tongue, thy limbs so feately k
Thy bush so semely to thy sight, thy giftes if all be waied
Which Venus hath bestowde on thee, should serue to little end
Thy life to saue, if in the fielde with him thou shouldst contende
Thy coward hart hath in such case now brought ech Troyan in
Seing in thee nought worthy praife, that they refuse to fight.
Thy deed deserues to great reproch, wherfore now hie thee hen
Out of my sight, go packe the fourth, and hide in some defence.
Paris to Hector. Hector chiding Paris thus, tricke Paris straight conceit,
Oh brother deare, of right to me this speech you haue addreft.
Comparifō of Hectors force to an Axe. For why, your force is of suche fauour your courage eke to bis,
That toyle and trauayle is there none it can be hurt thereby.
No more than doth the workmans axe fourne edge, or worketh h
When tymber trees, his worke to ende, the man to hew is wont.
But yet of God the giftes pe ought not thus cast in my teeth,
For Gods the same on men bestow for to reward them with:
And fith of Gods those giftes they haue, let them pelde him y p
Not metting them by their deserts, but by his will alwayes.
Paris vvill fight. Wel, if you wil with Menalau the combat I attend,
Appoint the place, that of this strife we two may make an ende.
Turne vs two lose here, in the Grekes and in the Troyans sight,
Placed about vs, let them see of vs the martiall sight.

Who victor shal be, let him haue to recompence his peine,
To make him merry, all the pray, let him possesse Heleine,
And let the Troyans vnto *Troy*, the Grekes to *Greece* repeare,
And couenant firmely for to kepe, let both the nations sweare.
Hector seing Paris thus, bushis vnto the fray,
Parnailes with ioy, before his bands he steps out in the way,
His pike in midst aloft he beares, he wils them al to holde,
And stay themselues, which straight they did as souldiors wel cõtrolde:
The Grekes ceasse not to martch, their stones & darts at randõ flye,
Gauling the Troyans, til such time Agamemnon did cry,
Ceasse, ceasse, (quoth he good Grekes I say) no more do shote or thus, Agamemnõ to the Greekes.
To stay his men, out of the troupe the king doth also go:
Content pe yong and worthy lads, I ponder Hector see,
To talke with vs he by his signes doth willing seme to bee.
The shafts they ceasse, & straight the Darts no mã doth see to flie, Obedience of the Greekes.
The Campe was stil as possible might in twinckling of an eye.
Hector seing such silence made betwéen the hostes, began,
These were the words among them all of that most worthy man.
Heare oh pe Grekes and Troyans both what Paris doth offer Hector to the Greeks & Troyans.
Vnto you all, my brother here the author of this war.
He thinkes it good to make an ende of this so mortal fight
That pe alde your weapons laye, and to decide the right
Twixt him and Menelau, he would sharpe weapons should it try,
Faire Heleine should the victor haue him rendred by and by.
With all the pray, and that forthwith, to morrow else by day
Assurance made to kepe the pact ech one depart his way.
The worthy Hector scarse an ende had made now of this case,
But stoute and forwarde Menelau spake thus in open place:
Giue eare pe Grecks and Troyans both vnto these words of mine, Menelaus to the Greeke and Troyans.
Who shall declare vnto you al my griefe and grieuous pine,
I do agree now for to end this daungerous debate,
Considering erst the trauailes great and mischiefs, which of late
And long sith by both campes sustainde, for the aduulterie,
And the iust cause whiche prickes me forth to bringe this miserie,
That all men rest, and that Paris against me come, whereby
All pe shall see, who ordained is by fate to line or dye.

And

For the ſacrifice. And to effect that all be done, th'oblation whyche of due
The Gods in ſuch caſe ought to haue, the pact to holde moze true,
It nedeful is, by the Troyans two lambes there be aſſignde,
The one coale blacke, the other white, Male and Female by kinde,
An old ceremone. White be the Male, the female blacke, vnto the ſunne moſt cleare
To ſhed their blond, and to the earth, of all men dame ſo deare,
Benigne and auncient mother of man, and we a thirde will bring,
Which ſhal be offred vnto Ioue that great and mighty King.
I would alſo for ſuretie more, one went for olde Priam,
That for this pact and couenaunt made, he ratifie the ſame,
Youth inconſtant. For his children all *Greece* wel knows, are promiſe breakers all,
Falſers of Faith, and vnto chaunge yong heades are alway thral:
The olde man if he ſweare the othe, if bounde he ſée he be,
He will abide no treaſon then, nor offer iniurie.
This ſight agréed, the Citizens, and ſouldiors ſtrange of *Troy*
The Troyans all, the Grékes ech one, hereof beginne to ioy,
In hope an end ſhall now be made of this their wretched warre,
With buſie tolle they rounde about do place their horſe afarre,
And képing order, forthwith then they from their Chariots light,
Heraulte. Their ſhields, their launces down they lay, and harneſſe fit for fight,
Leauing good ſcope betwéene them both, ful fit by fight to trye,
The holy Hector Heraults two to *Troy* ſends by and by,
Two Lambes to fetche, and hafe Priam t'allowe all this accorde.
Talthybius eke went to the ſhippes, commanded by his Lord
Agamemn, to fetche the Lambe vnto the company,
Which was appointed as before, for the ceremonie.
Iris meſſenger of the Gods. This while from the *Olympus* high Iris made hir repaire.
To *Troy*, to tell theſe newes to hir, who faireſt is of faire.
Laodices daughter of Priame. The ſhape ſhe toke of hir ſiſter belowde, faire Laodice,
Who marryed had Elicaon, Anthenors ſonne the wiſe.
She founde the faire not idle tho, but working buſſilie,
Helins exerciſe. She in hir chamber made a peece of worthy Chinalrie,
Wherin was wrought of Troyans and of Greekes the worthy Acts,
Moſt cunningly in portrature, their ſallies and their facts,
Their chargings oft, their cruel fight, their méetings one to one,
Which both the Campes continually, made for hir loue alone.

Iris

Arise quoth Iris, come Heleine, and in the plaine hard by,
The Cittie here, thou straight shalt see things wondrous to thine eye:
Those whom thou hast ech day beheld, in wont deale doleful blowes,
In dangerous wars, thou shalt see rest, together in sundry rowes.
And some there leaning on their shields, wel wearie of their toyles,
And Menelau with Paris shal (to end these wars and broyles)
Fight hand to hand, and he who shall the better part obtaine,
Thee shall he have by one consent, as glorie of his gaine.

These newes declarde, with a desire this Heleines minde is sped — Heleins minde doth chaunge.
Of hir first spouse, and countrey towne, wherein she first was bred,
Of hir parents, to see them once, a time this Heleine prayes
With them to leade hir life againe, and furnish forth hir dayes.
She riseth up, and deckes hir selfe with gorgeous attire,
And out she goes, distilling teares, as they wel saw floods by hir.
And not alone, she with hir twa Climean and Aethrea,
And goes unto the greatest port that named is *Scea*.
Where on the Bulwarkes they might see at ease the fields so wide, — The olde Troyans set coniect.
There king Priam with Lordes of state was set on every side,
To shrowde them in the shade within the penkus of the Wal,
Tymets, Lampus, Clytus, Panthus, in vertues famous all,
Hicetaon renounde in warre, also Vcalegon
Of late that was of boysterous braine, and eke Anthenor one,
As good a man of warre as they, but now for counsel out,
The aged dads there closely sit, the scratching heate they dout.

As Grashoppers the olde men that, when two or three are founde — Comparisō of Grashoppers.
In Sommer time amid the Grasse, and make a charming sounde.
They loking on the heavenly Greeke, good cause confessed, why
Both campes should make such toile & stirre, and eke so long should try,
Hir beautie, waged that was more than any earthly worke,
Which in hir Goddesse visage there did shine and seeme to lurke:
Yet they amiddst, it better were to yelde hir home to goe, — Aduise of the Troyās to render Heleine.
Without abode, for to eschew the mischiefes, which might growe
By keeping hir still as they did: as she arrived there
Where as they sat, the king hir called, and thus to hir began.
Come thou to me my daughter faire, here down by me do sit, — Priam to Heleine.
Leave off thy mone, leave off thy teares, which from thine eyes do slit.

Do not conſume lamenting thus, come ſée thy huſband here,
And all the Grékes thy kinſmen eke, and coſins all ſo déere.
Oh Ioues wil is not that in thée I ſhould th'occaſion lay
Of my miſhaps, which yéldes my griefe, no, no, the gods are they
Who for the better to reuenge themſelues of me and mine,
Deſire by this wretched warre t'afflict vs all with pine.
Come néere, and leaue your baſhfulneſſe, and of the Grékes declare
Your neighbours kindred and alies, and who you néreſt are.
What, who is he is foremoſt there, of middle pitch and bone,
With countenaunce graue, as I feréthinke, I neuer ſaw yet one
Since I was borne, ſo wel beſeene as he in euery thing,
And ſure he beares the port and ſhew, and grace of ſome great king.
Helcine to Priam. Then anſwerde Helcine thus the King with humble boyce & ſaide,
Thy moſt deare Lord, thy reuerent ſtate doeth yélde me wel afraide,
When to thy preſence I reſort, but would to God by death
Before the turmoyles of this warre I yélded had my breath:
And chiefely when to follow with thy ſonne, I was ſo mad,
Leauing my huſband, many a Dame and gentle phére I had,
Thy brethren, and my daughter both, then both we fré from woe
Had bene as now, but what helpe when il lucke wil haue it ſo:
Sent for to do your graces will, who doth commaunde the ſame:
Helcine ſhewes Agamem to Priam. For him you aſke, that prince he hath Agamemnon to name.
A King both wiſe and ſtoute in warre, of Atreus eke the heire,
To whom the Campe in all obeyes, and their allegiance beare.
Who now long ſith, when we in peace and ſuretie al did ſwim,
Was vnto me brother in law, and I ſiſter to him.
The péreleſſe faire holding hir peace, Priam with maruel mazde,
Hearing Agamemnons honor thus declarde, ſet forth, and blazde,
Priam commendeth Agamemn Could not himſelfe then held his peace, but gan his prayſe to crie,
O fortune good, thou Agamemn art more than twice happie
With worthy prince of chiualrie, the hie Gods in thy hands
To thy good hap do put the Grékes, to leade and rule their bands.
So that by thée is gouernde now, conducted at thy will,
So great an hoſt arriued here, whiche doth al *Phrigie* fil.
When I was yong, and valiance had, and prowéſſe, I do minde,
Amazones. That on this land the *Amazones* did warre, women in kind,

Yet

Yet lyke in warre of great exploites, whose face for to withstand,
We dymen were to call such strength, as nere was in this lande.
Then Otrus and Migdon marching against them in their way,
Their fotemen and their horsemen both did in a valley stay,
Nie *Sangar* stoude with streame so long, to their succors I came, Sangar.
They made me chief, yet our gay bandes & Grékes neuo passe & same.
After he calles his sight aside on Vlysses, and sayes, Priamus to Helena.
Ah gods, daughter mine yet once againe come on your wayes,
Tel me what Gréke is that I se, with shoulders, breast, and waste
So well beset, and not so high as Agamemnon last,
Who wt so good a grace, and armd goes round about the Grékes, Comparisō of the deep vvouled Rammes.
As doth the mightie Bellweather with hairie cote and chékes,
Who for the better képing in the goodly flockes of shépe,
Goes by them stil, and rounde about, and from them doth not képe.
It is (quoth she) Vlysses of a good and sémely shape, Helene declares Vlisses.
Yet wiser in his fetchers, who, although he had the hap
To be brought vp in Countrie rude among the countrie clownes, Blanche lie.
Yet he in head and witte doth passe the Grékish Kings renownes.
Worthy Princesse, thou sayest most true bespake Anthenor then, Antenor to Helene. Vlysses and Menelaus Embassadors once to Troye.
My selfe doth know it very wel: for I remember when
Both he and Menelaus did Embassadors come hither,
They wer them lodgde at my poore house, whom I receivde together,
And made them suche chére as I could, as they my sons had béene,
Where I their counsel, mind, and gifts do think my selfe haue séene.
Of my coniecture thought them great, and chiefly when to vs Descriptiō of Menelaus & Vlisses
In counsell they themselues were calld, their message to discusse.
Menelaus standing vp was taller for his height,
But being set, Vlisses séemde more graue in things of weight,
And abler to maintaine the case, for Menelaus was
A man of fewe wordes, and in vaine from him did nothing passe.
His spéech was pithie, wise and apt, and ful of gentlenesse,
And though Vlisses had more yeares, he vsed no excesse
Of wordes, but when it came to point that speake Vlisses should,
Wert nére so little, in the ayre cast vp his head he would.
And would a while cast down his sight most like a senselesse loute,
As one by rage and choller were from reason cleane put out.

Y.y. Which

Vlisses eloquence.

Which well was ſhewed by his grace, which he vnhanſome bare,
But when he ſpake, he eloquence moſt heauenly did declare.
His wordes came forth like winter ſnow, ſuch ſtore he did vnfolde,
As hauing done, none with him durſt any contention holde.
Nor yet of any thing he ſayde did any doubt at all,
Nor queſtion aſke, his talke was ſuch, as to the Gods befall.

Priame to Helene.

King Priam curious more to know, had caſt aſide his eyes,
And finding Aiax, of Heleine enquired in this wiſe:
Who is that goodly Prince, (to aſke the old man doth begin)
Who is a Graunt to the reſt, none of them reach his chin.

Helene to Priame shewing him Aiax Telamo Idomene king of Crete.

She vnto this made aunſwere thus: It is Aiax the ſtrong,
Who is beſt hope, defence and wall, that to the Grekes belong.
And he, who ſtands hard by him there, is the good king of *Creete*
Idomene, among his folke obeyed with honor great,
As if ſome mightie God he were, whom often I haue ſéene
(He paſſing by) with Menelau at our houſe to haue bene.
And many moe, as wel as he, whoſe names I wel do know,
But not to ſée my brethren here, doth cauſe my griefe to grow.
The Caſtor gay that worthy knight with Pollux without péere

Caſtor and Pollux.

In feats of armes, in they in this war haue not vouchſaft I feare
To take a part, but if they did arriue here with the reſt,
The irkſome ſorrow, grief and care, which hath their minds oppreſt,
To ſée my wants and my miſhaps, and chaunce, yea very filth,
Hath ſent them home, & they abaſht, with cares their harts it kilth.

Caſtor and Pollux dead in Spart.

Thus ſaide the faire, but hir brethren long ere theſe things befel
Were dead, and in the towne of *Sparte* they were intombed wel.

Preparatiõ for ceremonies

This while the two Heraults they did prepare all things at ful,
That beſt ſhuld ſerue, they from the flocke two labes of choyce did cull
And with good wine that licour lik, of Goats a ful great hide

VVine the licour commended.

They fild top vp, the which was brought by th'Arault called Ide
They for the miſterie moſt méete a maſſie baſen brought
Of poliſht golo, and eke of gold two cups moſt finely wrought.

The Heraultes to Pryam.

Thus furniſht, to king Priam they ſhewed their Embaſſaide
They willing him to come himſelf, theſe were the wordes they ſayde:
O peereleſſe king of all renowme, we feare we haue bene ſloe,
The chiefeſt of thy ſubiects all in field attend thée loe,

The

The Grékes will now make ſuch accorde, in mind that ay ſhall laſt,
Your ſonne Paris his right to trie, with Menelau doth caſt,
By hand to hand and force of fight, who victor ſhall ariſe,
Shal in reward haue faire Helene, and gifts of worthy price.
All diſcordes by this meane ſhall end, for Grékes to *Greece* ſhall hie,
Troyans ſhall haue for war ſuſtaind, their peace with hte earneſtly.
Without your Grace nought can be done, for it is méete you ſweare.
For full ſuretie of this combate which is agréed on there.

The good olde man was fearfull ſtraight, for wel he knew, in hand
Fondly was tane this enterpriſe, whereto they meane to ſtande:
Yet he commaundes his Chariot, and for his horſſes calles,
They ioinde to it, all things were done, which in ſuch caſe befalles.
With him he toke Antenor olde, and to the field they haſte,
Who ſcouring with a ſwéeping pace, came to the campe at laſte,
And in the midſt preſente themſelues: and lighted when they were,
Vlyſſes graue, and Agamemn, did come and méete them there.
The Heraults there eke ſhewde themſelues, right gay and richly clad
With ornaments whych longs them to, and no delay was had,
But ſtraight procédes before them all to the ceremonie:
And firſt with good and pleaſant wine, they ſtinke the cuppes on hie
To the chiefe Lords, this pacte t'allowe, to waſh one water beares:
The gret Gréek then doth draw his knife, ẏ which he always weares
By his left ſide, and of the Lambes the woll he doth cut out
From twixt the browes, for the Heraults to part amids the rout
To the Princes, that hereafter repent none of them can.

The woll receivde, his handes eke waſht, Agamemn thus began,
With ioyned hands, and lifted vp, his prayer thus did make:
O mightie Ioue, who doſt vouchſafe thy dwelling for to take
On *Ida* hil, and there to rule, O Sunne moſt bright I call,
Who ſées this plaine, and knowes all things: O earth and rivers all,
I you beſéech my prayers heare, you God infernall eake
So full of power, who al miſchiefe ſo egerly do wreake,
Of fonding folke, who cal the Gods their witnes when they ſweare,
And ſtraight to be moſte falſe forſworne they neither care nor feare,
Be *Teſtes* here, cauſe this accorde ſo ſacred be fulfilld:
If it ſo be, that by Paris, or Menelau be killd,

Without repining we agrée faire Helene ſhall be his,
The gods he ſhall enioy, the whiche he raueñ once amiſſe,
Here promiſing to raiſe the ſiege, and ſtraight to *Greece* returne,
If Menelau my brother like (if hap ſo ſerue his turne)
With hand this Paris do ſubdue, that then this Grecian faire
With worthy meeds for wrong ſuſtaine to vs forthwith repaire,
And yearly that there be ſome rent, or tribute for the ſame
Aſſigned our heires for our renowme, to ſhew their fault and ſhame.
And if that he ſhoulde vanquiſh thus, and Priams ſonnes refuſe
To kéepe their othe and promiſe made, and ſo the Gods abuſe,
If King Priam ſhall alſo hap for lacke and want of harte
To fault the ſame: I here proteſt I will not hence departe
This countrey fro, nor turne elſewhere, vntil I ſée it waſt,
The Troyans ſlaine, their Citie burnt, and therein fiers plaſt.
Thus hauing ſayd, then with his knife the two yong lambes he ſlue,
And weakly ſprawling in their blood, on graſſe from him he threw.
And many preſent in that place, the ſame did alſo bowe,
And powring wine vppon the earth thereof they did alſowe.
Among the which ſome Troyan Knight, or Onea ſouldior Grécke
Nowe ſpent and worne with the warres, thus made his prayer thée:
O Gods of mercie, who wel ſées, what here is done alway,
O graunt that he for whoſe default now this accord ſhal ſtay,
(As rebel vnto your decrées) with wayning be he ſped,
And for his gilte, let of his pupes the braines be alſo ſhed.
And let an other haue his wife their prayer thus did go.
But for al this their luſt requeſt, the Gods yet would not ſo.
Againe Priam perceiuing well, that thus this geare would fodge,
Said to the Gréckes and Troyans both, I thinke it beſt I trodge,
If you my Lordes ſo thinke it good, my grief will not in fight
That I this quarrell for to end, ſhould ſée my ſonne to fight.
The mightie Gods agrée, that death for one ſhall be his gaine,
And haue appointed whyche of both with conqueſt ſhal remaine.
Forthwith with him he toke the Lábs, & mounteth on his chai
And Antenor, and from the preaſſe to *Troy* they ſtraight repaire.
The luſtie Hector and Vlyſſe this while do go about
To mette the place, moſt fit for fight, the which they meaſure out

Agreſſão of the.

A ſouldiors prayer.

Priam do the Troyãs & Greekes

The place of the combate met out by Hector and Vlyſſes.

In mids betweene the armies both: and then for prooфe they craue,
Of the firſt ſtroke for victorie who ſhall the honor haue:
Thus lots they make, as in ſuche caſe the cuſtome is to trie,
And in an helmet they do put two billets by and by.
For eche of the Combatants one: who firſt was drawne by lot,
Of firſt aſſailing of his foe the licence thereby got. Lot vvhiche of the tvvo ſhold gyue the firſt blovve
The ſouldiers all carefull to ſee, did fixe their minds and eyes
On this helmet, and to the Gods with heart thus ſent their cryes: The prayer of the Greek and Troyã ſouldiers.
O Ioue thou God of Gods, of men high king, and king moſt chief,
Grant thou that grace this day, that he, who cauſeth this miſchiefe,
May downe to the infernall ſhades deſcend, and there areſt,
And that the Grekes and Troyans frée, may line in peace and reſt.
Hector from his helmet then his countnance hauing tried, Paris lot is firſt drawne
To parte the lots did turne them eft, them better to diuide.
He putteth in his hand, and out the lot of Paris drawne,
And ſtythwith ſtraight to helde the place himſelf ech man inſtructs,
And glad eche one ſits round about: and Paris who aſſaile
Muſt Menelau, at all points wel to armes him doth not faile.
Then firſte his gallant greues he takes which cuſtomly he weare, Paris is arm-ed vvith other armor
His Cuyſſes which were faſtened to by art and wichie care,
With buttons gay, and buckles great of ſiluer thereupon, Lycaon.
And of Lycaon ſtrong and ſure he put the Curets on.
One would haue thought (they ſeemd ſo fit) it moulded was for him:
A mattie ſwoord he girt, which hong with ſiluer nailes ful trimme.
And on his ſhoulder he doth caſt a ſtrong and mightie targe,
His head to hap an helmet rych, with creſt right long and large,
Of fell to ſee, made of the taile of ſome horſe very great,
As oft as he caſt vp his head, it alſo ſeemd to threat.
In fine, an armed Marte with fiers to his right hand doth paſe,
And thus with paſte, and viſage fierce, he commes into the fielde.
There was no ſouldier, no ſo ſtout, for feare who did not quake,
To ſee the hazarde of the caſe, when they begamme to ſhake
Their Darts at their approch, e maze, their marks e geſtures bolde.
Paris ſtoutly ſtalking out, firſt there the fielde doth holde, Paris aſſay-leth firſt.
He manly firſt aſſailes, and forth his dart doth ſtrongly launce,
Wherewith in mids of the Grekes ſhield his ſtiffy hit by chaunce,

Hatefully ſaue the bitter ſkin, no leyſes it had to ſturre,
The ſhields defence ſo put it backe, that pierce it coulde not ſturre.
For this pet Venus not Menelau are whit appalde at all,
He bid the blowe, and ſtepping forth, to prayer thus doth fall:
Menelaus prayer to Iupiter. O mightie Ioue, who knowes the right, the meede of them we make,
Who of his foe for his offence noise iuſte reuenge may take.
Diſrew good Lorde, that he may dye, as his deſerts do craue,
That babes nat borne, may heare: knowe what ſtroke his fault ſhould
To middle theyr feare their friendly law, as traytres to deſile, (haue,
Where Knyghts are both ciuilde, well vſed euery while.
Forthwith he ſhake his ſpeare, when as theſe woꝛds he did rehearſe,
And with ſuch force at Paris threwe, that it his ſhielde did pierce,
His Curtes eke it thirled thꝛowe, and al the cloutes he ware
Hard to his ſkinne, and off the ſide that hilt his carcaſſe bare,
But then that Paris wyſed at hande, and to the blowe did ſhunne.
After the ſtroke, then Menelas his gaygeons blade begunne
Out of his ſiluer ſheath to drawe, which hauing by he taken,
And ſtriking him upon his helme, his foe amazed makes.
Menelaus diſpatcheth. Still laying on, at the thirde ſtroke his ſwoꝛde in peeces fine,
Wherewith, as one diſtraught he ſtoode: O Ioue, thou God ſupreme,
I now well ſe you can not naught, Of all the Gods you are
The moſt malitious, yea of all, who in the ſkies repaire:
Alas I thought the time was come my foe I ſhould conſume,
But now my Iauelin I haue ſent, not cauſing any wounde,
My ſwoꝛd in two: yet raging mood vpon him the doth flie,
And by the Creſt he caught him faſt, entending mightily
To dꝛiue and thꝛuſt him out of field, as ons had conquerd wonne,
By meanes his chin band choakte him ſo: the ſame then had he done,
Venus ſaueth Paris. But Venus who his ſafetie would, did cauſe it bꝛeake in twaine,
So faire his mocrepine, Menelau had naught elſe for his gaine:
Venus. Whiche he among his mates doth thꝛow, and meaning for to pay
His bared pate, the Goddeſſe ſwift, with contemned ſtudy
The Carpet Knight, bewꝛapping him in clowde of miſtie aire,
She bꝛought to town, wher ſhe plaſte him in, one of his Chamboꝛs gay,
Helene. Which moſt did ſmoke with pleaſant ſmell, and

Who in a Towre paſt the time, about hir many moe,
Both Troyan Dames and gentle folke deuiſing to and fro.
Venus not willing to be knowne, in humaine ſhape appeares
In Greas forme, the god handmaid, nowe wel ypſept in yeares,
In broiderie worke a minion odde, no leſſe in ſpinning eake,
Who pulling Helen by the ſkirte, did thus the ſilence breake.
Madame, your Paris doth commaunde, that I ſhould will you hie
His lodging to, where in ſuch ray, you ſhal there find him lie,
You will not trow he lookes ſo freſh, he commes now from the fight,
Youle iudge he coms frō dauncing ſport, he ſeems ſo tricke a wight.
Thus ſpake the amorous Goddeſſe tho, inſpiring in hir ſpite,
The mighty flame, who knowing wel, hir breaſt and necke ſo white,
Beholding wel the flaming eye there of the heauenly flocke.
What mean you quoth ſhe by this trade me this wiſe for to mocke:
What, nowe yet once againe as wife to giue me do you meane
In *Phrygie* townes or *Meonie*, or in ſome further realme,
For to reward ſome ſeruant thine, ſith he, who by ſtrong hand
Tolde me away, thou banquiſht ſeeſt, and I to Grecian lande
Yet once againe muſt make returne: and wherefore do you bis
This fained talke, and hyde your ſhape me onely to abuſe:
I do beleeue the blinde deſire of this thy Paris loue
Which holds thée now, hath cauſd thée leaue the ſkies & Gods aboue,
To be the ſlaue and Concubine of him thy darling dere,
Sith it is ſo, then plie him well, ſtir not but tarry here.
Ile couche no more with thée god Knight, within a paire of ſheetes,
(I force no deale) I promiſe him, with me he neuer méetes.
The Dames of ſtate and Troyan wiues might ſcorn at me their fil,
With ſlering tauts & flinting fleights, for ſpite which wold me kill.
When as the Goddeſſe heard theſe words, which forth in heat ſhe
She ſpake hir thus: O wretched elfe I reade thée hold thy tong, (alas,
Striue not with me if thou béeſt wiſe, leaſt if thou ſtirre mine ire,
And that I kindly courſe thée ſo, littis to thy deſire.
And leaſt that as I haue bin friend I do become thy foe,
And ſéeke ſuche meanes as Goddeſſe nowe to moue againſte thée ſo,
The Grecish hearts & Troyans both, yea all thy hope cleane gone,
The death with one conſent they ſhall beſtow vpon thée anone.

Geea the Chambrer to Helena.

Venus to Helene.

Helene to Venus.

Venus threatneth Helen.

Helene followeth Venus to ſeek Paris.

The faire was mated by this rage, ſhe with a countenance ſowre,
Couering hir face with hir riche robe comes doiwn ſtraighte from the towre,
And ſoftly followed Venus there, who hir to chaber brought,
The traine to talke, and ſome to weane, and ſome the diſtaffe caught.
The place was trickly decked vp, the place where Helene ſat
By Venus will was placed there before hir huſband flat,
Who did him earneſtly behold; and ſwelling yea with wrath,
The very botome of hir minde ſhe doth declare, and ſaith:

Helene to Paris.

Then you are come you ſorie ſir, and luckie carpet knight
From this combat ſo daungerous, and eke fierce warlike fight.
O would to God my firſt huſband had hapt thy life to daunt,
In field with thée he durſt not cope thou wonted wert to daunt,
You would haue eate him at the firſt, and now you run away:
Leaue him, and be no more ſo brag his force for to aſſay,
If that you loue your ſelfe: the Grécke braſt out theſe words in rage,
But Paris curteouſly deſires hir furie to aſſuage.

Paris to Helene.

Sweet heart (quoth he) this paſſion leaue, and with me be not greued,
Though that the Grécke haue warde me nowe, for ỳ he was relieued
By Minerua, the time will be, that I ſhall be his rod,
And vanquiſh him, when as I ſhal be fauoured by ſome God:
I knowe I am not ſo farre gone out of their fauors cleane,
But in my great affaires ſomewhat to aide me they do meane.
I pray thée now mine own ſweet hart ſome better countnance ſhewe,
Be merry once, and vnto reſt let vs togither goe.
For (as me thinke) greater deſire I had not any while,
No, when with thée I cabband firſt within *Cranes* the Ile.

The Ile Cranee. Paris lieth with Helen.

After theſe words, the faire was broght to bed ſo gorgeous dreſt,
Where without further doe they both two louers went to reſt.

The Troians ſtirred againſt Paris for his want of valor.

This while Menelau raging wood, more furious than the Indias
And ſauage beaſt, doth nought but ſéeke his foe about the fielde,
To rippe him quite, but no Troyan, nor of themſelues not one
Could him deſcrie, for they will not, nowe whether he was gone,
And if they had, to kéepe him cloſe, there ſeme no friendſhip could,
But to the campe to ſhewe him ſooth they meant and ſurely woulde.

Agamemnon to the Troians.

For now th'atmoutrie dread and knowne, ſaid thus in ſpite of his
For ſodaine end & fearful death with hate the ſouldiours with:

Agamem-

Agamemnon then ſtring plaine that there to ech mans ſight
The famous conqueſt did belong to Menelau of right,
If ſo that they would rightly iudge, ſtept forth, and thus he ſpake,
Ye Troyan crues, and forraines, who their quarrell gan to make,
Come vnder their enſignes to war, I peale vnto you all,
You Menelau haue ſene by force (your faith and truths I call)
And martiall fight to ouercome your Paris, who is fled.
Reſtore the Greeke, and wealth wherewith once theefe a lady he led,
Cauſe that we nowe be ſatiſfied, and maze for hauz due
Which is deſerud, do ye to Greeks a certaine rent renue,
To vs and our poſteritie by Troyans to be payed.
Herewith his ſouldiors ynaſſe him much, and in the wordes he ſayde.

Finis tertij Libri.

¶ The fourth Booke.

THe Gods were in the Pallace gay
of Ioue ſo curious wrought,
To councelk come, whom Nectar ſwete
the gentle Hebe brought.
Whereof they tippled eche ſo well,
the golden Cuppe ſo fine
Among the reſt from one to ate,
did paſſe with pleaſant wine. Hebe Cupbearer.

And hauing all waies their regarde, with fight and mind they bleawe
The long beſieged Citie thus, whiche warre now doth rue.
Then Ioue diſpoſed he of his wife to make a ſporte afar,
To nettle hir a talke begonne, which quickly tickled her. Iupiter to the Gods.
In this conſorte (quoth he) the Gods immortall put in handes
Knowe ye, to Menelaus helpe two Goddeſſes do ſtande,
Who now at pleaſure ſay their fil, to laugh thy corners ſticke,
Our Iuno one giuen in hir ſkene, with puiſſant Pallas ſlie.

But euen now Venus she, againe with finger in her eye,
On th'other side doth feare we muche her Paris hap to spie,
She hauing made no small adoe, to shield him from his ende:
He neither force nor heart she knew in field had to contende,
Against the Greeke, who victor stode. Well now we muste aduise,
To which of both their pleasures muste our fauor ought to rise.
If best to make them enmies still, or cause them to agree,
A stable peace to them both must surely welcome be.
For by Helens returne, the Greekes their soulders they shall ease,
Of trauels great, and Priams towne, whom fame so much doth raise,
Shall ay with people fraighted be: these fained wordes a gog
Do set the Goddesse, that they in anger gan to slog.
But Pallas kept hir anger in, against hir kindly sire,
And meekely bare hir selfe, though spite did boile in hir as fire.
But Iuno rash and careles bold (hap yea what happen can)
Could not hir furie once refraine, but thus hir tale begamme:
O crabbed husband why to mine still diuers is thy minde?
Such treason for to vse with me what reason dost thou finde?
Wouldst thou the sweat and trauailes great of me, and of my horse
Of heauenly race all bootelesse toile, and be of fillie force?
In calling to this place such crues: hast thou founde out the meanes
To get a safegard for the Kate of Priam and Troyans?
Do what thou canst, the time will come, thad *Troman French* shal turne
The Gods and I will so prounde, but that shall serue our turne
Shal hap at all. But mightie Ioue seeing hir thus to fret,
Replyde againe, and from his breast a sigh he deepely set,
Thou cankred Goddesse, what mischief, what harm, what hate, what
Hath Priam done, or yet his sons, y so their bain thou longs (wrongs
And mournest still the Troyans towne, if that thou shouldest not so
By Gretians sackte, and in such plight, as wars may make it be?
I surely thinke but for the shame which causeth thee to stay,
And somwhat doth surmount the rage, thou wouldst haue tane way
Long time ere this to *Troy*, where like a foole enraged there
The skin and flesh of Priam King with teeth thou wouldest teare,
That onely can suffice at all, t'assuage thy furious fit.
Sith so it standes, henceforth on me lay no excuse of it.

Full

Fulfil thy minde, and what exployctes you will do enterpryſe,
There ſhal againſt thée let nayſeyd be vſde in any wiſe.
In time to come my wrath I appeaſe, when I ſhal haply meane,
The faireſt of thy Cities all, by grounde to raze it cleane,
Thinke not my minde then to withſtãd, for copper thou mightſt get,
Sith he: ein to content thée now thy will I nothing let.
I do agrée the ouerthrow of the moſt famous rich
Citie vnder the heauen cope, and of a king ſo muche
Renoumd of al, whom moſt I loue, and honor moſt I ought
Of duetie, for to honor me al wayes al meanes they ſought:
Vnto my Godhead day nor night, their hoſties they do ſpare,
At no time of oblations fat my Altars emptie are.
Then Iuno fully ſatiſfied in hauing got hir will,
Anſweareth Ioue thrée ſiſters I haue, which mainie people kil,
All gouerned by ciuill lawes, the which I loue at hart,
Argos the rich, *Mycene* the gay, and eke the mightie *Sparte*,
When you ſhall pleaſe of one or all the glorie downe to rube
Your will in them, none ſhal gainſay, or yet reſiſtaunce make:
And though I wiſh, you are ſo great, I know, I could it not,
To your great power both gods and men obey in euery iot.
And I likewiſe great wrong ſhould haue, if that my purpoſe now
Should nought preuaile, for a goddeſſe, I am as wel as you,
A God, a Saturne impe, and borne to him in eldeſt place:
Why ſhould not I then as your ſpouſe eſteemde be in each caſe
Aboue the reſt: let peace be made, contention baniſh quite,
And let vs both as in this point our hartes in one vnite.
Wherwith then ſhall the heauenlye routes, who often troubled are,
And often moued by our iarres, ſhal be of merrie fare.
And ſhal in ſine our mindes allow: commaund Minerue to hie
Vnto the Campe, there for to moue ſome braule and broyle, wherby
The Troyans may the pact infringe. The God conſenting tho
To Pallas ſayde, you daughter mine, ſée ſtraight to *Troy* you go,
And couertly the promiſt league ſtir vp ſome Troyan true
To breake, their Greekiſh enemies aſſailing them of new.
Yet after this he wils hir haſt, wherwith ſuch ſpéd ſhe makes,
That vi the ſpéde the goddeſſe came, on earth men dreadful quakes.

The Citied-deare to Iuno.

Iupiter ſith, Pallas.

Comparison of the lightning. For Venus loue doth sende the glaze of flash and lightning downe,
Which oft doth cause the fighting folke at gaze and fearefull stande,
And thinke within themselues with those, who do the seas frequente,
That of a mischiefe to them like it is a token sente:
The Goddesse in like sort descendes, as star with flame and flash
Amids the Campe, wherewith she doth the bandes and armies bash:
And of them there were certaine sayes, with wonder and affright
This token shews vs luckie chaunce, or some mishap to light:
Either we shall haue by and by the happie peace we crane,
Or else the war continued, for long time shall we haue.
Pallas into the playne come downe, she straight hir selfe enwlues
In shape of one of the chiuyen of the Antenor olde,
Laodoc souldiour tricke and stoute with Troyans then she throngs
Pandarus. And forth with for to heare some newes of Pandarus she longs,
That valiaunt Archer good and sure: she sought so in the roote,
That there with gorgeous armour girt, at last she found him oute.
Enuironde with a warlike sort, who al his legies were,
Bred vp by *Aesepus* the stout, who happie thought them there,
Vnder a lustie leader such to shew proufe of their strength.
Pallas to Pandare. The greene eide Goddesse then drew me, & spake him thus at length
Victorious prince, one of the bande of graue Lycaons stocke,
An enterprise it selfe presentes, wherto if so you shocke,
Men shal thee cal the happiest this side the Dreian shore:
If thee behoues with piercing girde to cause thy arrow shirre
To wound the stoute Menelaus: if thou that martial act
Fulfillst, what fame shalt thou obtaine by that victorious fact?
What thankes of Alexander eke, when he shall see to slaine
His enmies bloud: gay giftes with ioy on thee he shall bestow.
Well courage then: and readie make your bow with bowes adrest
To offer to Phoebus such sheepe, as in your stoches are best,
If he will graunt you t'accomplish the boune which you do frame,
And giue you power and time your towne *Zelye* to see againe.
The coueling woordes caused Pandarus so soodly to agree,
A bowe made of the hornes of a wilde Goate. Whereof he came repented him, out of the case then he
Drew out his great and gallant bow: garnisht with polisht hasle,
Which of the hornes of a wilde Goate right strangely shaped was.

Whom Pandarus by wel did hunt vpon a mountaine side,
He girt and hurt him in the flankes, and of his hornes beside,
By cunning workemanship was made a fine and proper bow
Fiftéene pace the hornes were long, ful hard it was I trow
To make it serue to be shot in, but erft the workmans craft
Was so employde, that now a bow they strude, and shot a shaft:
And gorgeously to make the bow appéare to all mens sight,
He bounde and tipt the ends right wel with beaten golde ful bright.
Then Pandarus without abode drew out his bow to bende, Pandarus breakes the agreement.
And that now of his enterprise none of them all should wende,
He cansd his squiléours hap him wel with buckler and with targe,
Least that the wily Gréekes might find his minde at large.
And sodaine brayde his enterprise, his bil let, and turne to nought:
His bow in poinct, an arrow he out of his quiuer sought,
Sure fetherde and with pearcing head, and finely feathered wel,
Most fit by cruel wretched death an enimie to quell.
He nockes the shaft, and then his vowes to Phœbus God doth make, Pandarus shooteth.
And him behights his prettie lambes, if to his hall he take
God place and prooue by Phœbus meanes, his wish he thus ending
With such a force he drew his bow, as that he touchde the string
To his right pap, and straight the head, when as it risen stoode
Hard with the backe, he loosde it quicke, as shoter fire and good.
Till ber with the bow with sturdye string, when forth the shaft is flowne
A clange so great and streng it gaue, an hoste abroade it rong.
The Gods as then of Menelau they were not farre from thée,
It was no time, Pallas his selfe stoute armed there was she,
Of thy welfare his selfe she shewed as careful as she coulde, Compassion of the mother helping his childe.
As when his prettie sonne doth séepe the tender mother woulde,
Haue good regard and ruthie eye, least that the bustie flye
His tender flesh should bite or hurte, or cause his visage crie:
And me with like care Mynerue did, put by the mortall blow,
Yet strooke hys bandricke in the midst, and it it pierced so,
The buckle great of massie golde, which did his girdle tie
Was pierst, and through his Curats ede and stéeled head did flye, Menelaus hurt.
And past so sur, of the Kouts Gréekes the selfe hyt thirlest in
And presently before them all the blood was sucke to spin.

Comparis6 Yea euen as on the purple white the dames of *Cary* oft
Do worke the purple, and embost with broyderie aloft,
To make the gallant gorgeous raines for courlers braue and gay,
Which for a king a decking is, it is so rich aray:
The die was like and fairer much on the trimme Gretians flesh
With scarlet bloud, which by his thigh down to his heles did desh,
The great Agamemnon with this so sore and sodaine shot
Was grieued much, the wounde eke seene the hurt man dolour got,
And colour chaunged: he sighing sore his brother gay drew nie,
And toke him by the hande, of Greekes most part then standing by.
Agamemn6 bewaileth his brother He piteously begins his mone, and thus he saith, alas,
My only hope, my brother deare, who as assured was
In assaying the Troyan freake, shal it be now the meane
That after this holy accorde thou covertly be slaine?
The oth before the Gods so swome, where it is now become
Of these periured wicked folke: can Gods iustice be mum
Alas at rancour so much raynde? I hope it wil not so,
For though the Gods do winke thereat a while, and let it goe,
Yea though mens faults they seeme to slip, at end they pay for all,
Great time defers, doth cause the smart with rigor on them fal.
In time these filthy traytours shal so plagde be for their hire,
Themselues, their sons, and eke their wiues: & from the skies the fire
With hideous flomme they shal behold to light vpon their pate,
I know ere long *Troy* shal to wracke, & Priam with his state
Shal passe the sworde: Gods wrath which doth the deedes of al mē iust
Is now against him to stirde vp, as therof is no shift.
But what mishap, alas, what griefe shal hap to be my share,
If I should leaue you here behinde, and death to be your fare,
With graue alacke, in forraine land, how wil all *Greece* cry out
At my returne; al *Argos* folke, and Countrey round about,
When they shal vnderstand your death: and they who with vs are,
Shal they not set of their returne their only minde and care?
Shal they not leaue to Troyans false the luckie glorie at hand?
Shal they not leaue to be the shame: your carcase in this lande (leine
(Which most vs deares) shal they not leaue, shall they not leaue Hel-
Wherby hereafter to your tombe, hert shal come Troyan,

And

And lowring on the graſſe, ſhall crie, al puffed vp with pride,
To all Agamemns practiſes God graunt like ende betide,
God graunt the Grékes here long abode, may haue the like ſucceſſe,
And after they maye hie them home with ſhame and wretchednesse
The Troyan ſette be this may that, thou not to be alive
I do beſeech th'immortal Gods, but that the earth do cleue
And ſwallow me. Although the hurt did cauſe a grieuous paine,
Yet Menelau with chéereful loke thus anſwerde him againe,
And manlike to his brother ſayde: reioyce thou brother mine,
And courage take, for wel thou maiſt by this mourning of thine
Impute ſuch feare in the Grékes harts, which eft they cannot flie:
I féele ful wel the blow is ſuch therof I cannot die,
The golden buckle of my belt, my Curet good I know
Wherwith I armed am before, hath ſurely ſtayde the blow.
My friendly brother would to God (quoth Agamemnon he)
You were out of this daunger here, and that it ſo might be,
You might be healed of this wound: a ſurgeon good I wot,
Who ſhould ſo wel attende you then, that this your wounding got,
Which irkes you ſo, he ſhould delay: this ſaide, he cauſeth plod
Taltibius, to ſéeke the ſonne of Eſculape the God,
Macaon hight, from bande to bande he walkes the Peraunt prie
Him out, praying thither to him, that he come by and by,
To viſite Menelaus there, his wound to ſearch and féele,
Which one of *Licie* or of *Troy* hath ſhot by ſtroke of ſtéele,
In trayterous guiſe, thinking to Grékes there ſhould redound therby
Notorious ſhame, to Troyans all to ioyful victorie.
So diligent Taltibius goes, amidſt the Campe, that out
At laſt he finds the Phiſition, environde rounde about (*Trice*
With ſtrength of ſouldiers which he brought from his great town of
Where horſes plentie are, & whence by graſſe great wealth doth riſe,
His meſſage to him he declares, beſeching him, that he
Wyll come to Agamemn the king, there Menelau to ſée,
And careful to loke to his wounde, he ſtraight at the firſt daſh
Obeyes, but yet the ſodaine chaunce his minde doth greatly daſh.
He cómes, and there on heapes he findes the Grékiſh princes ſtande
Looking for him, with mindefull heartes the hurt to vnderſtande.

Menelaus to Agam: his brother

Agamemn to Menel.

Machaon Phiſition to Eſculapius.

The lech diuine straycht fet his worke made all things very fitte,
And firſt the ſhaft he ſoftly drew, and griefde him not a whit,
But tho the sharpe and troubles barbe in plucking out it wake,
He ſoft warmes him, and his ſcarfe, and Caret off both take,
That he, what harme & wounde hath done, might haue a better ſight,
How deepe it was and whether it in ſpeeding place did light.
Machaon healeth Menelaus. After he had beheld the ſtroke, and washt away the bloud,
And tended it, he layde into his oyntments perfect good
T'aſwage the paine: the which whilom the cunning Chyron taught
To Eſculape, and Machaon of him his knowledge caught,
The Greks and Troyans prepare to the battayle. Which were *Profanum* oft to heale. This while the Troyans goe
To arme to fight, and battayle inſe in fielde themſelues they ſhoe.
The Grekes againe the cruelties of them, them picking out
Were straight in order armed well, yea forward, fierce and ſtout,
The diligence and care of Agamemnon. Their eafe on Troyans to reuenge: then Agamemn appeard
No whit to yelde, or elſe retire, or ought with feare was feard,
But willing was as chiefetaine the, and king of valiaunt hart,
To tie and take ſuch part as they, and from his chayre he ſtart
And it vnto Eurymedon his truſtie guider gaue,
And him commaundes, to follow him, and horſes readie haue
To mount againe, if tyred he ſhall finde himſelfe to be,
In paſſing through and through the ranks their order for to ſee.
The armies of this worthy hoſt to viewe, a ſpace he went,
And thoſe whom manly mayth he ſees, their courage daily augment,
Agamemn praiſeth his ſouldiours. And comforts thus: my very friends, of *Greece* ye flowres all,
Forget not your accuſtomde force, this day your proweſſe call
To minde: thinke not that Ioue will rue on theſe falſe Troyan freaks,
Who thus vniuſt and faithleſſe their oth and promiſe breaks.
This is the time of our reuenge, the dogs their bones ſhal pick,
And Vultures teare their fleſh, and down ſhal now both ſtone & ſtick
Of their buildings, their wealth bereft, their daughters, ſons, & wiues
Shal in our bottomes caried be, and we with victors liues
Shal to our countrey backe, and ſee our home and children both,
The good king thus he ſpake: but ſuch in march he knew to ſloth,
Agamemn blameth the dowbacks. He tooke them vp, and threatens thus: O ye of Grecian race
The diſhonor, of your reproch hath ſhame with you no place:

Do yet not blush, thus fearefully to be by terrour troden,
Euen as the timorous hartes do haue, with hand & hornes laden,
And prest and harbe being at the bote by, hunters in the field
Do lag, and fearefull are intrapt for fayre beginners to yeld.
What: will you stay your marche, til that your foes your blood do spil
And that you se them take their ships, and murder at their wil.
What: thinke you that some God will come, & fight for your behalfe,
And saue your lines, vnlesse by sight your selues do make some proofe.
This done, he goes whereas he found the souldiours al of *Crete*
Preparing them about their Prince, who them in order set,
And goodly raunged them as they should: and Meriones who hight
His friend, far of, to come forward makes al the hast he might.
The great Grecke then bespake the king with kind & curteous chere:
Idomene, of all the Kings who we haue followed here
From al the Grekish prouinces, thy honor most I ment,
Yea stil in publike and in warre, or primate in my tent,
Or else in open shew, when feastes at banquetting were met.
It to be true, thy cup of wine is alwaye ful set
When as my greatest friend hath his with wine but halfe replete,
Vpcause I would declare to thee my fauours they be great,
Alway thou hauing at my hande what so thou dost request,
Thou to deserue this my good will this day be readie prest,
And let me se that thou at ful thy selfe do now acquite,
As oft you say among the stouts be forward in the fight.
He answerde straight, amidd prese, you shal me surely finde
As I haue sayd, that al men know I beare you faithful minde
And honor due, but do you hast, and wil the fight to guide
So carefully, that we abate the Troyan glorious pride,
By which, and by their arrogance from stricken part they start.
Herewith Agamemn loues to se Idomens loyal hart,
Wherewith he leaues him thus: and forth the king is forward gone,
And méetes in téeth the both Aiax, their armour buckling on:
The which a great and gallant crue of footemen in a roe
With buckles long, and trickste Darts wel furnisht, after goe.
One would haue toke them for a cloude ful of some drilling showre,
Or haile, which to the seaward coast, the wind doth often powre,

Compareth of the vvar- ry Host.

Agamem- to Idomene king of Crete.

Idomene to Agam.

The two Aiax.

Similitude.

Which when the fearefull shepheards sawe, to light vpon him like,
Continuance, to hap his flockes and him, some hāging cliffe hath lickt.
Agamē to Aiax. Wherefore (quoth he) you to exhort (quoth he) I little nēde
My mates to put your mens in plight, you now make better speede
Then any other do: would God that all in order such
Were prest and furnished as you, and courages as much:
Our enemies should soone be put to take their flight abacke,
Their Citie straight destroyed be, and quiet put to sacke.
Nestor. Nestor the wise, the good old man, as further on he goes,
He findes, who taying on the plaine his souldiours to dispose,
Fine valiaunt Dukes and leaders stoute, with worthy Nestor mate,
Pelagon, Emon, Alastor, Chromnyus and Brias,
His men in order for to raunge, and not to let them passe
His ordinaunce and his commaunde, in any kinde of case:
His Chariots first he puts in froute, the force to beare and breake,
His choice footemen the rereward kept, in middst he plast the weake.
That in such sort inclosed thus, although they were afraide
Nestors instruction to his souldiours for their order in fight. Eche one should fight, constraynde of force, in spite yea of his heart.
He sheawde his horsemen, in no wise that single they should presse
Out of their ranke, where they were plast, their foemen to suppresse:
Ne to defence, nor fight beginne, ne that they should in hoste
Commit more trust and confidence, than in their proper force.
For in forsaking their array so fondly, weake they ware,
Wherof ensues disorder great: again with sword or Axe
He telth them that it is not best with Chariots for to joyne,
But rather with the shot and launce at them to pricke and foyne.
Thus doing, many auncient crues haue sundry Cities held,
And valiaunt deedes of warlike facts (saith he) did often welde,
In doing after my aduise: thus spake the worthy sire,
In th'army he to shew his helpe, both greatly now desire.
Agamemnō to Nestor. Then Agamemn he spake him thus: ah Prince of great renowme,
Oh would to God for this affaire, the Gods would send thee downe
From heauen aboue at my request into this corpse of thine,
Such strength and force as wisedome doth thy spirite and senses line,
Alas, why is not this your age bequeathed to some lad
Whom whilom time hath taken away: y youth, which once you had,

Why

Why lie we not eft to reuine, to be to be a ſtay.
O god olde ſire, now yong againe, why are you not I ſay?
I would (quoth he) that now I were as luſtie and as ſtrong. Neſtor to Agamemn.
As when Eurethalis the ſtout ſhoſe handes did lay along,
And ſlue: but what, al that is paſt, the Gods no more beſtoe
Upon vs men all things at once, but alwayes order ſo,
That after our vnbrideled youth comes ſage and wrinckled yeares,
Be yong, now old my ſelfe I ſele, as to you all appeares,
And far vnmete exploites to welde, as touching force of hand,
Yet for all that to do my beſt in counſel will I ſtand.
It is the honor of the olde to counſell men aright,
And of the yong the glorie is, ſtoutly to deale in fight.
Who then can ſtrike, lay he it on, and I aſſuredly
Will haſt me to the horſemen here to raunge my ſelfe thereby,
And will inſtructe their deede to guide: Agamemnon right glad
In heart doth ware, and doth reioice when Neſtor heard he had.
A good bow ſhote not further off warlike Meneſthee ſtode, Meneſthes Athenien.
Whome there he mets with his Captains amid his ſouldiors good
Of *Athens* towne: next him ſtil ſtill abute Vlyſſes King
Of *Cephelenie* was great routes him eke accompanying. Vlyſſes.
They ſtand both cloſe, marich do they not, the ſkirmiſh they do hark, Agamemn to Meneſth. hee and Vlyſſes.
The which the ſouldiors ſhould beginne to ſet them all aworke.
The chieftain of the Grekiſh camp their negligence doth blame:
O Meneſthee and Vlyſſes, what do you feare: for ſhame
Where is your forwardneſſe (quoth he) what mean you thus to lag:
What lake ye for: why do you not with firſte and foremoſt wag:
In my good cheare, in firſt place you alwayes I do put,
The fleſh moſt trimmeſt roſted ay, for you is alſo cut,
And when you fancie for to drinke, the ſweeteſt wine you hane.
Therfore in fight your ſelues ſhould be more forward & more brane
Than are the reſt that lag, and onward with ſuch willing mind,
As of your friends tenne bandes you might in danger leane behind. Vlyſſes to Agamemn
The wiſe Greeke grieued at this talke, whoſe choler now doth riſe,
Makes anſwere thus, with bended browes a frent his ſetled eyes:
O Atreus ſonne, what ſayſt thou here: thou Agamemnon trowes
Us baſtards and faint hearted folke, t'approche the Troyan foes:

What, braule no more, but ſith thou preaſt, thy ſelfe come, and behold
Who doth his duty beſte this day, whether the father olde
Of people ſtout *Talemarke* bande, both Cheſtes and Curets ſtrong,
And giue into the Troyan preaſe the firſt of all the pull.
Agamemnō to Vlyſſes. In better ſpeint manlye prince: this heate he being in
Atridas ſawe, wherefore againe he gently doth begin:
Illuſtre Prince, the impe and heire of good Laertes line,
Thy valiant actes are wel approvde by that ſame hand of thine.
I will not thee reproche at all, I wrong thee ſhould to much,
Greatly ſurpaſſe thy worthy dedes, the counceil good in ſuch
Of thy ſage head, thy proweſſe eke all men is layed before:
Content thy ſelfe, and of my wordes I pray thee thinke no more:
In time to come mendes ſhal be made, for this time I thee pray
To ſhelve, and to behaue thy ſelfe, as al men of thee ſay,
And take the wordes, which I haue ſpoke, as ſimple ſound, and vaine.
He ending thus, doth leaue him there, and onward goes againe,
A little off, he findes the Prince Diomedes the ſtout
Upon his chare, not minding he of further ſetting out,
But talketh with his Chariot guide, called Stenelus by name,
Agamemnō to Diomedes. Capaneus ſonne, to nothing he this iourney minded to frame.
The father of Diomedes. Atridas ruſhing forth thus ſaith, when he his countnance ſaw,
O Tydes hope, whom doubt you here? or whom ſtand you in awe?
Belike you ſtay till we haue fought, and tryed in field at length,
Would you we ſhould for you prepare an entrance in the ſtrength
Of Troyans? well, thy valiante ſire had ſtomache more at full,
He neuer quaild in mortall fight, nor yet in perilous pull,
But ſole hath gone to front his foes: as oft I haue him told
Of ſuch as kept him company, and were his quaintance olde.
My ſelfe I neuer ſawe the man, yet many do reporte
That he was at *Mycenas* once, my country towne, and reſte:
That time, when as he warred on the warlike *Thebanes* towne,
He came then to demaunde ſome aide with Polynices bowne,
Polynices. Which as their ſoliciters ſhould refreſhe, and we with willing heart
His armie would haue ſaid at full, and taken eke his parte,
If loue my friends and lieges al by ſignes apparant plaine
Had not quite turnde, whereby aſſeſſe he did returne againe.

After

After he long abode had made, vnto his rampe ypitched
By *Aſopo* flood, with ſtaye of graſſe whoſe bankes are much enriched.
There *Tydeo*, as repaire hath gon long vſe not in his tent
For euen that night, yea al alone, the Gregians hath him ſent
Embaſſadge to *Thebane* lords, and to their king, who bight
Etheocles, to tourne he came wel armd with yron bright,
Whereas he found the king in ſhade, with many a *Thebane* ſtout,
Diſcourſing this and that, and when he tolde his meſſage out,
And ſhewd his courage and his might, he ſtilt them for ſo tryes
And proue with him the combates there, and dead by him they dye.
For Goddeſſe Pallas did encreaſe his force and hantie mynde:
The *Thebanes* moued do their gentrie, and it with athe they binde.
The ſame to doe, they ambuſh lay, which doubtie Meon lead,
With Menetoſme, who humbled oft ſo many maines ahead.
Theſe leaders two ful fitte man chaſe fit for ſuch a feate
And ſecretly conduct him home with meanes his life to beate.
What came thereof? he ſlue them all, he did them ſoundly ſouſe,
Of all the traytors Meon ſole he home ſent to his houſe.
Wherehy before all men he might the *Thebanes* leinguiſſe lay,
And his valor, ſuch was the king of *Aetoly* ſtout lay,
The race is fallen in the ſame, a gabler man he is,
And better tongde to tell a tale, no ſouldior like yuis.
So Agamemn Diomede pitchte, who nothing did replie,
Aſhamde, he doubted for to moue the kingly ſtate ſo hie,
His mate who well the matter heard, his ſpeech he takes and ſayes
To Agamemn, ſith that the caſe is ſure no manner wayes,
As you reporte, I you beſeeche, the trueth do not diſguiſe,
Nor be (I crane it at your handes) therein vs ſo deſpiſe.
For as for vs, I dare auouch, and ſtand to't to your face
Our force and valiantneſſe ful far aye-mates in euery caſe,
That of our auntient fathers paſt, as men more traind in warre.
The ſeauen gated *Thebes* towne had not withſtode ſo farre,
Be yethir walles, if ſo we two beſiegde hir had aboute.
For ſome you ſhould haue ſeene them tourne, & turnd vp from the rout,
Our fathers where in that aſſault by follie dead are done:
Then hold your peace, and father do not praiſe aboue the ſonne.

Diomede was full ill content, thus hardly for to heare
His fellow ſpeake, he thus him blames in anger as he were:
What moues you for to talke thus much? your tong can you not hold
But plaiting in this caſe of waight? Agamemn may be bold
For to complaine, and fault to finde, with ſuch, as flie the fight:
For if he conquere, as to him belongs the honor right,
So if he conquerd be, againe with ſhame he ſhall be ſped,
The honor and reproche of al doth lie vppon his head,
And as for vs, let vs go ſhew what men of warre we be.
With this he leapes, his Chariot downe, and as downe leaped he,
His gay and gorgeous armor rich ſo ſounded in the ſhake,
As yea the fierceſt fighter there almoſt thereat did quake.
There might you ſée the battels rangd, and raking in arow,
The gallant Grékes, and at the héles therof their leaders goe.
Like as the waues within the ſea, ſo large, ſo hie, ſo dépe,
Forſt by ſome ſtaw, yélds whuſhing noiſe, & ſhoring banks do ſwépe.
The Captaines ceaſe not to exhorte with wordes their ſouldiors ſtill,
Who to their chieftaines beare good minde, and them obey they will,
They on do martch, and nothing dreade, to them they lift their eare,
As ſtill as ſtones, they would haue ſaide long tyed they had bin there.
But contrarie, the Troyans martch, they cries and clamors yéld,
And therewith rings the countrey round as they prepare to fielde:
Unto the goodly flockes of ſhépe compard in euery thing,
Whiche ſhépheard to his Maiſters pen doth ſafe togither bring,
The old and yong togither put, the milke of them to take,
The Ewes do bleate, the Lambs do bey, and noiſe not ſmall do make.
Like clamors do the Troyans vſe, the medowes ring at hand
With ſundrie ſound, and diuers tongues, as they of ſundry lande.
The Grecians by Minerua they were boldned to the blade,
And Troyans they by cruel Mars were full couragious made.
Terror and dread did lend them both, and did their doings guide,
Strife mate and ſiſter vnto Mars eke in the plaine was ſpide.
This Goddeſſe nande, although ſhe be but poore and baſely bred,
Yet reſts ſhe not till that ſhe touch hie Heauen with hir head,
And yet on earth ſtil kéepes hir féete. Nowe came ſhe in a throwde,
Of purpoſe, quarrels and debate, and mortall ſtrife to ſpreade,

Whereby

Wherby thereafter might proceede a bad and woefull ſtate,
With ſobs and ſighs, the which ſhould bring repentance, but too late.
In place for fight the armies mete, the darts and arrowes flit
The aire aloft, and in the approach full many a man they kill.
But when it came to handie ſtrokes, muche more the murder was,
Nought heard but dying grones, ꝑ which frō yelding ſpirites did pas,
And ioyfull cries of conquerors: he wing of harneſſe tough,
Shearing of ſhields, and who erſt braue, now falles, & hathe ynough.
Of this ſlaughter the purple gore ſo runnes from them that bled,
And as the ſprings mountaine top, which ore the valleys ſpred,
Rushing with noiſe the ſhepheards heare, aloſe that lodged are,
Euen ſo the noiſe of them that fight is heard both nie and far.
Of all the Grekiſh famed Knightes was firſt Antilochus
Did there of armes the firſt deede do, he ſlue Echepolus,
Fighting in formoſt Troyan rankes: his top of helme he hit,
And with ſuch force and courage ſtout the blow ſo doubled it,
That of the ſtaffe the ſteeled point made in his forehead way,
And pierced down ſo in his mouth, that dead along he lay.
He fell as doth a tower hie, whych men do mine about:
His fall when as Elphenor ſawe, he like a ſouldior ſtoute,
Did forye his body for to ſpoile: but Agenor he ſent
His Iaueline to his bared flanckes, that backward downe he went.
The fight for theſe two bodies dead more fierce & mortal grewe,
As egre Wolues the ſouldiors all on one another flewe.
The ioly Aiax then came in, Symoſius he did daunt.
Symoſius he a yonker was, who Troyan towne did haunt:
So called was he of his friends, bycauſe nie *Symois* head
That water cleare, his mother there, of him was brought abed:
She tardife tane, comming to viewe what paſturing then had
Hir flockes vpon the medow bancks. The yong mans lucke was bad:
To parents he coulde neuer ſhew what honor due he ought,
For bitter and too haſtie death too ſone his carcaſſe cought.
Stout Aiax with his cruel launce ſo pierced his right pappe,
As like a mightie Poplar greene he downe on earth doth flappe,
Whiche by the water growing hie, by workmans force it reeles,
His Are it felles, a wood ful fit to forge the trolling wheeles

Of chariots, and alſo pokes, which on the riuer banckes
He leanes long time to drie, or elſe vppon ſome bourded planckes.
This Priams ſonne, gay Antyphus to hart he doth it take,
His death to venge, his ſæmly dart to Aiax he doth ſhake,
But miſſte the man, and Leucus hit, who was Vlyſſes friend,
He through his guts and bowels thruſt, and of him made an end.
Vlyſſe his friend thus ſéeing dead, in furie forth he fares,
Vnto the formoſt Troyan rankes, whereas he ſtands and ſtares,
And ſtudies whom he ſhould aſſault, his enimies game place,
And ſwayde aſide, when as they ſawe ſuch fiercenelle in his face:
Yet forth his ſtaffe ful ſtiffe he flong, and toke vp by the way
Democoon baſtard to Priam, as he did runne away,
But all to late: his temples both the ſtéele it thorow kept,
He dies. Long time in *Abydos* King Priam had him kept.
From whence he came, and left the ſtéeds and courſers of his ſire,
To go abroad a venturer then was it his deſire.
The Troyans all diſcomfited, retire, and almoſt flie,
The ſonne when they ſaw of their King all dead in field to lie.
Hector himſelfe, who had the charge and leading of the hoſt,
Doth mámer eke whats beſt to do, leaſt that his life he loſte.
In truth the warre had ended bin, if not Apollo he
Had turnd the chaunce from ſacred walles, the Troyans he did ſée
Out order, broke, the field they left, amaine he cries and calles,
He ſtayes them ſtraight, and that they fight he to exhort them falles.
Take hart (quoth he) yée Troyans ſtout, I pray you do not ſtinke,
Dread not the Grékiſh braueries: a Gods name do you thinke,
That they of ſtone or ſtéele are made, and that your ſturdie Darts
And Cimpters cannot ſuffiſe to pierce and sheare their harts:
Aduance, aduance, and ſurely hope that conquere néeds you muſte,
For Achilles that mightie bugge (to me I tell yée truſte)
Who at his pleaſure wonted was your heads and helmes to cleaue,
Doth kéepe abord in mourning rage, the battels he doth leaue.
The Troyans at the heauenly call renue againe the fray,
And Pallas bolds ẏ Grékes, & blames whom fear doth there diſmay.
In this conflict Diorus fell, Pirus a *Thracian* Lord
With pibble great his legge he ſtrake & burſt eche vaine and cord,

And

And with his ſworde his breaſt he ſtrike, and guttes on graſſe he laide,
With armes abroad before the Gréeks he falles, as aſking aide.
Wherewith ſir Thoas thrunketh in, and with a deadly blow
His cruell darte did Pirus woounde, the head of it did goe
Under his pappe into the lungs, and yet not pleaſed is,
But ruthleſſe cuttes in midſt his paunch, with hand and ſworde of his:
And after forceth al he may, the carcaſſe out to traine
The preaſe, his armour and hys weéde to conquere for his paine.
The *Thracians* forte for their Prince, and hap that was ſo hard,
The doubtie Thoas do reſiſt, and ſtand vppon their guard,
And that ſo well he carried nought although he were ſo ſtrong:
The bones of theſe two valiant Dukes together lye along.
And numbers great of ſouldiors more with them died alas.
And if Minerue had graunted then a ſouldior olde to paſſe
Vnhurt at all the armies through, to ſée who there did beſte,
With wonder he, ſuch ſlaughter like, was neare he would preſteſte.

Finis quarti Libri.

¶ The fifth Booke.

PAllas ſhe willing to ſet forth
Diomedes his praiſe,
Among the Gréeks his fame t'advance
by any worthy wayes,
Diuinely doth inſpire his breaſt
with ſtout and haughtie heart,
And to his perſon force and ſtrength
dame Pallas ſhe doth part.
His armor ſhe doth yéelde ful bright, and eke his waightie targe,
His harneſſe ſhone as doth the ſtarre within the heauen large,
The whiche in Autumne time is raiſd amid the mightie ſkie,
And bathes it ſelfe in *Ocean* flood: afwte then by and by
The puiſſant Goddeſſe brings him in the thickeſt of the hoſt.

Compariſō of the Starr which is called Orions Dogge Dares Vulcans prieſt.

Now of King Priams subiects one, of all as rich is most,
Was Dares Priest of Vulcane God, the seruice tended hée:
Two sonnes he had, one Phegeus, the secounde called Idee,
Whose valiance in the Troian campe did cause their fame to flow:
Aboue the other souldiors much, the armour shining so,
Phegeus & Idees sons of Dares assaile Diomedes. When as they spide of the stout Grécke, no time they tarryed then,
But fiercely assaild him from their chaire, and rode with him like mé:
Phegeus there aduaunced throwes his dart, a souldior stout
Whiche doth no harme, his poyzone it doth strike and slieth out.
Diomedes the mortall launce he girdes with better hap,
Diomedes slayes Phegeus. The whiche he sendeth to his foe, and wounds him on the pap,
And Phegeus the bloudie death receiued by the wounde,
And from the Chariot there (good soule) he falleth to the grounde:
His brother slaine, straight Idee left the Chariot where it stode,
And no resistaunce made, for why defence would doe no good.
For dyed he had, but that Vulcane he of his heauenly grace
Vulcane saues Idees. Preserued the man, and with a cloude he hapte him in the place,
With pitie he respecting now the Dares good forgone,
Who childelesse sonke with sorrow great, his age would end anone.
The filthy flight Diomede sawe, to sue he nothing spedde,
The horses braue he gaue his man, who them to hauen ledde.
When Troyans sawe these brethren twoo discomfit, as you heare,
One put to flight, the other slaine, they greatly ginne to feare,
Pallas to Mars. The warre they déeme not well for them, wherefore dame Pallas gan
To Mars she cõmes, and takes his hand, and friendly thus begamne:
O bloudie Mars and gastfull God, O mightie Mars in rage,
Who townes and Castels in their force, and fighters still doth gage,
And raseth quite when pleaseth thée: is it agréed that stil
We disagrée, why, let the Grécks and Troyans fight their fil,
By téeth let them the matter trie, our discord bid farewell,
Let vs not breake our heads with them, or with their quarrels mell:
Who loue the victorie will giue, that all men well may knowe,
To leaue this enterprise as nowe my councell would it so.
And surelye so I thinke it beste: wel, let vs hence I pray,
Mars leaueth the battaile. Take héede we stirre not vpon vs, Ioues furie anye way.
The Goddesse sage nowe ending thus: she softly from the rout

Of *Scamander* a pleaſant ſhade to ſanctuarie the brought him out:
He gone, the Troyans hoſt doth quaple, and yéeld to ſhamefull flight,
Whom Gretians now as conquerors do follow al the night:
And then the Captaines wel did ſhew their worthy prowelle bie.
Agamemn leader of the warre, to earth he manfully
Of Aliſones Odius hight, a doughtie Duke he dong,
The chin he cleaues, & pierſt his breaſt with Dart he ſtrongly ſlung,
Wherewith he from the Chariot fell, whoſe fal (the noiſe was ſuch)
Cauſde wel be heard his trembling corpſe and eke his armor rich.
Idomen Pheſtus alſo ſlew, the vertuous Meons heire,
The courteous Pheſtus from *Tarne* his prouince did repaire
That fertile was, renowme to get, but die (alack) he muſt,
In his right ſide ſyr Cretane doth his bloudie launcline thruſt:
He falleth downe, blacke death he féeles, by ſouldiours he is ſpoyde,
His carcaſe all beſmerde with bloud and filth, lyeth ſouly ſolde.
On the other ſide his valiantneſſe wel ſhewth Menelaie,
With ſtiffe and ſturdie launce he doth Camander hunter ſtay.
Him Diane ſhe did honor ſo, to him ſo friendly was,
Him cunning gaue and courage to, t'aſſayle the beaſts of chaſe:
The Goddeſſe and his goodly art in quiuer and in bow
Full ill doe ſerue, he in his flight behinde receiues the blow,
And down on earth he dead doth lye: Phereclus may no ſtarte,
Meriones hand, a Carpenter, ſo cunning in his arte
That worke was none ſo excellent that any man did frame,
But that Phereclus by his ſkill with tole could cut the ſame,
Minerua wiſe ſo fauoured him, for Paris he of *Troy*
Did builde the ſhips, which were the cauſe of al this great annoy,
And to his Citie and himſelfe ſuch ſpoyle and miſchiefe brought.
For to the Gods, who nillde ỹ ſame, he wold not wéeld his thought:
Without reuenge he yéelds the ghoſt, him Merione doth ſmite
Upon the haunch with ſtéeled ſpeare, and pierſt his bladder quite,
When as he féeles hys breath to part, he falleth on his knées,
With better feares, ſith die he muſt, diſtilling from his eyes.
Meges alſo fiercely fought, for Phegeus wiſe and bold
Right downe he ſlew, the baſtard ſonne of Antenorus olde,
Whom Theana his mother in Law had nouriſht with great care

Agamemn kils Odius.

Idomen king of Creete kils Pheſtus.

Menelaus kils Camander the hunter.

Meriones kils Phereclus, who made the ſhips Paris ſtale Helene with

Meges kils Phegeus Antenors baſtard ſon

To pleaſe his ſire, euen as though legitimate he were,
By great miſhap with the teeth, the dart doth teare his ſkul,
He on the plaine doth die, his mouth with blood and yron ful.
Hard by the baſtards bodie there Euripilus doth quell
Hipſenor Prieſt of *Scamander*, who ſerude the Temple well:
Whoſe maners gud were liked much, yet ſtout, he reſted there
In field: this right hande at a blow his falchon off did there:
Wherwith him ſodainly receiude the darke and duskie death,
Which darkneſſe throwes vpon his eyes, & takes frō him his breath.
While that the kings they fought, & down in flight ẏ Troyans flew,
A man right hardy Diomede for Grēce or Troyan knew,
He through and through the Campe doth go withouten any ſtay,
And nothing finds can him reſiſt, no any kinde of way.
Like as a ſpring throughout a plaine falling from mountaine top,
Diſorders all, both bancke and bridge, and ẽs where findeth ſtop
Which it not breakes in ſpreading forth his mightie courſe on fields,
On vines, and fertile Gardens eke, and Meadowes often yields
Fruiteleſſe, that erſt were fruiteful much, and fils them ful of ſande:
Euen ſo this Gretians haughtie dēdes, and valiance of his hand
Makes way through Troyans euery where, he findes none doth reſiſt,
No band or battayle in defence that ſtand againſt him liſt.
Pandarus then beholding thus the folke of *Troy* to flie,
Both bend his bow minding to ſtrike Diomede mortally:
He letteth flye a ſhaft at him, and pierſt his Coret ſlap
On his ſhoulder, and in the fleſh it gaue a prētie knap,
As well appeared by the blood aboundantly that ſprung.
Wherewith the archer gimmes to brave, that al the field it rung.
Oh valiaunt Troyans al, (quoth he) come ſee, and here behold
The luckie hit of this my ſhaft, take hart and ware yē bold.
Aduance my friends, now hurt I haue one chiefeſt of our foes,
Beleēue that long he cannot ſtande, of force to die he goes,
If ſo Apollo do not ſpoyle, and yēld my trauaile vaine,
And take from me this worthy gloze, which now I ſeme to gain
Thinking that victour now he ſtode, thus Pandarus doth brags
At the ſtoute Grēcke, who ſerling wel himſelfe a wound to haue,
He drawēth backe, but not agaſt, and Sthenelus his friend

The Poet to moue the more pitie, names the race and bringing vp of thoſe are ſlaine. Euripilus kils Hipſenor Prieſt of Scamander.

Diomedes likened to an ouerflowing Riuer which ſpoyles all.

Pandarus the archer.

Diomedes vvounded by Pādarus

Pandarus to the Troyans.

Sthenelus plucket the arrovv out of Diomed.

He wills to come beſides from his chaire, and ſtiftly take by end
The ſtele, and pluck it out the hurt, with eaſe as much as may:
As beſt he could, the piercing ſhaft he drew, and caſt away.
Wherwith the golden buckle gate, the which he ware before,
And Cureis aid together holde, was ſtaindo with purple gore.
Diomedes thus paunde alite, caſt vp to heauen his heade,
With hart he Pallas doth entreate, and thus to hir he ſayde
Oh Pallas great, the daughter thou of Ioue the God ſo hie,
Giue eare, and graunt thy ſeruaunts ſuite, which craues it earneſtlye:
If euer thou Tydee my ſire, or elſe now me his ſonne
Haue proſpered wel gainſt forceful foes, wher we erpluite haue done,
Graunt I beſeech, thy fauour now, that I may ſend to hel
This gallant, who me hauing hurt, he thinkes he beares the bel,
Beleuing ſure, ſeeing from me my ſcarlet blood to runne,
I cannot hold, but am depriude from euer ſight of ſunne.

Diomedes prayer to Pallas.

Tideus Diomedes ſa-ther.

The Greeke no ſooner ſaide his ſuite, but Pallas would it ſo,
She came, and ſtraight to al his parts did double ſtrength beſtow,
And ſpake him thus: Go, fiercely fight, thy foes to daunt not feare:
The gifts of force are now in thee, which in thy father were,
And more, the vale I take away long earſt before thy ſight:
That thou maiſt know both gods and men the better in thy ſight:
Yet take good heede, if any God preſent himſelfe to thee,
That one to deare him with thy hand thy minde, do not agree.
If Venus faire so hap to come, then do thy forces plie,
And hurt hir corpes, if ſo thou canſt, compoſde ſo tenderly.

Pallas to Diomedes.

Minerua left him with theſe words, with courage fully fraught,
And to the Troyans then he made, and one them fiercely fought.
Who, though ful fierce in war he were, and forward alway bent
Before his hurt, a thirde part now he findes his ſtrength augment:
Wilhing reuenge moſt Lion like, the which the ſimple heards
Doth gaule with ſhaft or ſkirring dart in keeping of his heard,
Wherwith the beaſt is more enradge, the blow doth make him grin,
The which the heardman when he ſees, for feare begins to ſpin,
And to the ſauage Lion leaues his cattaile and his folde
To do his wil, who doth performe his lokes manifold,
And commeth out a conqueror: eme with like valiant hart

Compariſon of the Lion chaſed.

The

Diomedes slayes Asinous.

The mightie Greeke the Troyans fourmes amazde in every part.
Asinous and Hypenor, two puissaunt Dukes to fel.
By weapon of the worthy Greeke in sit like the Princes fel.
For thwart the Map the one he stroke, his launce so heide the brade,
The other smote his weighbie sword thwt neche and shoulder blade:
The cruel bleade stroke, the sight no whit it myssie at all,
The bodie and the shoulder both to earth fag ther fal.

Diomedes kils Abant and Polidus the sõnes of Eurimides the Prophet.

After he cutte in pieces there Polidus and Abant
The children of the Prophet great cleaped Euridamant.
Who prophesies and dreames though true he could interpretate,
The hearte fire yet had not cast his sonnes unluckie fate.
And in the muck by his right hand the selfe same paunce neke runs
The bastard Thoon and Xanthus rich Phenops only sonnes,
And to the ghost means griefe, sith fate no children dis him leave.

Theon & Xanthus slayne by Diomedes.

He sorced was his sores wealth to strangers to bequeathe.
And passing forth, a Chariot met Diomede in the face,
Where in were two, king Priams sons, with wife and werlike grace,
Who wel his hand in the trades of warr, Echemonone that highte,
Echemon & Chromius Priams sons slayne by Diomedes
Chromius, the fel heade in fielde ghaunted by his might.
For euen as the Lion ramde for hunger set in pray,
Compariso of an hungry Lion.
In pasture findes an hearde of neate, and forkes to force away
One of the troupe, with strength on him he leaseth with his pawes,
And fiercely holds him by the necke, and forth the bodie draweth:
Euen so the hardie Greeke did lay, & pluckt them from their chare,
His mightie hand of both their bloudes the badge and token bare.
Off them their armour then he tare, their horses eke he sente
Fourth by his friends into his ship, or else unto his tent.
When as Eneas thus beholde the Troyans go to wracke,
With wounds and slaughter only one to put them al to backe,
And at his pleasure play the Bug, he forward straight hath paste,
And in the throng he thrusteth in, wheras it thickest was:
Seeking he alleth of his folke for their Duke Pandarus,
Eneas to Pandarus.
The Lycian head, whom when he found, he cheerely spake him thus:
Oh curteous knight, thy piercing shafts where are they, & thy bowe?
Are they in peces al to pasht, wherof thou boasted so?
Thy great renowme and thy fame, wherwith al *Lycia* rung,

And

And eke our Camp, and oft the Grécks with dread and terror dong,
What, is it not yquenched cleane? alack thy bow take yet,
And nocke the mortall shaft thou hast, and sende it right to hit,
And pray the Gods to further thée against this Gretian fel,
Who cruelly our chiefest folke doth chase, destroy and quel:
I greatly feare some mightie God discended is from skies
To punish us for our offence, whose furie now doth rise
For hauing not his honors due, if that way go the geare,
We quiet must content, for why, their rage is great to beare.
O nobis Troyan quoth Pandare, as touching now this Grécke,
The prudent heire of Tydeus he séemeth to be lécke:
Like targe he beares, his lustie creſt and armour doth agrée,
His horses also make me thinke that wel it may be hée:
I dare not yet affirme the same, for no man mortall sure
Is to be thought, whose déedes of armes such valiaunce doth procure.
Perhap it is one of the Gods in mortal armor bent,
Or elſe some one, to whom the Gods haue secrete fauour sent,
And turnes aside the wounds and blows, which should vpon him fal,
If not, my shaft had sent him erſt to god king Plutoes hall.
But now I sée him in the fight more furious than before,
And more I know some mighty God hath me displeasure bore.
For here I nothing haue to arme and fronte me to the fight,
My strong and shining chariots braue, my coursers eke so light,
And mightie hand alack, I want: oh (no good reason why)
Far hence I left them at my home, the more vnhappy I.
I haue eleauen armes wel and richly wrought throughout
With goldsmithes worke, and gallauntly embroydred rounde about.
Two horses tough ech one it hath, the Jades they are not dul,
Of Barley white, of Rie and Dates they fede in mangier ful.
Licaon when I did depart the good old man me bad
To take them with me, for to shew what force in fight I had.
I do forethinke, for that I would my fathers heſt obey,
And ón forsake his counsel good: I only feare alway,
(knowing with siege this Citie girt) I doubted to come by
The wonted foode my horses had, wherefore vnhappily
Trusting vnto my sturdie bowe, I here am come a late,

Pandarus to Eneas.

Licaon father of Pandarus.

And hane them beft, which bow of mine hath ſerude to little boote,
I hauing often proued the ſame: this ſtony ſhots and pricke
Both Menelaus, and Diomede, and thruſt them to the quicke,
And al in vaine, for thinking I, with death their bones to boſe,
I nothing did, but ſtirde them vp more furious than before.
Wherfore I ſtilly now may ſay, vnluckie was my fate,
To bring my bow no ſouldioure elſe to fight in any rate
Under the Troyan enſignes here, or put my helping hande
Hector the noble prince to ayde, and ſubiectes of his lande.
If Gods do pleaſe that eft I may my wife and Countrey ſe,
For this my grieuous great miſhap, I willingly agree
And am content ſome ſtraunger do cut off this heade of mine,
If bow, if ſhafts, and quiuers ſin, as right as any line
In fire and flame I do not caſt, with moſt deſpite to burne
Which with my payne in this exploite ſo il haue ſerude my turne.
This ſpake the *Lycian* Pandarus, do not thy ſelfe thus deeme,
Quoth Eneas vnto him, but be of better cheere.
Let vs together ioyne, and leaue this fancie vaine,
Let vs aſſayle this ſouldioure ſtoute, if ſo you thinke it gaine.
Come vp into my Chariot here, do you my horſes trie
How light they are, how wel to hand to ſuch as do them gye
To ſcoure apace, or elſe to ſtop, to ioyne to gallop ſwift,
To turne, and how to helpe vs to at any ſodaine lift.
Thoſe which you lift, take you the rain, and guider be to me,
While I do go and fight with him, or I wil guide to thee.
It beſt is that you take the charge quoth Pandare by my reede,
For they wil better gouernde be by him, who doth them feede,
Than by a forraine, for I feare when ſo we ſhould retire,
With bit in teeth they ſtill would ſtand: and horſes wil require
The chearing of their wonted guide, and ſo it might befal,
That he the Greeke aſſayling vs, may raigne and gouerne all.
Wherfore do you your horſes rule, and let me now in faight
My force and proweſſe put in proofe: theſe words he ended ſtraight
And both the luſtie ſouldiours there in martch do forward goe,
And vallauntly do ſhake their dartes, whom Sthenelus both eyed,
He cals his friend and ſayth him thus; two enimies are here,

Who

[illegible] to ioyne with vs, and more are beholding vnto vs,
Both mouldie men, one cunning much in fighting very knightly
The Troyans passe the other sorte, and wise in things of weight;
Esteemde and honourde ouer all, the olde Anchises heire;
The which he vouseth to begot an lonely Venus faire.
Wherfore herein is daunger much, and therefore I you pray
Retire a while, hault not so much the hap of your fortune
For point that this our forwardnesse may prooue to both vnlucke.

Diomede hearing thus his mate to counsel him to flye, Diomedes to Schouch.
In choler great doth answeare him as mislikte and wroth:
Thinke not thy foolish counsaile can prooue feare to terme such
In me, no, no, al men of vs great vilany should sey,
No souldiour following of our banner to so hyeroun hoste
I aunsweare cause greater cause than this yet hyth my force,
That it is true; I will not take my Chariot nor my horse
To deale with them, let me alone, Minerua she doth graunt
This right vnto it shal be mine, one of them I must daunt,
And reaue from him his vital breath, beleeue it true to finde,
At least I will constraine them here to leaue their charyot behinde.
God friend remember wel my words, part not from me alway,
If so it hap, and fortune, that I both those Troyans slay,
Or if in field they mangled lye, make hast in any case,
Their horse and Chariot to my hand I pray you do the same.
These goodly beastes are of the race of those great coursers fine,
Which Iupiter to Tros the prince presented vnto him; Eneas horses of the heauenly Race.
When as he meant Ganimedes from *Troy* to steale and catch
To serue him in the heauens hie, no where is found their match,
For countenaunce and for courage, not, vnder the moouing sunne,
Nor yet beneath the shining sunne, Anchise wel knowes the same.
The race and kind for to renue by, for sith the fame in gift
Laomedon vnould neuer graunt, he findes a prettie shift;
Into the pasture priuily he puts his goodly mares,
To couer them the Stalions stoute and coursers nothing spares:
Foure colts forhad he beautifull of which he chose him foure
To serue him at all tymes of nede, and made of them great store,
Those three he gaue Eneas here so gay and richly clad,

O what a pray lasts this, ô Ioue, would I the battle had?
Pd arms to Diomedes. So spake the Gréeke, who euen thinkes the déede already donne:
In meane time both the Troyans do against him ioyntly runne.
Then spake Pandare, oh cruel Gréeke, sith so it is befall,
That erst my mortal piercing shaft could not thée hurt at all,
To cleane thy Cuirets gyes against I now will trie my dart.
Pandarus vaunteth to foolishly. And when he ended had these words, his launce he threw so smart,
That through he thirles his buckler quite, and to his Curet fled,
And further not, yet thinking there that he the Gréeke had sped,
Doth vaunt aloude: O Diomede the déede now is it donne,
Wherby I iustly iudge my selfe the happiest vnder sunne!
This blow so déepe it pierced hath thy side, and prétie poke
Of guts, as die of force thou must, receiuing thus the stroke.
Diomedes to Pandar. Diomede nought afright him sayde: thy strength it is too yong
Thou art deceiude, for by the same I nothing now am wrong.
I will thée shew another tricke, thou shalt not so wel brooke,
My launce shal send thée to thy graue, at my handes do not looke
For better grace, but it in blood of one of you to bathe:
He with these words at Pandarus doth threw it strong and rathe:
Diomedes killeth Pan. Then Pallas to the Lycians face directs the weapon right,
Which mightily thrusteth through the same, & cuts in two his sight,
His nose, his téeth, his tong and all, and there remaineth in
A good péece of the stéele and staffe, the head from out his chin
Doth glide, and downe he falleth dead, the horses start withal,
Hearing the noyse that there did make his armor in the fal:
His armour bright and finely wrought, but filde with blood so raw,
And hether thyther throughout, this great defeate when as Eneas saw,
Wood Lion like he venters forth, and loude the Prince doth crie,
With sweard and targe in hande, in hast he runneth desperatly,
Minding mortally to wound, the Grecian first he met,
But Diomede then wel auisde, a waightie stone doth fet,
Diomedes vvounded Eneas. Which scarcely two good men could heaue or lift vpon the grounde,
Wherwith he hits him on the thigh, and doth Eneas wounde,
So sore, his sinewes he doth pash, and rankles teares in two,
As fall halfe sense almost he was, headlong on knées to go,
And groueling stayd him with his hands, the bitter death had caught,

If in his tender dame had not his preſent ſuccor ſought:
Who perceiuing well the danger great, whiche to hir ſonne did hap,
To rid him out the hard diſtreſſe, hir cloke ſhe doth bewrap
Him round about, and hardeſeth him, wherewith he was ſo clad
As in a fort, elſe thouſand darts him ouer happed had.
And then to leade him out the preaſe, Venus doth hir addreſſe.

And Schenelus remembring what his friend had willd before,
Æneas horſe doth take, his owne aſide doth leade a while
The Troyans horſe he doth betake hys truſtie mate Deiphile,
To guide vnto Diomedes tents: this Deiphile was the ſame
Who well beloude of all the campe, of knighthode bare the name.
His owne courſers he mounteth on, and followeth ſpeedily.
Diomedes, whom then he findes with all his might to hie
After the Goddeſſe, hir to fell, and Venus downe to beate,
Well knowing ſhe is none of them, in whom is powre ſo great,
As in the two maydens Minerue, and in the fierce Bellon,
A weake and daintie parnell ſhe, in whome is goddes none.
Hee in the preaſe doth finde hir out, he foloweth on ſo faſt,
Whether th'immortalls wil be hurte, to proue he nowe doth caſte.
His dart with poudred Æmins lynde doth pierce the gallant cloke,
And in hir fine and Goddeſſe hande there forward hit the ſtroke:
The kinde and daintie dame is hurte, wherewith ſhe waild hir ſil,
And heauie in hir heart ſhe feles the heauenly iuice diſtil,
And ſcarlet blood, which was not like as mortall men do bléde,
For, foraſmuch as heauenly foldes on fruits they do not féde,
And do abſtaine themſelues from wine, their humors do not gré,
With vs are men, therefore we ſay immortall that they be.

Venus ſhe grieues, and chafeth much, being thus forſte to pine
By hand of one that mortall is, and loud beginnes to whine,
For feare ſhe is conſtraine to leaue, and forſake Æneas,
Whome Phœbus helpeth at a pinch, and doth him there embrace,
She haps him with a cloud, and kepes him from the Grékiſh ſpite,
Which for the purpoſe, when he came, ſhe ſtraight had therein light.

In meane time Diomedes doth at Venus gibe and floute,
Prouokes hir wrath, in fight (quoth he) héereforth no more come out,
Let it ſuffice you with your wiles poore women to deceaue,

Schenelus Diomedes guider take Æneas horſes.

Diomedes purſueth Venus.

Minerua & Bellona.

Venus vvounded in the hid by Diomedes.

The trade of warre you haue like now from hence to banish:
For if the battaile thus you hunt, your selfe you will beguile,
One day you will be payde for all, that you will curse the while.
The Grecian spake the Goddesse thus, for griefe who sore was stong,
Not onely for the wound that paine, no lesse, but rather more
She doth lament thus sore she mocke, wherewith her colour gay
So bright that was, began was to swarte, and sownes to fade away.
Wherefore Iris with pitie wound, unto her drawe th me,
Iris bringeth Venus out of the prease
And for gud will she brought hir out, and to a place thereby
On the left hand she led hir in, where Mars did stand and grosse,
As ill disposd, and dis behold the bloudie fight and broile:
He sitting in a darkie cloude, his speare by him there,
He leaneth sadly on his launce, as though he wearie were.
Venus to Mars.
Then Venus on hir mariones thus prayes him earnestlye
God brother Mars so well beseeme, to mounte t'Olympus hie,
And heauenly pallace, lend me now your chaire, great pain I haue,
Alacke with treason Diomede, that fierce and cruell knaue
He hath me wounded in the hand, that fierce and cruel curre,
I thinke he loue would also hurte he kepeth suche a sturre.
Mars lendeth Venus his chariots who ascendeth into heauen.
Mars willing graunteth hir request, his chare and horse he lent,
She mounts, and Iris takes the raine, for guide with hir she went:
The gaudy Genets cut the aire, they rather wish to flie,
And in a moment they are come unto the heauen hie,
And sound the mansion of the Gods, where Iris straight hir speede
To dresse them wel, and there with meates immortal she them fed.
Then Venus found hir mother deare, and fell down in the place,
Halfe sounding, whome Dione doth lamenting there embrace,
And courteously doth thus entreate: God daughter, whom I loue,
Venus to her mother.
Whose hand hath bin so cruell bold of al the Gods above,
That dared dare thy tender flesh: no worse they could haue done
The rancke st diuel, who hirselfe most filthie had abuse.
Diomede that rebell (quoth she) hath giuen me the gelpe,
When as I meant my tender sonne Æneas for to helpe,
Else died he had, and nowe I see that Grecks not onely warre
With folke of Troy, but do in fight the Gods both hurte and starre.
The worthy Goddesse Dione then this furious rage to stay,

A while to quiet at hir harmes doth leaue Venus yet.
My daughter ſweete, content your ſelfe, for many Gods there are,
Whome mortall men diſpiteſully haue wrongd with hateſull care,
But yet in time haue felt at full the guerdon of their faulte:
Ephialte, Otus, ſtout Oleous ſonnes Mars God they did aſſault,
And ſo preuaild againſt the God, that thirteene monethes long,
They bound and kept him priſoner in priſon ſtrong and ſtrang:
Where he had dyed by long abode, but that with pitie fraught
Euribea their mother in law Mercurius ſhe beſought
In fauour of the God diſtreſt, who ſtale him in a braide,
And ſecretly conueyde him forth, without whoſe preſent ayde,
The fetters and the ſtinking gire had there conſumde him quite,
His nature ſo diuine it was. Iuno for al hir might
On hir right breaſt was wounded ſore, and ſtricken ſo did ſtande
By triple headed three ring ſhafte, ſent by Herculs hande.
What ſhal we ſay of Pluto blacke, who rules in eche behoofe
Th'infernall powers as onely God hath he not had good proofe
Of Herculs darte, when as he was in *Pilie* country ſoile:
Among the murdred carcaſſes, where ſo receiude the foile
His Godhead, that if poſſibly a God could die as weake,
The wounde on ſhoulder which he caught had bin his bane lacke.
But to the lightſome manſion tho, of Ioue he hies amaine
To ſeeke a helpe there for his hurte, where Peon taketh paine,
His grieuous wounde he dreſſeth well, and quite doth heale the ſame:
O Hercules, vnhappy thou, to foliſh and to blame,
Who feared not to deale in fight, and ſtrine offenſiuely
Againſt the Gods, who alwayes ſeeke reuenge aſſuredly.
But daughter truſt this Greeke durſt not haue hurt you any way,
But by Mineruas helpe, who willes you all the ill ſhe may.
A good poore ſoule, who doth not knowe the man that doth contend
Againſt the Gods with enuious pride, muſte haue a wretched end.
This onely faulte another day (at home) ſhall make him miſſe
His preatie babes to call him Dad, and there his knees to kiſſe.
He ſurely ought to thinke, if they, who be of greater force
Then you, would not reuenge your caſe, ſo ſtriue by remorce,
That your power can well ſuffiſe his puniſher to be.

Dione to Venus.

Iuno hurt in the right breaſt by Hercules.

Pluto hurt by Hercules.

Pluto was healed by Peon phiſition to the Gods.

In his owne lande, that is to say, by his wife Egialee:
Who waking out her heauie slepe, sirling the burning pitche
Of loues desire, to quench her heate, some reaw she coulde not sticke
To tice vnto her husbandes bed, and spoyte with many a slit,
As merily as Cocke and Pie, he nothing wotting it.

Dione appeaseth Venus.

To cheare her daughter thus she laide, and softly wyst the sore,
She swaged the paine, and Venus was muche easier then before.
But when as Iuno and Minerue did see her thus arayed,
In flouting wise, O Ioue they sayde, be you not ill apayed?

Pallas to Iupiter mocking Venus.

O holy father (quoth Pallas) ofthis ymery be,
Venus a Grecke to Troyan campe to bring there minding she
To giue to one whome wel she likte, in leading forth the man,

Ironia.

Her hand with buckle of his belte (she hardly leaning on)
Is hurte, the tong hath thrust her in, and then it may befall
God cause to aske some ready helpe, the wound it is not small.
At this god left the God of Gods smyleth with mery cheare,
And kindly came and spake her thus: Venus my daughter deare,

Iupiter to Venus.

It is not yours to rule an host, nor beale in broiles of warre,
But loue, and marriages to make, for you they fitter are,
Meddle with them, your brother Mars to him leaue you the fight,
And to your sister Minerua, as due to them of right,
In loue your office onely is, thus loue doth pleasaunt ieste,
And talking so they to and fro, he spoyles among the reste.
In the meane while Diomedes, Æneas he had slaine,
And misste but small, but Apollo defended him againe.
For the desire that then he had, the Troyan for to slay,
And gaine his goodly furniture, al iudgement take away,
Apollo thrice there guarded him, him thrice the Grecke did charge,
Apollo stil did strike aside his weapon and his targe:
The fourth time dead he had him done, or layed him on the floure,
But that with grimme and griesly lokes Apoll doth threat e loure.

Apollo to Diomedes.

In hast retire I reade (quoth he) how trimme a man you are,
So sauoris with th'immortall Gods, and boldly to compare?
And henceforth this consider to, far different is the powre
Of men, who leades their lines on earth, and eke die euery houre,
From that of Gods immortall who and heauenly power lies.

There.

Herewith the hastie Greeke, apace (well fearde) away he flies.
Then Phœbus there out of the sight the Troyan take away,
And on the Citie wall he plaste him in the Temple gay,
Unto him consecrated, large, and stately inough wrought,
As in a fortresse sacred much, and most assured thought:
Unto the end that Diana, and his sister Latone,
Dyer carefully might help to heale his woundes, which cauld his mone,
And straight the armies to abuse he vide a stratageme,
An image like unto Enee himselfe (it so did seeme)
He did erect, about the which the bloudy goye did runne,
And round about the same, many a doubtie deede was donne
By knights of *Greece*, and Troyans both, the one their travel spent
It to defend, it Greekes to spoile their might and forces bent.
An Image of Æneas.

When as Enee Apollo had in good sure safetie set,
Another way he helpeth, for, he mightie Mars doth get
By his great meanes in Troyans aide, and him he bourded thus:
O Mars thou God invincible, Mars fell and furious,
O bloudie Mars with guilful lakes, gainst whom no battels wall,
Nor armour tempred nere so well, can scarce resist at all:
What, can you suffer here this Greeke to brave throughout the hoste
And glorie thus: will you not plague and scowre him to his coste
For this so lawcie his attempt: for he would make no stoppe
An entrie to be to Ioue, and ride uppon his toppe,
Who made no bones so ill t'array Venus thy sister here,
And hath prepard against me to, a mad man as he were.
Apollo to Mars.

Apollo ending thus his woords, upon the wall did rest,
And Mars the puissant God himselfe to battel ready prest.
He commes into the Troyan campe, presenting in the face,
And furniture, one Acamas, a mightie Prince of *Thrace*.
The ranckes he cheares, and comforts up, namely King Priams sonne:
His voice he lifteth up and calles, disordred nowe who runs,
O valiant pypes, whome erst I take so worthy and so strong,
To see your folke thus murdred here without your helpe, how long
Will ye forbeare: what, stay you till your knights be beaten down,
And that your foes do come and fight at gates before your towne
What greater gricke (oh) can there be for you, than to behold
Mars in the lykenesse of Acamas encourageth the Troyans.

Enee a Troyan of ſuche paire, ſo valiant and ſo bolde,
Another Hector well eſtéemd in daunger here to ly,
And ſuch a friend to refume out not one of you will try?
These woordes made many Troyans their good face & courage take,
Sarpedon to Hector. Whereby Sarpedon worthy knight to Hector thus he ſpake,
With choler kindling ſomewhat moude: O Hector ſage and wiſe,
Where is the goodneſſe that ſometimes erſtwhile was to the ſkies,
When thou diddſt bandſt that thy brethren, and thy allies alone
Could bide good welcome to the Grékes, and wel defend your owne
Without the force of ſtraungers aide? where is thy great kinred?
Thy brethren, couſins, and adherents: ſurely they all are fledde,
I ſée not one, no, no, like Dogges, whom Lion ſéekes to teare,
Compariſō of Dogges affrighted by a Lyon. They leaue thée here in daunger great, and runne away for feare.
They leaue not thée, but vs alſo, who here are come not ſtreit
In thy quarrell to ſpend our bloud, and thée haue done our beſt.
To Troyan King I am no liege, ne with him kinred haue,
I haue no countrey lies ſo neare, which I néede ſéeke to ſaue.
Yet here I come from *Licie* lande, a countrey furre that lies,
Prouoked by thy great reporte, which fame is to the ſkies.
I there haue left my louing ſpouſe, my babes, ſuch good and golde,
Wherewith ſuch men as want the ſame, greatly reioice they would.
I hazarding with moſt good will my life and ſtate for thée,
I cannot nowe but marualle muche: for why, alas I ſée
Thy friends and ſouldiors runne away, and I and mine to ſtand,
Thou holdſt thy peace, who ought remoke, & beare them hard in hand,
No more thus to abandon thée, declaring to them all
The miſchiefe, wherein they and theirs is haply like to fall:
Compariſō of beaſts taken in Nets. The which ſhal be as ſimple beaſts ywrapped in the ſnare,
Their great and famous Citie ſpoild, ſlackte, and pilled bare.
You better ought to minde this geare, and goe vnto the chiefe,
And tel them, that there yet remaines great hope of good reliefe:
And that by ſtoutly ſtanding to't, the victorie may be had:
So men of you will déeme right well, elſe iudge of you too bad.
Hector beginnes the battaile againe. Sarpedon thus prickte Hector on, the prince nothing replied,
But in his armor as he was from Chariot ſtraight he hied,
And leaped downe, holding in hand of darts a goodly paire,

Which

Which there he fiercely shakes, and doth vnto his fellow repaire:
Where, with commaundement and request his bandes he others eft,
Who taking harte, forward aduaunce, to gain the place they left.
When Greekes the Troyans thus perceiude themselues to ranckes to
Their crues they clappe togither close, the furer to receaue, (meete,
And louking like to ready make, to bide the fight they meane:
And euen as men out of the barne fanning their corne cleane,
Often vp-gaunsells of the winde the chaffe abroad that bloweth,
The filth doth while the husbandmen, which out the corne goes:
The duft was likewise great, when as the Troyans neare approarde,
The louking and their armes all with duft were all beimeare.
Then did the cruel warre beginne with great and fyer rage
Then erft before, they fight it out, and shieldes in peces beate.
Mars runneth vp and downe the fieldes, the Troyans he encoutes
In couert wise, and cheares them vp with speeche of sundry sortes,
Phœbus (quoth he) doth take your partes, and Pallas is your fae,
Wherefore some worthy deede of Armes, it you behoues to shoe. Mars vnto
The selfe same time Æneee reuerties all freshe into the field, encoutth to the fielde.
Apollo brought him in, whom when the Troyans whole beheld,
And not to be like as a man that hurt or maimed were,
But like a strong and valiant Knight, they greatly ginne to cheere.
At him they couldo not gaze their fill, some wouldo haue talkte with (him
But now the broile and bickering begon was very brimme: Apollo, Mars, and Contention take the partes
Of the good Troyans, enflaming to war their warlike hartes, for the Troyans.
The valiant Knights the two Aiax on th'other partie doe it,
With Diomede and Vlysses they pray the Greekes standе to it,
The whiche obey: like men of war they stand and keepe their grounde
For as the cloudes the mountaines toppes do close & compasse roundo Compassed of the cloudes of the mountaines
Spangre the winds, by Ioue his meanes, who else no way abides
The blasts & blustring northern puffes, þ thrusts at hurt their sides:
Likewise with stout and valiant minds the Greeks wel armed stand,
Bering with them the worthiest Dukes of al the Grekish land.
And Agamemnon doth commaunde, where nede he thinketh most,
And trauailes carefully about to order all the hoste.
O warlike Grecians (quoth he) tho, if euer men haue bene

Your warlike déeds perfourme them now, no leſſe than they haue bin;
Take courage firſt, and with one mind now charge vppon your foes,
The ſouldiour who eſtéemes his name, for ſureſt ſo ſuppoſe,
And for the ſame doth ſtirre his ſtumpes, more dangers doth eſcape
Than cowards do, who from the fight to flée doe onely gape.
We ſooner ſée goe to the backe, the dull and fearful foke,
Than hardie ſouldiours in the field, who withe with foes to poke.
The ſpirits, the which for honours ſake hath not more liuely grace,
The body faints, and mated eke, to death it giueth place.
He with theſe wordes doth ſhewe the way, his Iaueline to his foes
Deicoon ſlaine by Agamemns He gyrdeth forth, and dead in field Deicoon ouerthrowes,
Déere friend vnto the great Æneé, through all the camp Troyene
So honord and eſtéemd, as he King Priams ſonne had bene.
Not onely for his lolitie, and for his ſtrength and might,
But that he alway ſtil would be the formoſt in the fight.
The Dart his maſſie Target doth and Bandricke throwe beare,
So downe it goeth to his paunch, and dead he falleth there.
Æneas kills Crethon & Orſilochus. The ſelfe ſame time Æneas ſlue Crethon, Orſilochus:
Who had of the Citie *Pheres* to fire Deocleus,
Abounding both in powre and wealth, whoſe petigrée they fetch
From *Alphe* broke in *Pilie* land, ſo largely which doth ſtretch.
Orſilochus was Alphes ſonne, a King of worthie name,
Who did beget Deocleus, a Prince of no leſſe fame:
Of whome deſcended theſe two heires, Orſiloche and Crethone,
In feates of warre, in Grékiſh campe their betters was there none:
And chiefly for their times, who more their honors to encreaſe,
Had ſolowed darde euen to *Troy* Agamemn through the ſeas,
Supposing they it honor great as ſouldiours for to go
Vnder the guide of ſuch a chiefe: as oft it happens ſo,
That two yong whelpes of Lions race, cloſe in ſome corner by
The Forreſt, fed by Lioneſſe who in the countrey nie
Spoiling their cattaile and their foldes, an Dre they ſomtime ſlay,
Comparíſon of two Lions ſurpriſed by the ſheepeheards. Somtime an Horſe, ſomtime a ſhéepe they kill and runne away,
Shall be at length yet ouertane, and by the ſhéepheards catcht,
They not bearing their harmes, who wel wil cauſe thé to be watcht.
Likewiſe Æneé couragious queld (gainſt whom ther was no bootes)

The

The Cretians two, who fel like pines plourde by by the rutes
By force of winde, then Menelau hereat doth greatly grieue
To ſe his friendes thus murdred here, whom he cõmes to relieue.
Though armed wel, in his right hand a Darte right knight he bare
Mars let him paſſe, that by Ænee his hand he murdered were.
Antilochus him folowes harde when as he forward went,
He thought the hazard was not ſmall, nor he ſufficient
Alone to make his partie good, which when Eneas ſaw,
Although he wéelded wel in fight, himſelfe he did withdraw.
To deale with two he daunger thought, no ſoner he retires,
But that to draw the bodies forth the other two deſires,
And gaue them to their fellowes there, and then to fight they gone,
In this conflict Pilemene fel, the king of *Paphlagone*.
With Mydon loyall guider, who his royal Chariot dryde,
The ſhoulder of the forelayde king thers Menelaus clyde.
At Mydon mayde Antilochus a waighty ſtone did throw,
He cruſht his arme, conſtrayning him the bridle to let go:
Beſide this blow, he on his face gaue him a ſchochelade,
Wherby he fel downe to the ground ſtaine by his blade.
He fel not ſtraight, the Palfreys did trayle him vpon the mould,
Antilochus til he them ſtayde, and led them where he would.
Then Hector prince by chance came by, right as the déed was done,
Séeing the good king thus diſtreſt to ware in heate begonne:
And therewith al he cries ſo loude, that euery Troyan leapes
That heard his voyce, and with good heart they follow him in heaps.
The furious Mars, and ſtoute Bellone, on them the charge do take
To martch before the Troyan bands, and dreadful noiſe do make.
Mars ſhaketh his redoubted launce, he neuer Hector left,
Sometimes before, ſometimes behind he oftentimes doth ſhift,
In fine, it was a goodly thing a God to haue for guide.
Diomede ſéeing Mars to martch, for feare may not abide,
But did recule a forraine like, who ryding by the way
To ſome far land, doth finde a flood, whoſe bredth doth him affray,
He ſtopped is by the ſwift courſe, and ſurging ſo amaine,
That he his buſineſſe leaues vndone, and home returnes againe.
Yea euen ſo the puiſſaunt Gréeke his ſouldiours doth abuſe,

Similitude of two Pine trees felled.

Menelaus kils Pylemenes.

Antilochus kils Mydon

Mars and Bellone vrge Hect.

Compariſs of a traueller who ſtopt by a riuer, returneth.

Dio. to the Grecians. Himſelfe withdrawne: th from the fight, and ſpake them in this wiſe;
O yfriends quath he, marueil no whit that Hector is ſo ſtout,
And preſt himſelfe to fight with you, and hence to driue you out.
With him to leade him in the fielde a guider God doth go,
Erſt in humaine and mortall ſeame Mars the God did knowe,
Who mans him throughly at the full, wherfore firs by my reade,
I would perſwade you tarry time, and ſtay but for a breade.
Tourne not your backs but be retire, for doubt what happen might,
Prouoking here the mightie Gods, who for the Troyans fight.
The Grecians a little leane their ground, the Troyans hie as faſt,
And Hector firſt of al the reſt his iauelins he doth caſt
Anchiales and Meneſthes ſlaine by Hector. Wherwith two warlike ſouldiours he doth ſlay, Meneſthes ſtrong
And Anchiale, whom from their chare on earth he layed along.
Aiax kils Amphius. The ſtoute Aiax did pitie much their fal, the which he ſpied,
Wherfore his piercing dart he threw, wherwith Amphius dyed:
His armour couldc not beare the blow, but that his guts it gorde,
This Amphius was Selags ſonne, of *Peſe* the wealthy Lorde,
Come far to *Troy* in Priams ayde, who there doth leaue his courſe,
And ſtroke Aiax ſeekes to ſpoyle his furniture by force.
But Troyans on his target threw ſo many darts at once,
The carcaſe they it toke him fro, for all his mighty bones.
Hauing his launce, he nothing had, which he was faine to pluche
With both his hands the body out, ſo deepe in him it ſtucke.
This done, by Troyans put aback, himſelfe away he wipde
Almoſt wel weary of the toyle, againe on th other ſide
By fortune hard and fate doth fall valiant Tlepoleme, ſonne
To Hercules, with hardie harte, who forward there doth runne,
And puts himſelfe in place to ioyne, with ſtout Sarpedon knight,
Tlepoleme to Sarpedon. Who meeting both togither rounde, and readie to the fight,
Thefe wordes Tlepoleme to him ſayes before his dart he flinges:
What waighty cauſe, what gret affairs, what nede thee hither bringes
Thou coward knight of none accompt, vnhappy here to dyee
Who told thee Ioue to be thy ſire, they coart thee prettily
Thy faintneſſe with his heauenly race doth greatly diſagree:
Thinkſt thou in valiaunce to approch Hercule my father he,
By louing ſire, with Lions heart ſo hardie and ſo haute,

Who

Who with fyue ships he brought from *Greece*, toke *Troy* by assault,
To take reuenge of broken fayth of Laomedon the,
Who promist on him in reward his horses to bestowe:
Thy force and strength is far from his, and here before thy face
Thy *Lycians* soudiours are for hayde, and no man rues thy case.
What stand amaz'd thou the Troyans stander thou lett thy mē be packt,
But al is one, for why? my launce to hel shal send thée packt.
Sarpedon at his foolish threates doth mone and hath no whit,
He takes his tale out of his mouth, (quoth he) but true is it,
That for the great abuse and fault to Hercules thy sire
They did, *Troy* it was sackt, and al his buildings set on fire:
But as for thée, here by thou shalt pounded by my hand,
To my renowme, and send thy soule to low and darksome land.
They make an end of wordes, their darts eche shakes with his good will,
To slay his foe, and so it fel, as either had his ill.
Sarpedons launce stroke through the Grécke, who dead in field doth ly,
The Grécke his launce Sarpedon pierst in the sinister thy.
So déepe the stéele stacke in the bone, Sarpedon it had kild,
He had not told who had him hurt, but Iupiter it milde.

Sarpedō to Tlepolem.

The fight betweene Sarpedō & Tlepolem. Tlepolem. slain: and Sarpedon wounded.

The soudiours when these two great Dukes on earth they thus
Themselues they ply, their proper prince apace they come to ayde.
The *Lycian* Lord they take first vp, and brought him out the hoste,
In euil plight, and very faint, he so much blood had lost.
As him they beare, the launce the stil trayled vpon the ground,
They had no time there gently to plucke it out the wounde.
The Grékes take Tlepoleme alsoe, they lay him in a waine,
At this defaite and ouerthrow as Vlisses doth take,
And saw Sarpedons safe retire, he doth the chaunce bewayle,
And doth forethinke which better is, the victor to assayle,
Or else to charge the *Lycians*, and them in pieces heiw:
But following goddesse Pallas minde, he there doth them pursue.
Fate had not willd that Vlysses Sarpadons death shoulde be,
Gods prouidence had kept it for a worthyer man than he.
But there in péeces he doth cut Alastor, Chronius,
Ceranes, Nomon, Alcander, Prytanes, Halius:
And but that valiant Hector came, he more had serude of truck,

Vlisses slayeth seuen Lycians.

But

Sarpedon to Hector.

But Hector fled to succour them, and in the rancke he thrust.
Yea fearing with his armes bright the hardiest of the Grékes,
Sarpedon espyeth this to sée, and running down his chékes
The trickling teares, thou Priams son (quoth he) I hartily pray,
Unto the Grékes in this extresse, oh leaue me not this day:
Cause mé to *Troy* to be conuaide, there let me end my dayes,
Forsake me not, I wel do knowe I may no maner wayes
My Countrey sée, and home returne to sée my louing wife
Nor children cherish, for I féele now ends my fading life.
The worthy Hector answerde not, among the Grékes he roames,
Them, who withstode him for to send vnto their longest homes.
The Lycians on a mole-hill set the wounded Sarpedon,
The dart drawes out his friende and mate the faithful Pelagon,
He sounded in the plucking forth, his life it faded cleane,
With grones and sighes far fet, his breath by little comes againe,
Wherto the shadowe wel doth serue, and eke the open ayre,
Which coolly blew right in his face, as he lay panting there.

Sarpedon in plucking out the dart swouns.

Hector his arme and Mars the gods the Gretians in al steades
So foule affray, as they dare not once marche, or shew their heads.
They leaue their order and array, in field they turne their backes,
And to retire to shameful flight the Gretian souldiours packes.
Wel, let vs tel what Grékes were slaine by Hector in this broyle,
The valiaunt Theutras he was first, in fight who bare such coyle,
As he was wont to conquer stil, then their Orestes lay,
The cunning rider of great horse, Threcus dide in the fray,
Stoute Helenus, who with the Grékes for knighthode bare the bell,
Oenom, last Oresbius by Hectors handes he fel:
Oresbius a prince of power, with Sceptre and with Crowne,
The which right princely he did beare in *Hile* his proper towne:
His neyghbours all he did excéde in wealth, hauing his god
By Cephise lake in *Beocie*, whereas his Citie stode.

Hector by the succour of Mars slayes many Greekes.

Juno séeing this wretched plight the which the Grékes were in,
Doth finde hir selfe beguilde, and chast to Pallas doth begin:
Oh daughter of the mightie Iouc, what: nothing else but kill:
Is it agréed we al shal die: if so we suffer stil
This cruel Mars to rule so long, I sée it very plaine,

Juno to Pallas.

The

The peoples made to Menelaus to haue Helene againe
After the siege and sacke of *Troy*, shal turne vnto a iest,
And that his trauaile he shall lose, if longer here he rest.
Go we my wench, and let vs shewe this wizarde here at ful,
What power and puissance we two haue, when we the same we wil.
Dame Pallas she consented straight, and Iuno she doth hie
Forthwith to put hir horse in paint, and to hir Chariot tye
Againe the gorgeous Chariot trimde Hebe on tother side,
As did belong thereto, whereon the Goddesse she must ride,
And then the wheeles she fastned fast, wel forgde of perfect golde,
Strong bound with brasse & yron nailes, viij spokes twice four ful told,
Of self-same bright and glittring brasse, & naues of siluer mas,
The ends of steele with siluer beame as brame as cristal was.
The seate with goldsmithes worke bedaubde, & in such running wise,
As no man wist whether the worke or matter more to prise.
Minerua made hir readie while to dresse the chare they sought,
And off she puts hir right attire which she hir selfe had wrought.
She claspeth on the Curets stiffe which Ioue doth weare in fight,
And on hir shoulder she doth cast the mightie targe, in weight
That is so peasaunt, and so broade, enuironed with feare,
Contention, terror, braules, horror, and furie euery where,
With boldnesse, noyse, and gastful threates of horrible Gorgon,
The gastful dreadful monster, there the head was painted on,
Which frights al such as lokes therat, a beauie helmet she
Puts on hir heade, of gold most fine, with creests perelled thee,
Which would suffice to hap the heads, yea of so many folke,
As wel an hundred Cities hath, in fight if they should yoke.
Thus armde, she lightly leapeth vp the chaire with speare in hand,
Against the which (she angry) not the demi-gods can stand.
Dame Iuno of the tryed horse in hand doth take the raynes,
To be the conductour and guide hir self wil take the paines.
They scoure so fast, to gates they come there of the Welkin large
Fast shut: as porters of the same the houres haue the charge,
And gouerne all the skie, and rule the hye Olympus eke,
And cloudes to cal together ta, and force them for to breake.
The houres to the goddesses do open readily,

Hebe maketh ready Iunos Chayrot.

Diuersitie of Pallas armour.

The heauen porter of heauen.

And forth they let their courlers out, who pafte the champifi fkie.
They fone come to the hygh hill of the Olympus hyll,
Where Ioue in throne both gouerne it, and nere they drawe to hym.
Iuno to Iupiter. And Iuno keeping ftill hir chare, thus feis hym hir anney:
Oh brother, and you husband mine, what pleasure or what ioy
Haue you to fe thus Mars your fon beare *Troy* Grekes to kil
So cruelly without refpect, to pleafe the fubtil wil
Of ennious Venus and Apoll, of force, what, muft you cloke
This hateful and malitious part with faith and promife broke?
I pray the greue no whit at all this furie for to ftay.
Iupiter to Iuno. If I defende and do my beft to chafe hym (hurt) away.
I am content anfwerd the God, but in your place I bid
For better end, that Pallas fhe do take the enterprife.
For Mars cannot defend himfelf againft hir, nor refift,
For fhe fhall often conquer hym, and mate hym if fhe lift.
The way which the horfes kepe betweene heauen and earth. This anfwere liketh Iuno wel, fhe ftakes the raynes and hies,
Hir courfers runne, and kepe the way betweene the earth, & fkies,
They fcoure aloft as far from ho, as men can wel diferis
A fhip, which fayles aloft in feas, from of fome tower his.
And thereabout the horfes kepe their way, which down diftende,
And fon they came againft the town, and down to *Troy* they bend,
They quickly fal vpon the ground, and down do fet their fete,
Where cleare *Scamander* hir brother floud *Simois* both mets.
At *Simois* there Iuno left hir chare and horfes braue,
Who wel do talk the heauenly floud, and ftore of vitayles haue.
The Paragons like two white doues, and yet with valiaunt harts
Do march to ꝑ Grekes cãpe, with minde to play fome worthy parts
Wher ftout approued folk they finde, who fpare no more hir foes,
Than Lions great, or wilde fwine, which hungry a praying goes.
Stentor who had the voyce of 50. men. Iuno toke the habite on of Stentor Grekith knight,
Whofe voyce was more than fiftie mens, crying with al their might:
O what difhonor and reproch, oh Grekes that of your fhame
So fmal account, vnhappy Dukes and princes yet in name,
But in effect more feareful much than fimple ferving men,
If not, the vfage of you thus why do you fuffer thus.
When as Achilles fought with ho, they fled for fearful hart,

So

The Troyan ſtoute durſt any keep from gates of Troy depart,
They dreaded ſo his valiaunt towres, but nowe gan God what hap.
They fight not only out their tuines, but hil, and dales they clap
Vs and our ſouldiours at our ſhips, thus cryed the ſomme,
The goddeſſe great, wherwith reuiude their harde hartes againe.
The prudent Pallas ſhe againe meteth Diomede right,
Wearie not only of the toyle, which he all day in fight
Had taken, but his mightie targe did make him ſtoupe ſquare,
As he doth pie to ſhew himſelfe a knight in every place.
And more, the hurt he lately had, did put him in ſuch paine,
As while he bled, leaning he could ſcantly himſelfe ſuſtaine
Againſt his chare, yet nerethelefſe Minerua drew him nye, Minerua to Diomed.
And toucht the collers of his horſe, and ſpake him courteouſly
Ful true it is, and as for me, it ſhal be in my creede
That Tydee that ſo odde a knight had neuer of his ſeede
A ſon ſo valiaunt as himſelfe, he was but dapper he,
But ſtape ſo baliant and ſo wiſe, as often without me
He to the ſtoutſt and ſtrongſt would begin the fight and fray,
And eyther bow them to his bent, or beaten in fielde them lay.
To warlike Thebanes did he not his courage wel declare
He once a legate ſent to them, when after banket fare
(He ſeing them careleſſe ful of chat) with them begins to braule,
And to his glaze and great renoumme he ouerthrew them alle
And how? I tendred him ſo much, in al his facts, I came
For to conduct him as a guide, as to thee oft I am,
And ſometime put me in defence thy ſtate and life to ſaue,
And worke on Troyans ſtoutelt knights that thou y triumph haue.
And yet as now thou wearie art, with ſtelh and dread diſtreſt,
Among the baliaunt warlike folke no mare I thinke it beſt Diomed to Minerua.
Thou name thy ſelfe as Tydes ſon: Diomede doth reply,
O dame impute not my retire (I crane it humbly)
To want of hart, nor blame me not: for ſith I certaine knowe
Your preſence here, of my retreate th'occaſion I will ſhew.
Neyther for feare nor faintes fleſh, but wel in minde I bare
Your counſel, which to take in hand againſt the Gods forbad.
Did you not warne me ſo, beſide an Venus tender ſonne

And ſeeing mee againſt me bare God Mars to beare his ſhilde,
Am I (deare daughter) I ſeeme and part the combat fro,
Minerua to Diomedes. And do admonith all my friendes that likewiſe they do ſo,
Quoth Pallas, friend, wel, make me bones, if he be neere in place,
Be not afraide, but thruſt to him, and lay him on the face,
Or any other God that ſhal affront himſelfe on thée:
Mars is a wrangling crabbed wretche, a flattering Iacke is hée,
And waxe, a liar: all his words he taketh little care:
No longer than this morning laſt, to me he ſaid and ſweare,
He in the aide of Grékith ſtraes would come to fight and beate,
And like a fickle faile he fights here for the Troyans weake.
Minerua mounteth Diomedes Chariot, & guides it. She wilde Stenele come downe the chaire, ſhe wiſhes for to trye
How ſhe can guide and take the raines and will Diomede guye.
The Chariot began to bow with burden that it bare,
The Areitrée (though great) did bend vnder the creaking chare,
The goddeſſe for ſhe wayed ſo much, and ſhe the champion good,
They go to trump and be wont to beate the raging Mars ſo wood.
And Pallas, (leaſt ſhe ſhould be knowne) had pluckt hir face vpon
The helmet great halfe ſtéele and hyalfe of th'infernal Plutony.
And when as Mars beheld them thus to come in ſuch a haſt,
A Gréeke Etolian, Periphant, whom he to earth had caſt,
Did ſlaine: this Periphant renoumde with beſt they did eſtéeme,
But Mars the warliſke Gréeke to ſlay, and take his ſpoyles doth méen.
And now at hée Mars ſhaketh ſtraight his launce, a wound it made
Harmeleſſe, vnder the horſes neckes, it flyeth as a ſhade:
For it the goddeſſe turnde abacke, aduiſed wel; and wiſe
She guides the Dart with hir own hand, vnder the chare it flyes.
Diomedes wounded Mars. Diomede threw not ſo in vaine, for Mars his dart he felt
Which preſt his belly with the ſteele that hit vnder his belt.
In bottom of his bulke it thruſt ſo déepe entred the blow,
The ſtroke Dame Pallas for the Gréeke diuinely did beſtow.
The terrible cry of Mars. She woteth wel to do the feate, and eft the ſpeare regaine,
With his great wound and ſo ſtraunge hurt, Mars cryeth out amaine.
His hideous voyce & fearful cry, his thundring bleate & roze,
Ten thouſande men faulting a towne could not haue thundred moze.
Into the Gréekes and Troyans both, when in their eares it ruſht

Full lodainely beguine to ſweate, and all for meare mie luſight.
The ſorrowfull God ſtrooke with griefe, a thouſand thoughts,
Mott like a thicke and lowring cloude to high Olympus goes.
Which in the cleare doth ſoftly mott, when ſtirring winde doth bloate
And makes it parte, and yields the earth beneath ſome pleaſant heat.
Unto the heauenly manſion come, with griefe and ſorefull chere
Ye ſits by Ioue, ſhewing his wounde which bled, and ſpake him there: Mars telleth Ioue his miſhap.
Redoubted ſire, I cannot tell whether your will it be,
To ſee the Gods and Goddeſſes as Cattes and Dogges agree,
For Ioue we onely beare to men, and for thy quarrell not,
Whoſe ſubiectes true we are: Thou haſte a daughter ill begot,
So miſchieuous, ſhe nere is pleaſd, but when ſhe wrongs or ſpites,
A God, or Goddeſſe, when ſhe liſts, with pleaſure ſhe delites.
No God ſo mightie or ſo great, but ſutely thée obayes,
But ſhe, the frantike lawleſſe Iyll vnpuniſhte goes hir wayes.
A cruell Grécke ſhe forced hath this day the hande to wounde
Of Venus ſiſter mine, and eke hath made hym kéepe his grounde,
And forwarde come to foile and hurte me, as well ſée you may,
My Godhead almoſt had bin loſte, but that I ranne away.
Ye ſo mée mangled had and coyld, and ſo my force decayde,
The heapes ſo great of Troyans dead, by them ſo me had layde,
Which be in gobbets there had cut: thus ſpake vnto his ſire
God Mars, ſhewde his ſhame & griefe, which pricht & burnd like fire.
To whom eft Ioue: Thou fickle foile, ſo wicked and ſo ill, Iupiter to Mars.
Leaue thy complaints, with thy foule déedes, thy fathers eares to fil.
Thou art the moſt malitious God of all the Gods aboue,
Thy nature full of ſtrife and guile, with cauſe whom leaſt I loue.
Taking wholy after Iuno that fond and ſpitefull ſhrewe,
A ſealous head, paſt helpe to mend, like thée, hirſelfe doth ſhewe.
Of thy dérpe wounde ſhe cauſer is, I truly thée aſſure:
But, for thou art of both our bloods, my grace it ſhall procure
Thy to be healde: but thinke if thou ſo wicked art and wilde,
The fathers fauour thou ſhalt want, whiche from offending childe
He doth withdraw: it is long ſince I iuſtice did on thée,
For thy malitious wyckednéſſe and cankred cruelitie.
Ioue doth commaund to heale the wound, Peon doth lade thereon;

Curdes of cruded milke.
The healthy bodyes are ſooner healed than mans.
Pallas and Iuno leaue the battaile and aſcend to Heauen.

And there ſo wel he doth his charge as he it healp ensue.
Ioue pitifull of his vnkindnes time their kindnes do leaſe
In putting curdes into the peaſe, wherby them moſt chiefly
The immortall gods of heauen much, from vs they differ far,
When as their bodyes haue a wound they ſooner healed are.
Mars wounde, Hebe prepard ſweet baine, with garments gay in hand,
Mars conquerd doth in open Court, and there by Ioue doth ſtand.
Againe victorious Pallas ſhe, with braying Iuno pleaſd,
To ſkies returne, for chaſing Mars and wounding him, wel eaſd.

Finis quinti Libri.

¶ The ſixth Booke.

After the Gods had left the fight,
the battle againe beganne
Among the Grekes and Troyans both,
and nere ſo faſe as than.
Many a flaying darte was ſeme
on eche ſide in the fray,
That none could iudge the doubtfull ende
betweene them of that day.
In field ſo many corſes fel, where *Xanthus* riuer flowes,
And *Simois* ſpreads his bancks, where ſtore of trees & herbage groes.
The worthy Aiax Telamon of his part was the furſt,
The rampire ſure of Grekiſhe campe, that Troyan order burſt.
And to his ſouldiors maketh way that victors they may be:
One of the chiefe, a *Thracian* Prince in fight there murders he,
Aiax ſlaies Acamas.
Hight Acamas: betweene the creſt and helmet toppe, he ſtrake
So iuſt, that hard vnto the braine the ſcull with blande he brake,
And in the forehead notcht him deepe, wherwith the grieuous paine
Of wounde ſo wide, with darkſome death his eyes it did retaine.

And

And Axilus there Theáthras ſonne, was ſlaine by the hands
Of Diomede, a ſouldior owne of all the Troyan bands.
His dwelling was *Ariſba* towne, with walles wel cleſed roundo.
Where many a ſtraunger he had lodgde, to whome his oft abounde
His curteſie to vſe them well: but yet his liuyng gaue
And gentle hart did not ſo bate, when in this plight he ſtoode,
That he might méete with friend or gueſt, to yéld him helpe at néede:
The faithfull guider of hys horſe along by him is laide,
Caleſius his ſeruant there, pſpitted through with wounde,
To kéepe him company, he falles flat grouelling on the ground.
Euryalus bereft of life Opheltius, and eke
Dreſus, and olde Bucolions ſonnes he ſerued with the like.
They will not hoie to ſaue themſelues, the one Pedaſus hight,
Both twinnes, the other Eſopus, a well ryne wemed Knight,
The gentle and the worthy Nais, called Nymph Abarbare,
Vnto the ſaide Bucolion them ſecretly ſhe bare:
At ſuch time, when from *Ilion* he, vnto the mountaine came
To ſporte himſelfe, and to enioy the lone of beauties Dame,
Who then a ſimple ſhepheardeſſe, the ſtarued paſture an
Did kéepe hir ſhéepe, he was the ſonne of King Laomedon:
But leauing fire, and countrey both, aſide their loue he laide,
Then caught with fierie ſparke of loue of that ſo gentle maide.
In ſelfe ſame ranke Menepteleus doth ſtraight Aſilo ſlaine,
Vlyſſes ſwarde doth at a blow affright all Pidites hand.
Areton is by Teucer hurte, and tumbles in his blood:
Antilochus eke Neſtors ſonne, that ſkilfull ſouldiour good
Ful well doth knowe to do as muche to Abler, there he gaines
His Iauelin, wherewith dead he lies, it ſhot through both his reines.
Agamemnn ſeeyng them thus ſlaine, he ſcattered throughout all,
And Elates he doth ſlaine, whoſe lyuelyhod began
The pleaſaunt bourke of *Satnoys* flood, whereas it was not ſmall
In *Pedaſe* towne ſtately and riche, and ſtately ſeate withall.
And Philacus taking his flight, Leytus with death him charmeth:
Euripilus ſtraight driuen to doing ſuche feates of armes,
Doth ſhake his dart in, and at the firſt (beſides not many blowes)
He doth Melanthus ouerthrow, and next him ouerthrowes.

Diomede ſlaies Axylus

Caleſius ſlain by Diomede.

Euryalus ſlaies Dreſus, Opheltius, Pedaſus, & Eſopus.

Bucolion ſon of Laomedon.

Menepteleus ſlaies Aſilo.

Vlyſſes ſlaies Pidites.

Teucer ouerthrowes Areton.

Antilochus vvounds the Abler to death.

Agamemnon ſlaies Elates Leitus ſlaies Philacus.

Euripilus ſlaies Melanthus.

Among

Among the reſt to ſhew himſelfe deſires Menelay,
He takes Adreſtus there alive, who then doth runne away:
But by ill lucke with Chariot to his horſes braue did ſtumble
Againſt a ſtub of Juniper, that downe it faſt doth tumble:
Wherewith the beame full ſore it brake, the courſers, who wel knew
Themſelues at large, to *Troy* the towne in courſe amaine they flew,
Leaning their Maiſter in the fielde: but Menelay, that faſte
Doth follow on, ſteppes at an vnche, when downe he ſées him caſte,
To ſlay him with his lofty launce vpon him he doth flie,
But Troyan falling there his knées, entreats him humbly.

Virgil hath imitated this in his tenth Boke of the Æneides.

Thou Atreus ſonne, I you beſéech, graunt vnto me I ſay
Pardon of this my wretched life, ſuch raunſome wil I pay,
As you your ſelfe will thinke right great, if graunt my ſute you wil:
My ſire is riche, a houſe he hath with foyſon ſtuffed full,
Of iewels, gold, yron, and braſſe, which whole ſhall be your own,
And all he hathe me to redéeme, when well it ſhall be knowne
I am aliue, to gaine this wealth, your mercie graunt to me:
As captiue Menelaus then to take him did agrée,
Thinking to giue him to his folke, vnto his ſhippe or tent
To leade him ſafe: A ſtay doth come that failes the mind he meant.
For the great Gréeke Agamemnon came to the Market than
With his brother, he chaft in rage, and thus to him beganne:

Agamemnō to Menel.

Thou coward great, what makes thy mind to pitie any whit
Or grieue for theſe falſe Troians herein haue they deſerued it
Of thée at all? when in thy houſe as gueſts they harboured ware,
Did they deſerue ſo good a turne, as thus thou ſhouldſt them ſpare?
It ſhall not bote, for all the brode in péeces ſhal be torne,
Yea eke the very ſucking babes, and ſuch as are not borne,
They die ſhall al the bitter death, by theſe, theſe handes of ours,
And paſſe the ſworde, and in ſhorte time we ſhall enioy their toures.

Agamēnon hits Adreſt.

The chiefetaine Gréeke with theſe his words turnd Menelaus ſo,
As to his counſell he conſents, this priſoner he doth go,
And thruſts and chaſes him away, Agamemn was not ſtaunche,
He falles on him, and with a ſtripe he ſlayes him in the paunche.
But for to plucke his Iaueline out, he forced was to ſtride
Upon the carcaſſe: in the while there Neſtor hard beſide,

Tending

Tending the fight exhortes the Grékes, and thus to them he ſpoke:
O valiant friends you Mars his impes, couragious charging foke,
To gaine this victorie at hand ſticke not to take ſome toile,
Giue once a luſtie charge, let not your mindes vpon the ſpoile,
Til that you ſée them murdred al, your darts and launces fi le
Their corpſes in before the pray, that yée after a while
The glorie had, them at your eaſe and pleaſure ye may ſtrippe,
Then ſhall we in our roomie kéeles their wealthy treaſure ſhippe.
Theſe wordes enflamed ſo their harts, that victors they were than:
The Troyans put vnto the worſe, vnto their Citie ranne,
And had forſaken cleane the field, but that King Priams ſonne
Sage Helenus did kéepe them backe, as they away did runne.
Who eyeing well this cruel chaſe, to Hector there he hies,
And to Æneas, vnto whome, ſith in you two it lies
(Quoth he) the leading and the charge of all our men and bands,
As two the expertſt princes here, that with our faction ſtands:
My friends, in this defeicte you ought this day ſome meanes prouide,
That it be eaſd, ſtay this reproche: what, ſtande and doe abide,
And ſhewe your ſelues diligent, do you our ſouldiors call
Togither here before the gates, and do exhort them all
Againe the battel to beginne, if ſo they loue their liues,
And will not be in péeces cut before their dolefull wiues,
Yea in their boſomes and their lappes, who ſéeing ſo their flight
Shall be aſhamde, we in the while wil trauaile all our might
To ſtay them, through our forces are diminiſhed too much,
It yet will boote, we thus conſtrainde, bycauſe our néede is ſuch.
And as for thée O Hector thou, according to my réede,
Thou ſhalt to *Troy* to Hecuba our gentle mother ſpéede,
And will hir for to call to hir the womens troupe eche one,
The chaſteſt and the worthieſt, and ſhe with them to gone
Vnto the Temple reuerent of ſage and wiſe Minerue
Inuincible, with ſuch habites, as beſte ſhe doth reſerue
In all hir Courte, the richeſt ſtuffe, and chiefe elaboured geare
With ſimple and with lowly heart deuoutly let hir beare,
Them on the Goddeſſe heauenly knées with humble mind to lay,
With Oriſones, to promiſe hir with crouched bow to pay

Helenus to Hector and

Eche yeare a ſolempne ſacrifice, hir fauour ſo to get,
Of Venues tweine, or Pallas that yet to yoke were neuer ſet.
Which alſo let them bring with them, that it may pleaſe hir bend
To take in hand our babes and wiues, and people to defend,
As far as may be, keping off from this Citie of ours,
The cruel dreadful Diomede: not al the Grekiſh powers
Togither ſet, as I beleeue, can do ſo much in fight
As he alone, I neuer ſawe our folke in ſuche a plight
Forſake their ranckes, and ſo afeard, no for Achilles hée
Namde Thetis ſonne, as I beheld them here away to flée,
By furie and by dreadfull actes of this redoubted Greéke,
Who to no other mortall man but to himſelfe is lieke.
This was the prudent Helens minde, ſéeing before his eyes
The daunger that his friends were in: Hector to him agrées,
And downe he commeth from his chare, two gallant dartes he held,
Among the ſtouteſt ſouldiers then forthwith himſelfe he weld,
And like a ſtout and worthy head he willes them weld their swordes
Yet once: The Troyans fiercily ſtand at thoſe his onely wordes.
The Grecians were conſtrained then to ſtay and leaue the chace,
And to recule, ſéeing them thus to ſhewe ſuche fearleſſe face.
For they did feare ſome God frō ſkies was come down in their aide,
And made them turne eft to the fight in ſuche a ſodaine braide:
Wherewith their courage Hector lands, and gentelly them chéeres:
Hector exhortes hys people. O forraine Knights and Citizens, my valiant friendly féeres,
(Quoth he) to ſhew your ſelues like men the preſent time it bindes,
To helpe the peril we are in, put to your warlike mindes:
Now ſhew the proweſſe oft to me you promiſt to employ,
March on with hardie countnaunce nowe, while I do go to *Troy*
Our Ladies al, and our good Quéene, and antient Dames I entreat
To make their prayers to the Gods, and ſolempne vowes beheat,
That from this daunger it will pleaſe their Godheads vs to ſhield.
Hector goeth to Troy. The Prince of proweſſe ending thus, there left them in the fielde,
To *Troy* he goes, his targe ptackte, with ſable leather thong
Well hapte him rounde, from ſhoulders his vnto his héeles it hong.
Glaucus aduanced forth himſelfe theſe things a doing thus,
Thy illuſtre and the worthy ſonne of good Hippolochus,

There

There man to man ſo try himſelfe, and ſhewe ſome déede of worthy,
To whome the mightie warlike knight Diomede commeth forth:
But valiant Diomede at hand and wel diſpoſd to fight,
Before they ioyne, bothe ſpeake him thus: Thou worthy champion
Among the reſt a warlike one, a ſtout and ſturdie ſire, (knight
That here wil come to deale with me, thy name I do deſire,
(If ſo thou wilt) ful muche to knowe, for why, I haue not ſéene
Thée in the warre ſo forward erſt, thou hardie art I wéene,
And armed wel with hope I ſée, and ſurely thinkes to ſtand,
And to ſuſtaine the waightie blowe of this my mightie hand:
Unhappy fathers I haue made ynow, their ſonnes can tell,
Who hazarding with me the fight, their ſoules haue ſent to Hel.
But ſéeing this thy haute attempte, I forſt am to ſuppoſe
Thou art a God from hie come downe, or elſe, himſelfe to loſe
Some mortall man with ſimple ſenſe: if ſo thou art a God,
Declare thy ſelfe, I wil giue place, and thou ſhalt haue the rod.
I wil not purchaſe to my ſelfe Licurgus danger ſo,
Who for hys raſhneſſe to the Gods, reward receiued the
Of wretched life and paineful death. On the mountaine of *Nyſa*,
It happened that Licurgus there the women did aduiſe
To doe to Bacchus ſeruice due, his feſtalls when they were
With ſlippes of Vine their heads vpon: but ſo he bothe them feare.
He following on, that eche conſtrainde the ſacred Crowne they fall,
Whereat (good God) he doth reioyce and pleaſures therewithall.
For why, the murderer with goade ſo ſore them on did pricke,
And ſcoft his fil, and worſe than that, he raſhly doth not ſticke
To minde diſgrace, yea, to the God, whome rudely he dothe chace,
And thunders out aloude his threats, but Bacchus flies apace,
And hardly ſcapeth from his clawes, and forth he goes his wayes
To marine Thetis, who receiues him gently in the ſeas,
Yea trembling yet for feare to fall into the cruel paines
Of ſuche a gripe. At this offence ful ſore the Gods do lothe,
And forthwith did reuenge the ſame, reauing Licurgus ſight,
But for a time: not ſo content, to punith him aright
His life they ended wretchedly: If ſo thou pleaſe, this while
Tel me thy name, who was thy ſire, and dis therein no guile.

Glaucus & Diomedes are redy to fight together. Diomedes to Glaucus.

Licurgus deſpiſing the Gods.

Licurgus loſt his ſight.

And if thou art no God, but one that fedes with wine and breed,
Drawe nie, if thy desire it be here to be tumbled dead.

Glaucus answeres Diomedes.

Then Glaucus boldly answered him, and with a comely grace,
Dost thou enquire of my descent, quoth he, mankinde the race
Is straite, and fading like the leaues, and hath no longer time:

A notable speeche.

For as we se the braunches greene, alway when happes the prime,
Clad with leaues, with Autumne winds down tumbles all the trees
With hard and hoarie frostes, wherewith their verdure they do leese,
And when the calde hath played his part, their hue againe they haue:
Ene so mankinde to day aliue, to morrowe in his graue.
And if to day one yelde his life, another commes as fast,
One dead, one bayne, and so it commes the store it stil doth last.
But if you long to understand my heale, my stocke, and kinne,

Glaucus tel his offspring

Though almost al men knowe the same, and worthy it hath bin:
Yet harke, and I will tel the same. In *Argos* goodly land,
The whiche for feeding beares the name, there *Ephyra* doth stand,
A Citie of so great repaire whereas their Court they held
By parents gode, and sceptres ehe in princely state did weld.
Of Eolus the first was sonne the mightie Sisyphus,
Who did enioy such masse of wealth, and he begat Glaucus:
Of Glaucus came Bellerophon, such honor great that got,
To whome the Gods as singular, with liberall loue did lot
Beside the fauour and the shape, which happes to him alone,
Such force and strength, as to the like arrined neuer none.

Proetus.

That time a King Proetus hight in *Greece* did sceptre holde,
Whose wealth was great, under whose raigne th'immortal Gods so
Bellerophon his tender yeares and youth with him he spends, (woulde
Who had his linage much in price: but there the King pretends
Gainst him, and to procure his death he after doth conspire:
Not willingly, but woude thereto by the wicked desire
Of Andia his wife, who then enflamde with whorish loue,
Could finde no meanes to haue his will, nor yong mans fancie moue:
No, though she sued earnestly, lamented, whinde, and howlde,
Wherefore in mode she turnd to spite, when nothing gaine she could.
So that the vehement liking turnd to hate, yea, by and by,
One day she commes hir husband to with countnance like to die,

And

And ſpake him thus: chooſe of theſe two and thinke ſo do the eas,
Either to die thy ſelfe, or elſe to ſlay Bellerophon.
Who gone about hath to aſſault thy honor, it to blot,
Meaning by force to ravish me, when as prevailed not
His fawning tropes and ſeeming tales, to end his lewde deſire
Thus ſets the trayterous lade the king with griefe and wroth a fire,
Who ſtraight doth thinke to be revenged, yet deemes not he it wel
Becauſe he was one of his houſe, in houſe him there to quell,
He likes of treaſon in the caſe, to treaſon then he goes:
Malicious, falſe, and ful of guile he letters doth compoſe,
Which he vnto his father in law king Rheon ſends away
The *Lycian* prince to deale herein, he doth king Rheon pray
And that without returne of word he cauſe the bearer die.
When as Proetus thus had writ, the yong man preſently
He ſendeth forth, he takes his way, with gods his guides he goes.
In *Lyce* they cauſe him to arrive, where head of Xanthus flowes,
Which flood the prouince watereth: At his firſt lighting there
The prince receiude him curteouſly, with ioy and ioyly cheare.
Nine days throughout right braue they feaſt, ỹ bāquets were not bad,
Nine choſen Beeues on th'alters layde, th'immortall Gods they had.
And all to welcome this new gueſt: And now when commeth ỹ tenth,
The king then of *Bellerephon* to know the meſſage menth:
And whether that he letters brought had from his ſon in law,
The packet falſe he toke the king, which having red, he ſaw
The treaſon and the deede deuiſde, he faine and holdes him ſtil,
Minding the letters whole effect at ful for to fulfil,
And for to kil the meſſenger, his force yet will he ſay,
Againſt Chimere he him imployes that monſter dire to ſlay,
The gaſtfulſt thing that ere was ſeene: which beaſt ỹ Gods on hie,
To ſee reuenge the hateful facts of humaine trecherie,
Had formde by nature of ſuch ſhape, ful hedious and ful rare.
The head and breaſt right Lion like, the midſt the ſome it bare
Of Goate, behind like Dragon brode, and more, from him there gone
Right terrible flames which forth he breathes And yet Bellerophon
(Though fel he were as fel might be) the beaſt he doth aſſayle,
With fauour of the Gods, and of his will he doth not fayle.

Bellerophons letters.

Diſcription of the Chimere.

Bellerophō kils the Chimere.

He ſlayes the Solimaeis and the Amazones.

For after wearie toyle, in fielde the beaſt he ſtoutely ſlue,
That done, the *Solymes* down he hacks, and quite them ouerthrew.
Report ſo goes, him much it pleaſde the *Solymes* to haue ſlaine,
And yet beſide all this, the king commaundeth him againe
To try with maine an Amazon, but ſtil he was ſo ſtrong
With heart ſo good, as victor he dead left them in the field.

Belle. ſlaies an ambuſhment of the Lycians.

At length to make an end of him, a buſhment doth prouide
Of *Lycians* to ſet on him, harde by a fountaine ſide.
But al in vaine, for no not one of all the packed craft
Did once returne vnto their home, for murdered them he left.
Wherwith the King repents the guile, he ſtands amazed dum
And knoweth wel that from the Gods, the victorie did come,
Who knew him innocent, himſelf his déedes doth diſalow,
With him for his own quiet he doth minde to kéepe him now.
For his preferment him to giue his daughter wife to bé,
And halfe the whole of al his raigne, to ioyne ſure amitie
The curteous virgin giuen him was, and for his place to dwel
The fertill ſoyle, two ſons he had of this faire Damoſel,
A daughter eke, Iſander firſt, the next a warlike knight
Hippolochus, Laodomie his daughter layre ſhe hight,
Whom Ioue did wiſh to haue to friend: with brand of Ioue did ſweate
Diuine Sarpedon in hir woombe, himſelf he left hir great
But after this it was not long, but that Bellerophon
Did loſe the fauour of the Gods and ſtirde them euery one:
He hates himſelf, he companie flyes, he corners eke doth ſéke
He wanders vp and down his grounds moſt mad and frantike like.
Therfore his fields are wandring calld, againe of very ſpight
God Mars his ſon Iſander ſlayes a man of haughty might
To wéelde in war both club and ſword, the *Solymes* forces him dye.
Againe, Diane as ruthleſly doth ſlay Laodomie.
Of al the thrée there reſted but my ſire Hippolochus,
Who Glaucus gaue me vnto name and hither ſent me thus
In Troyan war with many a band here of his Countrey kinde,
And willd me for to purchaſe price and prayſe among the gode,
Wherby not to degenerate mine auntient parents fro,
Whoſe great renowme *Epira* wals and *Licie* land doth know.

At

At your requeſt now haue I talde my name, my ſtocke, and race,
And what occaſions any way haue brought me to this place.
Diomede at ſtoute Glaucus wordes long tentifs eare doth lay,
He doth reioyce and marueyle much at things that them he tolde.
His launcelme right he ſticketh down with wordes ful courteouſly,
And friendly chére he thus begins: redoubted ſire quoth he,
Betwéene your friends and mine long ſith I ſée by your report
Was friendſhip deare, and great welcome, the which in euery ſort
Poſteritie we ought to kéepe: Oeneus my grandſire
Lodgde twentie dayes Bellerophon, who ſyrſt not from his ſire,
He vſing him in al reſpects like perfect friend and gueſt:
And at the time he ſhoulde depart, that friendſhip ſtil might laſt,
One friend vnto the other then a Princely preſent gaue,
Of the aliaunce to remaine as witneſſe for to haue.
Oeneus gaue a girdle braue enricht with broydery,
I pickt out of his arming houſe, of crimſon purple die.
Bellerophon a gobblet round of gold ful wight he bare
To him againe, (which comming forth to war, wher now we are)
I left at home. As for my ſire and alſo for your ſyre,
What preaſe of friendſhip ſince they had, to me it is vnknowen,
I loſt him in my childhode I, when he with mightie power
In Thebes town did loſe his life, where them he had the ſoure
With many a Gretiã knights he brought. Sith ſo long time doth lye
The rote of friendſhip, I do iudge to let it not decay.
Wherby, if you ſhould hap to come to Grekiſh pleaſant coaſt,
You might your lodging take with me your faithful friende and hoſt
For euermore. And I alſo paſſing your Countrey by,
Wil take your houſe, and you as hoſt and friend aſſuredly.
And for a perfect token now of this accorde to ſmite,
If in this war we hap to méet, let vs two leaue the fight,
And turne elſewhere, for why me thinkes the néede it is not ſo,
We two to deale in doubtful marte hauing ſo many a foe
On euery ſide, with whom to ioyne: to cauſe the ſlanders by
Hereafter not to thinke it much of this our amitie,
If god is we do make a chaunge, giue me (if ſo you pleaſe)
Your armour, and you ſhal haue mine, ful tough at al aſſayes,

Diomedes. to Glaucus.

With

Diomedes Glaucus change their armor one vvith another.

With this they lighted and toke hands, Diomede of him fre
His brasen Armour toke, and it on Glaucus did bestowe.
Who straight gaue him his harneys braue of gold so riche and fine:
To make such chaunge al iudgement Ioue toke from ꝑ *Lycians* eyne.
For why, his sumptuous furniture was great, of value much,
It well was worth an hundred beues, the price of it was such.
But, that which he receaude againe, to make a iust accompte,
And to esteeme it, to the worthe of bullockes nine did mount.

Hec. comes to Troy.

This while vnto the Citie comes the follie Hector he,
Where at the gates in numbers great the women swarming be,
Demaunding diuers things of him, she asketh for her sonne,
She for her father deare, she what is with her brother done.
Another how her husbande fares: but he to all their call
To satisfies them any whit, doth aunswere nought at all,
But willes them pray vnto the Gods with sacrifice and teare
Now for the safetie of the towne, which greatly was to feare.

Descripteion of Priams pallace.

Frō thence to Priames sumptuous court, ꝑ vertuous prince doth hie,
The pallace gate with marble blacke is built full gorgeouslie.
In midst thereof king Priamus did fiftie lodgings reare
Vnto his children and their wiues, which onely lodgings were.
Twelue more against them he had built, which giue away he would
To great and loftie Lordes, the wch his daughters marrie should.

Hecuba to Hector.

Dame Hecuba his mother olde at th'entrie he doth mete
Going most courteous Laodice her daughter for to grete.
She staies, and takes him by the hand, and gently thus begunne:
Why leaue you thus your tried folke my Hector deerest sonne?
Goes our affaires now backward still? I feare it so alacke,
The Grekes are sure here at our walles, & Tropans goe to wracke,
Which makes you thus in hast to come, the mightie Ioue to pray
For their safegard: with me a while yet deerest sonne doe stay,
That I to you some pleasaunt wine may bring, and readie make,
Before you sacrifice shall doe, refreshing for to take
Vnto your ouerhailed limmes, with toile and trauaile tome:

The force of wine. Hector to Hecuba.

Good wine can much to strength ꝑ wight, that wearie is and wome.
For feare I feble ware, no wine bring me quoth Hector he,
By to much drinke least of my selfe forgetfull I might be.

Glau

And ill it ſeers a ſmered knight with blood, with duſt, and ſweate
Not waſht before, with prayers his the Gods for to entreate:
But mother mine, the dames of ſtate in *Troy* aſſemble yée,
And other Citizens alſo, you firſt example bée.
Unto Mineruas temple goe, hir fauour do implore,
Beſtow on hir the coſtlieſt roabe you haue in all your ſtore.
Deuoutly lay it on hir knées, on prayers ſet your care,
Yearely behight twelue Buls of greaſe, that neuer yoked were.
That ſhe theſe wretched people here in hyr tuition haue,
That ſhe Diomede (of our folke in ſlaughter who doth raue)
Do kéepe far off, and far alouſe our ſacred turrets fro:
My brother Paris I will ſéeke, and wil him that he go
Unto the Campe, but of my word God knowes what wil betide.
Oh would to God, wheras he ſtandes, the ground would open wide
To ſwallow him in deapth therof, the Gods haue giuen him life,
Sure to king Priams vtter ruine, or to his endleſſe griefe,
And of vs all his children too, who elſe in fame and bliſſe
Might haue triumphed with the reſt, my only wiſh it is
That of his latter end I here the carke it would me leaue,
That forceth now my heauie thought, and makes my hart to heaue.
With this the noble prince doth part, and Hecuba ſhe bends
Unto hir lodging backe againe, and thence hir women ſends
To go entreate the worthy dames, that they come to hir thyther.
She all bewept to chamber comes, wel ſwéete and deckt together.
To wardrobe then, wheras were pilde of roabes no number ſmal,
Bewrought with nédle Imagrie, of pretious ſtuffe them al
Which hyr tricke ſonne ſir Paris he, had brought from *Sidon* the
With the faire Gréeke, on Hecuba the ſame he did beſtow:
Among them all the Quéene choſe one, for worke, the beſt ſhe might,
The balme in odour it did match, the ſtar eke in his light
No brighter was then it of hue. Alſo ſhe kept it layde
In bottome of hir coffer couch, aboue moſt gorgeous wayde.
With heart deuoute than wayted on with numbers in a row,
Unto the Goddeſſe temple large with others ſhe doth go.
In midſt of all the pallace great no ſoner there they came,
But that Theane Antenors wife did open them the ſame.

Hector deſires the death of Paris.

Hecuba with the Troyan dames goes to the temple of Pallas. Theano Antenors wife hath the charge of the temple.

The doores of gold ſhe doth vnbar, vnfolded, rich, and large
Of this gay Church by Troyans all as prieſt ſhe had the charge.
Now thither came, the Dames in troupe with reared hands on hie
They make their vowes, they ſtrike their breſts, & howle & piteous cry
And then the worthy Theano the royall roabe ſhe laide
On Pallas knées with humble grace, and forthwith thus ſhe prayde:
O chaſt Minerua, o clemencie diuine and ſacred ſéne,
Of this fortreſſe and Troyan folke who gardaine ſure hath bene,
The prayers I beſéech thée heare, which we to thée commende,
In this thy houſe, that of our woes we once may haue an ende.
We pray thée that the ſtoutell Gréeke (Diomedes is he)
Be beaten down at *Scea* gate, his launce eke broken be.
That done, vpon the aultar we our ſacrifice wil do
Of oxen twelue, in thy ſeruice as many yearely too,
If ſo thou helpe vs at this plundge: this prayre ſhe did addreſſe,
But Pallas to accept the ſame in ſooth thought nothing leſſe.
This while cõmes Hector to the place, where tricke ſir Paris lay,
A cunning piece of building, yea both coſtly, rich, and gay,
Which Troyan maiſter builders had made vp in point deuiſe,
A court it had, where kitchin, hal, and chambers round do riſe.
Vnto king Priams manſion chiefe it ioyned was at hand.
This valiaunt prince with ſtéeled launce he holding in his hand
Sire ſote in length with golden poynt, vnto the place doth drawe
So ſumptuous, where his brother he Alexander ſaw
Wel occuppyed in déede of praiſe, his targe and armour bright
He furbuſhes, his bow himſelfe he rubs, and ſéemely dight.
Helene ſits by, amidſt hir maydes, that they may cunning be
She ſtudies, and forethinks ſome workes, that prieſtes ſhew may ſhe.
Then Hector thus his talke began frowning with moodie cheare:
What cauſe is there oh curſed thou that kéepes thée idle here?
What tetiſhneſſe thus to thy houſe doth make thée draw aback,
Sith wel thou knowſt that for thy ſake the Troyãs go to wracke,
And ſackt muſt néedes this Citie be, who haue this war begun
Only for thée? thou ſeeing one, who from the field ſhould run,
Oughtſt to crie open ſhame on him, but now thou hidſt thy head,
As ringleader and coward chiefe of all that ere was bred.

Go quickly now and do thy beſt, if ſo thou do deſire
To ſaue the towne from ſpoyle and waſt, and from the Grékiſh fire.
Tall Paris tho, hearing him chide ſo roughly in his mode, Paris anſwers Hector courteouſly.
O brother Hector anſwerde ſtraight, ſith of your meaning good
You moued are, yet pleaſe it you my ſcuſe for to allow.
No yre nor wrath with any one retire hath make me now,
It is but only my miſhap, to eaſe by time I thought
My griefe, y curteous Heleine here with me al meanes now wrought,
Perſwading me with milde exhortes mine armour on to put,
And for to leaue this idle fit, and ſurely ſo I wil,
It giues me this day ſhould be mine, for victorie is ſo,
To day a friend it is to ſome, and yet to morrow foe.
Stay here a while til I be armde, or elſe go forward yée,
Straight at this geare, hard at their héeles you ſhal me buſie ſée.
The valiant Hector theſe his words ſéemde nothing to regard, Heleine to Hector.
Wherfore with milde and humble grace Heleine drew to him-ward:
Oh brother mine in law quoth ſhe ſo worthy of the fame,
(If I a wretched woman may of ſuffer haue the name,
Who am no better than a dogge) when life I was aſſignde,
Vnto ſome deſart mountaine top would God ſome whirle winde
Had caſt me vp, or in the ſea my carcaſe thrown would,
By ending life, this miſchiefe all auoyded then I ſhould:
But though that by the whole conſent of all the Gods on hie,
The inſtrument of al the ils, muſt néedes be none but I:
Yet ought I haue a better ſpouſe of wiſedome and of ſight
To loke vnto his own affaires, that vnderſtand he might
When one doth ſpeake to his reproch, that to his blame doth fal,
But for to know his wealth or want this hath no ſenſe at al.
And what ſo he ſhal take in hande, know wel ſhal end as il.
O noble, deare, and brother mine beſéech you now I wil
Come in, ſit downe here in this chaire, oh thorough grieued knight,
I wel percéyue and ſée in you the dolour of your ſpright,
For vs two captiues you ſuſtaine, for that we did offend:
The gods it calling to their mindes, do ordain wretched end,
Which ſhal be ſung in euery rime, and rong in euery raigne.
Vnto dame Heleins curteous words bold Hector ſayth againe: Hector to Heleine.

Though this proceede all of good will, it cannot force me ſtay,
For things I haue now in my heade, call me another way,
And that I haſt vnto the Campe to comfort and to cheere
Good Troyans all, who greatly wiſh (I know) to ſée me there.
And lady mine, you ſhal do wel to wil him arme apace,
And if he preſent follow me, he wiſely in thys caſe
Shal do: or take me going forth: for now to ſée I go
My houſe, my ſonne, my gentle ſpouſe, for little do I know
Whether at will another day it pleaſe the Gods on hie,
That I may ſée them once againe, or riſe this day I dye.
Ending his talke, his lodging to with pace he ſtaketh on.
Andromacha the princeſſe great he found that ſhe was gone
Vnto a tower with hir ſon, a nurſe, and wayting mayde,
Where thinking on hir husbands broyles, forth teares amain ſhe layde.
Vnto the Maides quoth Hector then your miſtreſſe where is ſhee?
What, is not ſhe now gone abroade ſome ſiſter hirs to ſée,
Or to my good ſiſters there hir griefe to put away,
And ſo to paſſe the time with them: now ſirs do quickly ſay,
Or with my mother at the vowes in that deuoutful crue,
Preſenting Pallas ſacrifice with them doth ſhe enſue?
With Hecuba ſhe is not gone, quoth one, ſith you will knowe,
Nor to hir iolly ſiſters ſhe, alas ſhe tenders ſo
Your (ſtate oh Hector) that ſhe twelts (ſhe is to careful plaine)
For frantike like with hir ſweéte ſon ſhe ran with might and maine,
Into the kéepe, ſuppoſing that the Troyans loſt the fight,
Eke in the ſourney you had quayde, and life had ended quite.
With this ſir Hector tournes his ſteps, & then the ſtréets he thréds,
And lanes, that faire and ample were, and forth apace he ſpéedes
To *Sceas* gate where bode the Campe, Andromacha by hap
Doth méete him right, hir déereſt ſonne, and eldeſt in hir lap,
Whom Hector cleapt Scamandrius, but Troyans other wiſe
Aſtianax, as ſon to him, from whom their health did riſe,
For ſo did right his name import, ſhe Hector ſtoute this while
Doth herewith very pleaſaunt ware, and ſmoothly gan to ſmile.
Vieweing his ſon as cleare as ſtar that cloudleſſe heauen beares.
But then his wife with wayling great, and ſtore of guſhing teares,

With

With humble chere drew to him nie, and thus his tale begun,
Clasping his hand: O to thine owne most hard vncurteous man,
Thy forwarde minde shall thee vndo in midst of flourishig life:
Hast thou no pitie of this childe, ne yet of me thy wife?
Most thou not see the dolefull end, that I poore wretche shall gaine,
If thou go alde now thy consorts, a widow to remaine?
The Grekes conspire against thee all, and trauel all they may,
They most do gape to haue thy bloud, but yet before that day,
O mercilesse deuide thou earth, and me deuoure alsse.
What ioy to me when thou art gone, or which way may I thriue?
What, is ther loue, or wifely care with mine that match may make?
Shall I hereafter be content another spouse to take?
No, no, I that defie, no mirth can chaunce me so,
The whiche of thee can cause me let the sweete remembraunce go:
What, shall I to my parents trudge, of them to seeke relefe?
What, out alas they all are dead: O hel and heauie griefe.
Diuine Achilles in his deedes, after that he had pild
And borne away their treasures great, and had the ditches fild
Of *Thebes*, with the walles therof, whose fame far strangers knew,
His warlike hands right cruelly in bloud he did imbrue
Both of my sire, and of his sonnes, who strong and valiant were,
The King my fathers armor yet he would not off him tere,
To cinders both he them consumde, and eft he did not draw
The furniture, for why, he stode of mightie Gods in awe.
A Tombe to him he reard, whereas vnder the braunches greene
To pleasure take and sporte themselues the Nimphs Oreiads beene,
Delighting there great store of Elmes be-planted they haue made
About the same, where they at ease may play them in the shade.
The father dead, his bow did force the seauen sonnes to yelde,
He slue them downe in *Cicilie* encamped in the field.
My mother Quene with pensiuenesse and sorrow fully fraught
Was captiue made, who soud such means, & so by ransome wrought,
That she deliuered was at length, with manner fullie rare
Diana wrought against hir then, with bowe downe dead hir bare.
O Hector dere, do nowe behold Andromacha hir case,
Of sire, of dame, of brother eke, and spouse thou hast the place,

I thée beſeech this one requeſt of mine may graunted be,
Haue pitie on this prétie boy, an orphane, if thou die,
Haue some regarde, and call to minde the wretched creature I,
Who life and welfare maye not haue, into this towre aſcende
To keepe the ſame, and round about call ſouldiors to defend
The wall whereas it lyeth low: for foure times we haue ſerne
The Aiaxe twaine with many a Gréeke, and alſo I do méene
With bold and doubtie Diomede, to force al what they can
To mount the ſame by hautie heart or Augure ſome ſet an.
Theſe words were wife, quoth Hector tho, which wil me thus to care,
Both day and night, ſuch mind and thought ſtill my companions are,
My head long ſith hereon I ſet, yet nothing can I frame
That profite wil, I greatly feare that ay reprochful ſhame,
The which on me this wretched folke with open throate will cry
When abſent from this warre I am, where I ſo wel do try:
My heart to alter from his wont it alſo doth diſdaine,
It prickes me forth to purchaſe fame, that euer ſhal remaine.
I know right wel the time ſhal come, the Gréeks wil take this town,
Priam, my parents, kinne and friends to death ybeaten downe,
My brothers al muſt paſſe the ſworde: To ſée them ſo to dye
My ſire, my dame, my brothren all, and neareſt friendes them by,
I ſhal not greeue for them ſo much, as griefe for thée I haue.
And moſt, to thinke, that of ſome Gréeke thou ſhalt become the ſlaue,
Who to his country ſhal thée leade to teaſe and toſſe his wul,
Ye ſhal thée put from day to day to ſpinne, to picke and pull.
And in the midſt of al the heat, from ſpring his water drawe,
Which néedes muſt pinch thée at the heart, but Néede it hath no law.
And often ſhal the paſſers by ſay, Looke who ponder is,
The wife of valiant Hector loe, who in the field with his
Such fame and great renoumme did get, whē Grecians compaſt round
The great and mightie town of *Troy*, and tare it to the grounde.
How great to heare my name rehearſt ſhal then thy doloʒs be,
And that my helpe thou canſt not haue eſt to recouer thée,
But ere the waylings I wil heare of thée my captiue wife,
The earth ſhall hap this coʒpſe of mine, and I wil loſe my life.
With this the valiant prince doth hide his carke and inwarde griefe,

And

And eut doth put his handes to take his ſonne the pietie lade,
A little pietie bulchion fat, ſeing the headfull creſt
And armor, cries and calls his nurſe, and nouzels in his breaſt.
With this the curteous parents they ſmile at the preatie grace
Of that the babe, and Hector he his ſonne for to embrace,
Doth ſet aſide his loftie helme, he him doth coll and kus,
With pleaſant mind he holds him ſofte and formd his praiers thus.

O mightie Gods, ye ſoueraigne Lords, requeſt this grant to me, Hectors prayer to the Gods.
That once this boy triumphantly a doubtie man may be,
Among his felke as nowe I am: Alſo when I am dead,
Giue him the honor, that he may the Troyans guide and leade:
That men may ſay, when they ſhall ſee him proſper in ſuch caſe,
Howe farre the ſonne the father doth in deedes of armes ſurpaſſe.
And when the ſpoiles as conquerour from forraine foes he pull,
His mother ſhe may ſee the ſame, hir ioy it may be full.

The child he giues his mother nowe, who takes it in hir hand,
She ſmiles therewith, yet in hir eyes the water ful doth ſtand.
Ye rues thereat, to hir he drawes hir ſorowe to delay,
About the necke he takes hir faſt, and thus beganne to ſay. Hector to Andromacha.
My deareſt ſpouſe theſe waylings leaue, and take not thus at heart
My death, thou knoweſt well ynough we al muſt hence departe.
No man can boaſt that he is free from death and from his blow,
For from the firſt day of our byrth to death we ſubiects goe.
And as for me, this body, who, and life ſhal part in twaine,
Shall pay full deare, and haue no cauſe to glorie of his gaine.
I ſhal not die before my time: God wife for Gods ſake goe
Home to thy houſe, be of good cheare, and leaue to greeue thee ſo,
Do paſſe the time to winde and reele, & with your maids to ſpinne,
Commaunde, and order take, that they good worke women may bin.
And let vs men ſee to the fielde, and loke what needfull is,
And I (as alwayes) now to be the formoſt wil not miſſe.
With this from ground his helme he takes, & on his head it weares
Home goes Andromacha with ſighes, and ſeas of ſobbing teares.
When ſhe vnto hir houſe doth come ſhe findeth weeping eyes,
The ſeruants al do ſobbe and howle with ſhril and heauy cryes,

Bewee-

Be weeping Hector thus they ſay: On this gode knight alacke
We neuer ſhall ſet eyes againe, this day wil be his wracke.
Some fell and cruell Greeke this day ſhall worke his death & harme.
Paris follows Hector. Comparis. Paris againe makes no abode, he hasteth fast to arme,
He after Hector runneth nowe, he trusteth in his force,
And eke in his agilitie. And like vnto the horſe,
That in the ſtable halter doth and headſtall cracke in twaine,
And ſlippeth out the houſe apace into the fields amaine,
With many frisks and yerks behinde, his head doth cast aloft,
At laſt vnto ſome pleaſant streame doth pace, and trotteth ſoft,
Therein to waſh and play himſelfe, and haply there doth finde
Some luſtie Mare vpon the bancke t'aſſuage his raging minde:
Ene ſo Sir Paris tall and tricke, in citie ſhewes ful braue,
Vnto the ſame his Armes and targe the like for brightneſſe haue.
As Hector left Andromacha, he meetes him in the teeth.
He going forth, he greeteth him, and thus beganne therewith:
Paris to Hector. O brother deare and eldeſt borne, m'abode deſerueth blame
In ſtaying nowe thus long, ſith that you willd me haſte the ſame.
Hector to Paris. All in good time quoth Hector then that doubtie Troyan he,
Nowe can thee luſtily giue reproch how worthy that he be,
When to the field thou ſetſt thy mind, thou luſtie art and light,
A vauntage great, but ſlowly oft thou draweſt to the fight,
Ne wil not mend thy pace one whit, nor leaue one tote of will,
It grieues me moſt that ſo thou giuſt thy ſelfe to pleaſure ſtill.
And chiefly, when the Troyans they I ſee thy doings blame,
They byding many deadly brunts, do babble to thy ſhame.
Well, let vs go againſt theſe Greekes, our forces for to lay,
Theſe brutes ful wel we may appeaſe, if happly come the day.
Hauing our enimies put to flight, the condigne ſacrifice
Vnto the hie immortall Gods on Aultars they may riſe.

Finis ſexti Libri.

The

¶ The ſeauenth Booke.

Now warlike Hector doth depart with Paris out the towne,
They willing both in armes to ſhewe ſome déede of great renowme.
And like as after ſtormie ſtawes that déres the ſhipmen ſore,
In déepeſt ſea againſt the winde there ſtrine with arme and ore,
God ſends a preſent calme to ceaſe that dreadfull tempeſt blaſt:
Euen ſo the Troyans ouerhaeld doe comfort at the laſt,
When as they ſawe theſe brethren two marching before their ſight,
Who, well they knewe ſufficient were for to maintaine the fight,
They were no ſoner come, but that they ſlaie two Grecians foes,
The ſtout Meneſthius to the ground by Paris hand he goes,
In *Arna* towne he ſceptre held, of king Areitho bred,
Who young, with faire and glaſſie eyes Philomeduſa wed.
Hector with ſharpe ypointed launce Ioneus doth ſlaie,
Twene curet, and his gorget both the ſtéele it maketh waye.
Glaucus doth Iphinous ding he downe on earth doth fall,
The raines eke of his horſe the blowe did force him leane withall.
The ſlaughter Pallas ſéeing nowe thus of theſe Grecians thée,
And the confuſion of the reſt, which likely was to be,
Full mowde, and grieude to ſée the fight, vnto the Troyan towne
Deſcends from high Olympe, Phœbus that ſawes hir comming downe,
(He ſat vpon the wall, to vieude how ende the battaile ſhall,
Which in the fauour he doth wiſhe of *Troy* and Troyans all)
He finely cómes vnto hir ſtraight, quoth he vnder this Béeche
I count it beſt you reſt your ſelfe, and thus beganne his ſpéeche.
You daughter of the mightie God, ſhewe me th'occaſion why
You nowe are ſéene here in this place come downe ſo ſpéedily, (lérkes,
Sure great affaires, or elſe ſome cauſe, which muche your minde it
The victorie from Troyans good to giue vnto the Grékes.

Hector and Paris returne to the battaile.

Conqueſts ſeen.

Paris ſlaies Menaſthius, &c.

Hector ſlaies Ioneus, &c.

Glaucus ſlaies Iphinous, &c.

Pallas deſcends to Troy.

Apollo to Pallas.

And is not that your meaning now, your purpoſe and intent
To ſée the Troyan towne deſtroyed, hir buildings all to rent?
It better were (in my aduiſe) this day to ceaſe the warre,
And eft they may beginne their fields, and fights wherein they ar,
Till that ſuch time the citie there to ſacke and pillage goe,
Sith that you Gods with one remorce, of force will haue it ſo:

Pallas to Apollo. The Goddeſſe anſwerde then: Agréed, for ſo I meane aright,
Of purpoſe I deſcended downe to ſtaie theſe folke from fight,

Apollo to Pallas. Wherefore ſéeke way to ſeuer now frō this daies warre theſe wights.
Apollo ſoothde: quoth he therto, of all theſe gallant knights
Let Hector bold march boldly on, and chalenge for to trie,
Yea man to man the ſtouteſt foe, with him to liue or die.
This braue demaund will much amaze the ſtouteſt of their bands,
And they will point ſome odde man out with him to mingle hands,
And thus this battaile ſhall haue end. Apollos ſaying thérd
Vnto his graue and learned ſkill, forthwith it was agréed.

Helenus to Hector Then ſage and prudent Helenus, who there their ſecret knewe
By ghoſt diuine, with courteous wordes lowlie to Hector drewe.
Quoth he, my deareſt brother now, to me thine eare attend,
And maruaile not, though to aduiſe, and euerie way I bend
My ſelfe t'aduaunce thy great renowme, ſith brethren both we be,
I cannot chuſe to doe my beſt, as duetie doth agrée.
Cauſe Gréekes and Troyans to retire with voice and courage hie,
Aduaunce thy ſelfe, if any Gréeke will out this quarrell trie
Vpon him, doe, for by the fates this day thou ſhalt not dye,
I haue it from the mightie Gods, whoſe councells cannot lye.
Hector right iolly marcheth on, out of the rancks he goes,
His launce full long in midſt he held, he willes thē keaue their blowes,
He brings his ſquadrons backe againe, the ſhot he bids retire,
The Gréekes ſtand faſt, they order kéepe, and newes they doe deſire.
Agamemn eke to harken to, made Grecians to abide.

Pallas and Apollo ſit on a Beech Both Pallas and Apollo then ſéeing on euerie ſide
The dartes to ceaſe, vpon a Béeche of armes a mightie trō
The God and Goddeſſe they doe ſit, as Vultures there they bée.
They doe delight ſuch puiſſant cries in field to ſée ſo ſtill.
The *Batallons* yet ſtoutly knit on ground doe lie at will,

With teles of warre at elbowes end, much like the Ocean waue,
Which working ſtorme, not grén, but black doth make ẏ colour haue
Then Hector armde at euerie point thus ſpake vnto them all, (fall,
Hearke both ye Grékes & Troyan knights what to your wealth may
Betwéene theſe campes the treaties ſweare, & paris ſo ſtrongly faſt,
Imperfect are, of no effect, as none had euer paſt.
Ioue in this daunger hath vs lapt, n'accord he will alstne,
He doth determine in his minde, with malice he doth bowne,
He all a cruell ſacrifice of vs doth meane to make,
As thus: that either you the Grékes our Troyan towne ſhall take,
Or that your iourney ſhall returne to you both voide and vaine,
Or hardly by vs Troyans ſet, quite beaten downe and ſlaine.
And now I knowe it verie well, that in your campe you haue
As to defend, ſo to aſſaile both ſouldeours fytte and braue,
And valiant men, ſingle to me the ſtrong and ſtoutéſt knight.
Let him nowe here his manhood trie, and cope with me in fight.
I will abide the man, and truth and faith I giue withall,
To which (if ſo it néedefull is) I Ioue to witneſſe call,
If victor of me for to be ſo luckie be his chaunce,
And in my bowels that he doe imbrewe his warlike launce
Take he my ſpoyles vnto his ſhippes, my bodie let it reſt
Without outrage, let Troyans take it to the fierie feaſt.
Let them the aſhes gather vp: And if him vnder ſunne
That I doe tread Apollo graunt, I craue no other bunne
But that his harneys I may haue, to *Ilion* thether I,
In temple his a relique ſigne to ſet and hang on hie.
And for his carcaſe ſend I will, the Grékes they ſhall it haue,
Who in the ſhore of *Helleſpont* thereon may reare his graue,
That if hereafter to this land a ſtraunger take his way,
And with the tombe doe haply méete, full luſtly he may ſaye:
Here lies intombde the doughtie Gréke, whom Hector charging hard
Downe ſlue, although he ſhewde the part of knight of great regard.
For valure and for force: and loe, thus ſhall a forraine ſaye,
Whereby my fame and great renowme ſhall laſt for euer and aye.
This ſpéech ſo ſtunt and ſodaine layed yéelds all the troupe abaſht,
Ech doubting to accept the fight, they blaſhing all are haſht.

Hector to the Greeks and Troy. ans.

Hector calls the Greeks to perticular Cõbat.

Epytaph by anticipation.

Menelaus angry with the Greekes.

Menelaus, who marked all, and how they ſtode, he greiue
In furie great, he ant both come, and ſighes he dépely dreiue.
O villaine Grékes (quoth he) in wordes ech proude & hardie ſpeakes,
But come to déedes, you quaile alacke like faint and coward freakes.
O Grékes infamed tanto much, what, Grékiſh men: not ſo,
But rather Grékiſh wines, what ſhame and filthy ſpéech will goe
Of you for this your cowardize: with hart not ſtanding out
With Hector here to ioyne, for why, you daungers dreadfull doubt:
Tranſgreſſion Philoſophicall. And without further mouing hence, that ye to earthy molde
Doe turne (your faults to plague) I pray or elſe to water colde.
And as for me, I will me arme, the combat I allowe,
With hardie minde I it accept, I knowe it well ynowe
The loftie Gods as beſt they pleaſe beſtowe the victorie:
Menelaus armes himſelfe to fight with Hector. Thus Menelau doth blame his mates, and armour on doth tye.
And now at hand O Menelau was end of all thy toiles,
Thy death was ſure in Hectors hands, whoſe ſkill in warlike broiles
And ſtrength of arme ſurmounts thée farre, & but the Grékiſh kings
Agamemnon to Menelaus. Had come and ſtayde thée, Agamemn, he by the hand thée wrings,
And much miſliking this thy Acte, with rage quoth he thou aſſe,
Thou fondling thou, thinkſt thou thy ſtrength of force to bring to paſſe
To matche this doughtie Troyan here, to whom, of Grékiſh race
Not one, howe ſtoute ſo ere he be, dare boldly ſhewe his face:
Achilles no: he greatly doubtes with him in field the fraie.
Drawe backe and quiet keepe thy ſelfe, we ſhall finde out a way
To end this cauſe, we ſhall finde one ſhall make him ſtirre his ſtumps,
Though that a dreadleſſe knight he be, and though in martiall iumps,
A ſouldior bold, nere tirde in warre, I hope right well that he
Shall thinke himſelfe a happie man, if haplie ſo it be
Without his death this quarrell end: and that with humble hart
Upon his knées thanke God aboue, with life for to depart.
Agamemn Menelaus thus perſwaded, and he ſtayde,
His gromes right glad their maiſter ſawe, out daunger to be wayde,
And flocke about, his armor one, another takes his ſhield,
His weapons ſome, and by his bands he ſéeth him in the field.
Where with the reuerent Neſtor graue ſtode by, & forth he drewe:
Neſtor to the Grecks O great inuitte reproch (quoth he) vnto this famous crue,

O what mishap, if at our home this dolefull newes be folde:
Surely the Prince of *Myrmidons* Peleus that father olde,
And all his prouince sad will whine: he hath enquirde of me
Of fauour great, the names and race of meanest in degree.
Of all you here: but how abasht, how great shalbe his griefe,
When he shall heare your cowardise: it sure is my beliefe,
He clad with care, his prayer will vnto the Gods commend,
That ere he sée the Grékes so spild, of him they make an end.
I would the God Apollo, Ioue, and Pallas they would graunt
I were so young and lustie, as when able I did haunt
The warres, and in the battaile fought betwéene the *Archads* stout
And *Pylens* that auncient were, who tride the quarrell out
By cittie *Phee*, vpon the flood that *Iardan* hath to name,
Whereas I shewde by perfect proofe my valure and my fame.
Among them there, then lined one that Ereuthalion hight,
Who on had put of Areithous the stéeled armour bright.
I meane that Areithous that bare the great and mightie club,
And therewith fighting, got such praise by force and wielding good,
That surname he obtainde thereby of Clubber thorowe all,
Whom after, not by force, but sleight Lycurgus gaue the fall,
And slue him downe in strayted lane, where club he could not wield,
Lycurge with dart did drawe him nye, & therwith through him thrild:
And dead he toke his armes gaye, himselfe to shield and syde
In all the byckerings that he had, and nere was ouerlayde,
As long as that he lyude, and then to Ereuthalion
He them bequeathd, who bare himselfe as fierce as any Lion,
And often calld the *Pylens* with man for man to trie,
With stoutes knowne, and when I sawe the pride of *Arcadie*
Th'abated mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my péeres,
I toke in hand to shewe my worth for all my want in péeres.
I toke him vp, I layde him dead by grace of mightie God,
A maruaile great to sée his corpse, a thing for hugenesse odde
Falling a long, I wish my youth and courage such, as tho
A champion then to match in fight the Troyans well should knowe.
And sith the hardiest all of Grécce be present in this place,
If none of you defend this cause, I thinke it great disgrace.

Nestors di-
gression,
wherein he
tells hys
former
acts, as old
old men do.

Nestor
climeth to
his purpole

The Grékiſh Lórdes ſo prickt to quicke this good graue aged ſire,
The nine moſt vvorthy Greks. As of the greateſt nine he made ſtand vp, with great deſire
The combats hazarde for to proue: Agamemn firſt did riſe,
Next Diomede, to conquer all which ſtill hath bene his guiſe:
The Aiax twaine of like exploit, Idomene was the fift,
Merion eke, his maiſters match in euerie martiall drift,
With whom was good Euripilus, the ſonne of Euemon,
And with the reſt ſtout Thoas roſe the bréede of Andremon,
Of purpoſe eche to be receyued, and Vlyſſes the ſlie,
Not to be thought to be agaſt or ſlacke in chiualrie.
Neſtor cauſeth to caſt lots to knowe vvho ſhall fight vvith Hector. Quoth Neſtor herevpon (finding their boldened mindes to growe)
Renowmed Lórdes, ſith thus it ſtands, full well we all ſhall knowe
Who for this combat ſhalbe tane, caſt lots, on whom it lights
That forth his bullet firſt doth come, with Hector him he fights,
With ſureſie, he that ouercómes, immortall praiſe to take.
The Greks pray that Aiax lot firſt bee drawen. Ech of the nine with marke, aduiſe a Bullet for to make,
His Helmet in their lots to put Agamemnon doth lend.
The while the ſouldiors good of Gréece their prayers thus attend
With reatched hands: O mightie Ioue graunt ſo it doe befall,
That firſt of doughtie Aiax he out come the lotting ball,
Or it the ſonne of Tydees his, whoſe laude ſo loude doth ring,
Or elſe to pleaſe thée to beſtowe this honor on our King,
Our captaine chiefe, and leader graue. Neſtor doth often blunder
And ſhake the lotts within the helme, to part them more aſunder,
Aiax lot is drawen. His hand thruſt in, the bullet firſt of Aiax forth he brings
So much deſired, and Herault badde to carie it the Kings,
That they may knowe which of them all by fate appointed was
In this conflict to deale: he forth with bullet on doth paſſe
By ranke and ranke through all the field, he open doth it beare,
But yet vnknowne to Aiax bold till he approched were,
Aiax to the Greekes. Who doth reioyce at ſo good lucke, the ſcripture when he read,
And downe he throwes it on the ground, and to the Kings he ſayd
Thus, full right like a man of warre: My louing friends ſo dere,
Ye ſée that nowe I am the man, I pray you all to chéere:
My minde aſſures me that I ſhall as victor downe him ſtrike,
And while I put mine armour on, you ſoftly may beſeke

The

The hie Gods in my fauour now, and Troyans ſhall not néde
To heare your cries: what ſay I now? I ſurely doe not héde,
For pray you lowe, or out aloude, I doubtfull nothing éeme,
For if the breéding vp doe make men more of men eſtéeme,
If Countrey ſoile, if worthy race, doe mende the mindes of men,
With theſe thrée gifts ſo thoroughly, ſith I am furniſhte then,
You ſhall not ſée me runne away, I will not turne my backe,
To princely blood what doth belong you ſhall not finde the lacke.
So ſpake the bold & manly Gréeke, his friends with hart deuout
To Ioue for ſafetie of the man did powre their prayers out, The greeks prayer to Iupiter.
With vowes in many ſundry ſortes: but ſome that beſt perceaude:
The hazard great he entred on, their hartes to God they beaude,
And prayed thus: O mightie God, moſt great moſt good who ſtayes
On *Ida* hill beholding this, O Ioue who beares the ſwayes,
And rules all combats at thy will, this fauour graunt to day,
That this good Gréeke of this conflict may bring the palme away.
Or if thou doſt to great a mind vnto ſir Hector giue,
Graunt end this ſtrife, they both alyke with honor home may goe.
The Aiax ſtrong himſelfe doth arme in braue and bright ſome wiſe, Aiax takes his armour & cómes to fight.
And forth he cómes into the campe, in port and ſhewe he was
Like Mars the God, when he doth march, he yet a ſmiling hath,
But that his ſmile a viſage ſhewes inflamde and ſet to wrath,
With notice to his fellowes all he was their certaine forte:
His countenaunce ſtout, his ſterne march, whē they ſaw in ſuch ſort, Hector abaſhed.
And ſo ſtiffe ſhaking of his launce, they doe beginne to hope.
But to this combat he thus preſt, now doubte the men of *Troy*,
Hector himſelfe being agaſt, would haue retired fure,
But him they would a cowarde count, he did the ſtrife procure.
Then Aiax hanging at his necke his huge and waightie targe, Aiax Target compared to a Towre.
Which towerwiſe ſo ſtode aloft, ſo dreadfull and ſo large,
(The Tychius of late it forgde, with ſeuen folded hydes,
With ſtiffe, ske hard, and azerde ſteéle he couerde it beſides)
To Hector drawes: he ſhewe full great, and boldneſſe on doth ſet,
Unto him there theſe were his wordes, wherwith he thus doth threat.
This day thou Hector well ſhalt knowe, of *Greece* the force & powre, Aiax to Hector.
Thou well ſhalt know what heds of knights we haue thée for to ſcoure

Achilles

Achilles but, who kéepes aboorde, with armes who doth not mell,
Bicauſe of an vnhappie iarre betweéne our chiefs which fell
And him: And here my ſelfe rabnaunce among the reſt thou ſéeſt,
And therefore now beginne, beginne if of the mynde you béeſt.

Hector to Aiax. Hector hearing thus the Gréeke, doth forthwith then replie,
What iollie Aiax are theſe woordes ſo arrogant and hie,
Moſt like a dame or prentiſe young greſſe you to make me ſhrinke?
Sure long agoe what longs to warre I knowe, and ſo doe thinke,
And willing thereto giue my ſelfe, a charge I can abyde,
And charge I can, my maſtie ſhielde I knowe to beare, I ride
At hand, and further fight I knowe, I ſote it when I pleaſe,
And all theſe knowe I howe to vſe, when moſt they ayde or eaſe.
By ſleights my foe I can ſometime imbrewe with mortall blowe,
But you a man of valure much bicauſe I certaine knowe,

Deſcription of the combate. No cunning will I vſe as nowe, but clap you on the Crowne,
With arme I will imploy my beſt therewith to plucke you downe.
With this doth Hector to him draw, his ſturdie dart he ſhake
So large in length, ſo ſtifely launcde, that forth the way it take
And pierred to the ſeuenth fold of that his buckler ſtrong:
The toughe and ſteéled plate with all it teared all a long.
Aiax againe his ſtubborne ſtaffe at Hector ſhaking flings,
With force ſo great, as through the bolle of Hectors targe it rings,
And further to his paunche doth paſſe, and Curet through doth glide,

Compariſon. No harme at all, a ſmall at leaſt the Troyan turnd aſide:
Och out againe his launce to plucke doth ſtriue the beſt he can,
Like Lions fierce, inuincible, and gricſlie boyes they ranne
Together both: Hector doth thruſt on targe, but all in vaine,
The ſtrength therof doth beare it off, and turnes the poynt againe.
And Aiax blowe did likewiſe glaunce on Hectors ſhield aloft,
And péercde his necke, the purple bloud it trickled downe full ſoft.
So ſmall a ticke he héeded not, retyring from the grounde

Fight with ſtones. He ſéekes and takes a coggie blacke, a mightie and a rounde.
Therewith on Aiax ſo doth lay, on target great it range,
In midſt thereof the ſtone reſounds, ſo ſoundly he it ſtange.
Aiax a greater farre doth ratch, and brawnly ſo doth caſt
That he his bigge and bumpiſhe targe therwith in péeces braſt.

The Troyan on his knées he ſancke, perforce on earth he lay
With ſhield behapte, from whence to ſtape he knew no manner way,
But that Apollo ſodainly ariſeth in the place,
To yéld a ſafetie to the man, and raiſe him in that caſe.
Then would they out haue bladed it their armor ſo to teare,
But them betweéne the Heraulds cauns, erhe did a ſceptre beare.
And Ideus ſage, the herault wiſe there thus in ſpeach he brake:
Déere ſonnes, leaue off this cruel ſtrife, herein a breathing take,
To Ioue you both are deare, do end this deadly combate nowe,
And al the packe of mortall men you baliant doe allowe.
To here the might which bids you two to graunt to my requeſt.
Quoth Aiax then, O Ideus thou wel and wiſely ſpeſt,
But I refuſe, if Troyan here, who did vs at prouoke,
And me aſſaild, do not entreate this quarrel to reuoke,
And if he do, I do agrée to graunt with al my hart.
Quoth Hector then, ſith Gods on earth ſuch honor thée impart,
That as of force, god gifts, and wit, ſo eke of mightie bone,
I do confeſſe of al the Gréekes thou art the knight alone.
On Gods name leaue this enterpriſe, againe we may begynne,
Another time we may it trie, who ſhal the honor winne.
The more, bicauſe the ſunne is lowe, and night drawes nie at hand,
Whereby wel pleaſd your mates wil be, e Gréeks hereby that ſtand.
And I the dwellers al of *Troy* againe ſhall greatly glad,
And eke the dames, who deeply déede, their prayers now haue had,
For me, I thinke it Aiax méete in chaunge we do beſtow
Our preſents now betweéne vs both, that all the world may knowe,
And ſay to ſée our heate ſo colde: theſe two were lately foes,
And now great friends, their enmitie to faithful friendſhip grees.
With thys the prowelt Hector gaue his bright and gallant blade,
With ſtemly ſheath and belt ſo braue, ſo trimly which were made.
Againe to him doth Aiax reach the Baudrike big he bare,
He pleaſd therewith, and Aiax doth vnto his friends repaire.
And Hector to his Troyans commes, whome ſéing ſafe and ſounde,
They ioy amayne, they dreaded he, had caught ſome mortal wounde.
They vnto *Troy* do bring him all, and Aiax ſtrong doth goe
Forthwith the Gréekiſh faction on, victor with loudeſt ſhoute,

Hector falls on his knee

The Heraldes parts them.

Aiax to Ideus.

Hector to Aiax.

Hector gyueth Aiax his ſwoord, and Aiax giueth him his baudrik vnlucky one for another,

And in his tent he ſeketh out Agamemnon the King,
Who chiefetaine gode, them al to feaſt commaunded euery thing.
To Ioue for fauor forthwith he doth ſacrifice prepare,
A Bull of greaſe of fiue yeares olde the yoke that neuer bare.
Which ſtraight was lead and ſtrete vp, and off they plucke the hide,
And him in peces al to cut, and them on ſpits they ſtide.
And al thinges fit, eche man beginne nie, to eate and ſerue his fil,
And ſo wel did, as when they left they liked al at will.

The preſet wvas the hornes and hyde of a Bull.

Agamemn dothe his champion muche extoll, and preſents ſtate
Of price hym gaue, in witneſſe of his force and prowefſe greate.
When eche ſo muche had eate and dronke, as wel content they ſtod,
The Neſtor olde, whoſe counſel graue was alwayes proued good,
(Which to declare his laſt aduiſe it lately ſerude them wel)
To Agamemnon and the Greeks his tale he thus doth tel:

Neſtor to the Greeks.

Ye loftie Lordes and Princes great, ye are not to be taughte
Thys day how many Grecians are to death by weapon wrought.

To bury the dead.

Their bodies layed along the field, their ſoules to hel are gyed,
Some order muſt be tane herein, their burialł to prouide,
And for the ſame the war to ceaſe, to morrow nedes muſt we
To Carrs to ioine Moyles two to two, and alſo pokte muſte be
A number great of Oxen to, the carcaſſes to beare
To ſaue the bones of the dead. Neſtor perſwades the Greekes to fortify them ſelues.

Nie the ſhips, and there with fire the ſame on heapes to reare.
I wiſh alſo that hede there be to ſaue the bones that burne,
To giue them to their children, if we haply home retourne.
And eke a common Monument a Trophie let vs builde,
And more, oure beſte is beſte from Troyans them to ſhielde,
(Leaſt haply they vnhaply ſhould in fight the better get)
We towers hie, and bulwarkes ſtrong about them nie do ſet,
With ample gates and iſſues wide, the Chariots forth to goe,
And eke our ſquadrons with our bandes to paſſe out to and fro,
With trenches large and deepe before, with pales impaled ſtrong,
To keepe vs from the Troyans charge, if haply with their throng
They ſhould aſſaile vs where they are. Thus Neſtor loud did chatt,
And that his counſel al the kings for good did willing graunt.
And Troyans to conſulting come did greatly grow to muſe,
There reſte ſo many mens counſeles they like to not which to chuſe.

The

The Lordes and great men of the towne, and people many by,
Antenor thus hys tale begamme with voice and ſpeeche on hie.
Giue eare ye Troyans I you pray, and forraine ſouldiors to,
Ye Citizens hearke what I wiſh and counſell you to do:
Let Helene to hir huſband home be ſent with all the ſpoile,
The riches and the things of price were brought out Grecia ſoile,
The pacte and promiſe Paris made with othe, for to obſerue,
For otherwiſe to pipe the fielde againſt that conforde nowe,
I ſurely hope no good at all can hap vs in the ende.
Sirs, thinke of this, the care wherof I doe to you commende.
This ſaid, Antenor takes his place, and downe therein he ſet;
And Paris doth in choller growe; with him he takes the pet,
And youthly thus doth answere him: Antenor wel you can
When ſo you liſt, giue ſounde aduiſe, and are a prettie man,
To tel a tale, for Troyans good you practiſe can at full,
But your opinion now declares your ſenſes loſt or dull.
And thinke for truth the Gods haue tane (as you a dotarde ware)
From you your wittes: And as for me, I contrary declare
My ſelfe to that which you haue ſayde, and haue determinde plaine,
The Grekiſh Lady at no hand I wil hir leaue againe.
But for to end this ſtrife, I will the treaſure eft reſtore,
And iewels which I toke in *Greece*, and with them thus much more:
The coſtlieſt in my houſe I haue, if ſo accept they wil;
Theſe points of peace, and ſo content remaine contented ſtill.
King Priam hereuppon, a Prince of prudence bearing bell,
In counſel graue, to al the rout he thus his tale did tell.
Ye Troyans and my other friendes hearke what I you aduiſe,
Your lodgings home go ſeeke ye al, ſith now the night doth riſe,
Your ſelues with meat repaſt I pray, and with your ſupper done
Regarde with hede your watch and warde, as they by courſe do run:
And in the morning ſhall there goe a Herault to the Grekes,
At length who ſhal to them declare what Alexander leekes
By ſonne, and know their minde therein, and enquire a matter fayr
Which hardly they will vs deny, that there may be a fray
Of warre awhile, that eche of vs in graue the bodyes faine,
And burne the carcaſſes, for vs which dead alreade remaine:

Antenor counſels the Troyans to deliuer Helene and the Gods be eaſier from Greece.

Paris ſuffreth and gainſayes Antenors

Paris wyll yeelde the goods but keepe Helene.

Paris to the Troyans.

And then we ſhall beginne to ſée who ſhall obtaine the práier.
No ſoner ſaide, but Troyans al obey him in a trice.
They to their ſupper do departe, ſome to the watch do hye,
And ſome their tyred limmes to reſte on couches downe do lye.
God Ide the herault in the morne to erecte his charge,
The Troian Herault goes to the Greekes campe to talke with them. Commes to the ſhip of Agamemn, within the beſeli large,
Whereas he founde of Grékiſh Lordes the troup in councell faſt,
Aloft the poupe to whome to ſay himſelfe he thus doth caſt.
Ye famous mightie Atreus heires, and al ye herce together,
Ye práudent hardie práinces Grékes, King Priam ſends me hither,
And all his worthy councell wiſe to ſhewe vnto you al,
His Paris ſonne (the onely cauſe for whom this warre doth fall,
Who rather ſhould haue ſuffred death, than ſuch a miſchief wrought)
Is now content to yélde againe the práy from *Greece* he brought.
And thereto offers for to put good portion of his ſtore.
But Troyans to perſuade him much, who all are greatly greeued
Dame Helene faire for to reſtore, their labor laſt they take,
He will hir holde. Louiſe native Lordes, what anſwere yée will make,
That I to *Troy* returne the ſame, my king he ehe demaundes.
If that of truce ye will allowe, the bodies on the laundes,
Which dead do ly by ſlaughter of this late and laſt dayes warre,
In fitly graues and ſepultures the ſame for to entarre.
Whiche done, the peace to haue an end, and with our práyers it,
To ſée who for the victorie by force in fight ſhal get it.
The Grékiſh Lordes the Herault heard, amazed nothing ſpake,
Til Diomede that noble Práince he thus the ſilence brake:
Diomedes to the Greeks. This offer muſt we not accept (quoth he) if that Helene
They would and al the wealth of *Troy* with hir reſtore againe,
Who doth not fully well perceiue (if not a fondling babe)
That ſhortly al the Troyans here ſhal be our vaſſals made,
Agamemnō anſwers the herault The time at hand this vile reproch with vengeance due to pay:
Herewith they greatly laud the man, and loe what he doth ſay.
Quoth Agamemn the herault to, I vnderſtande the Grecians minde,
As theirs, my anſwere is, no truce gainſt theirs it not repines.
As for the truce, it graunted is as thou thy ſelfe doſt práy,
I may not croſſe it, from the dead to keepe their graues away,

The

The hate it ought to be begot when dead the perfect lyes,
Do you consume the carcases which of your parties rise,
And burne, or burie as you list, and woe betide the sinner
And for a witnesse of our faith, that it be voyde of blame,
O Ioue I do thée now smoke, and Sceptre by he throwes,
His royal one to heauens ward, a signe, true meaning showes. The good Herauld returnes to Troy.
The Herault god that hearing al, to *Troy* with speede he hies,
And Troyans found at counsel harde, who longde with lothing greate
His comming home, the answere brought th'assembly parts alsoone,
And forward with aboode they go, & in the fields they stray.
One number great doth sticke the staine, another doyne doth hacke. The Greks and Troyans searche the dead bodyes.
The meades, and faggots bind, & Grécks like minde they do not lacke.
A whole day long you might haue seene the Grécks & Troyans plight
On worke they both and often méete no whit displeasauntly.
It pitie was in field to sée them labourd so and toyle,
And hardly know their kinsfolks blée, with blood they were so foyle.
But often washing them they found, and layd them on their chares,
And armour eke, with bitter teares & sighes that shrouds their cares.
King Priam in a mightie stome did thrale the Troyans flatyng,
And subiects would not suffer more in mourning wise to plaine.
So with the Grékes dolt Agamemn, and more a maule did reare
Close in the night the slaughtered bones wherin they tumbled beere. The Greks fomily their emp.
Not resting so, they round about their ships and mures sit
Many a strong and sturdie towre, & bulwarkes big they bet,
Gates hie and wide, as fit it was in soudiours to retire,
From battel toune, or forth to go, to fight when they desire.
Without a gallant ditch they dig ful déepe, ful brode and large,
With postes and pales rembarred so, it hard was for to charge.
The Gods in pérelesse Pallace set of Ioue, this stirre shyped,
And maruelld much, among thé where Neptune, who could not hide Neptune to Iupiter.
His spite conceivde, these words did vtter: you God of gods alone,
O Ioue, in bowes, and sacrifis I careful now sée none,
Nor yet to reare a worke of worth, no men I sée to héede
The wil of Gods, they at their héeles to call it are agréede.
Dost thou not sée these peruke Grékes, who vs beseught no wapes
When as their toures they topt aloft, and rampires great did raise?

Their ſame all Countreys thus ſhal fill, ouer-ſpred their buſie ſtirring:
And walles by ſea and Pirates hauit they ſhal ouerron greatning ſhal bring,
Their name encreaſt, ouſ Iulians left, the Sparine Gods haue ſpoke,
Who often by his proper power doth force the earth to quake.

In anger Ioue ſtraight anſwers thus: what ſayſt ſ Neptune here,
A meaner God of right than you theſe doings ought to feare.
You are to great, your ſtately ſpeares ſtaue as they ſhould ſtaunt:
For theſe gay bulwarks and trenches hide, when their hie ſhips ſhal ſeeke
To *Greece* their Countrey to returne, their works deſtroy and rase,
Ouerwhelm it clean with ſand, therof that none may know the place.
The ſon ſtraight after bowne it draines, and vp the night it gat,
And al things done, the Grekes at reſt in their pauilions ſat,
And many a beaſt for ſupper fine, and there that inſtant tide
Diuers keeles full ſtraught with wine from *Lemnos* ſat doo ride.
Euneus, faire Hipſiphils ſon, to Iaſon which ſhe bare,
For trafficke ſome and ſome to giue cauſe thither to repayre.
Of theſe new and pleaſant wines, a thouſand tuns he ſut
Gaue to the chiefetaine of the war: the Grekes came down in ſtut,
And hurtled for the wine a pace, in hauen where it lay:
Some make exchaunge, ſome pyen, ſome bides, & priſoners ſame to pay
Some buldockes from their heards to giue, and ſo they drink eſtraut,
That all the night no tote they ſlept but it in cheering ſpent.
Againe the Troyans ful at will paſſeth what they diſirde,
But Ioue the ſin them much amaze, the heauen ſo it ſirde
With thunder and with lightning flames, which al ſ night did laſt,
Denount his anger to appeaſe, vpon the ground they caſt
In ſacrifice great floze of wine (the time then calme and quiet)
They tend to Cabane at their eaſe, and ſound in ſlepe lye by it.

Finis Septimi Libri.

The

¶ The eight Booke.

THe morning with the ruddie hew
on earth did shew in his blee,
When Ioue the Prince of lightnings
all to counsel calleth be
In welkin bright eche mightie God,
who set in order due,
And hedie all to hearke,
thus Ioue vnto his tale he grew:

Diſcription of the dawning of the day.

Ye troupe diuine giue eare to me, attend what now I will,
Which hauing heard, none of you al be ye of minde so ill,
Whether he male or female be, to deeme to chaunge my doome,
Or crosse the same: who out the troupe shal go and leaue his roome,
The heauens who shal leaue I say in Grekes or Troyans aide,
Him catcht, incl bumpt I shal him bob, and send him ill apaide
With shame ynough vnto his home, and if I grow to fight,
I wil him tumble headlong down, and cause him for to light
Into the hollow dreadful hole, which *Tartare* men do tel,
Where *Barathrum* that gastful gulfe doth lye so low in hel.
With yron gates: so far beneath, as earth from skie remaines,
That wel to al men it be knowen how large my power it raignes.
But if you long to feele my force, at pleasure you shal se it,
From hence to take a golden chaine vnto the earth agree it.
All get you down, your heauenly powers apply with teth & nayle
To plucke me down or me to moue, you little should auayle,
Sin sins your toyle to nought would turne, but I, if that I luſt
To draw you to the welkin by, in spite of you ye muſt
Amount aloft without my griefe, and with you at a pul
I eke would bring the massie earth, and seas of waters ful.
One ende in heauen I would tie, and let the other hang
That I the chiefe of God and man the knowledge better gang.
This thyeat and surly speech doth pesde the Gods amaze & dumme.

Iupiter the gods assembled in counsel.

Iron gates in Hel.

The golden chaine so talked of, of writers.

Pallas answereth Iupiter.

Til

Til Pallas daughter vnto Ioue with this hir tale doth come:
O king of kings, great ſire of Gods, whom eche and al obayes,
Long ſkil doth tel thy might to paſſe our forces many wayes:
But iſſome one do helpe the Grékes, it is not in diſdain
Or ſpite of thée, but pitie moues to ſée them dayly ſlaine.
Iupiter to Pallas. Wel, ſith with déede we may not ayde, pleaſe you it to deny
We counſayle giue, numbers to ſaue which by your furie dye:
With pleaſant countnaunce Ioue replyes this counſel to ſ Grékes
My daughter deare, and fauour to as beſt your fancie likes,
I will at this time pleaſure you, you ſhal no way be chid.

Iupi. horſes

Then Ioue his mightie heauenly ſtéedes vnto his chare doth bin
To tie, his golden roabes he takes, ſo bright and brauely wrought,
He mounteth vp, and to his hand the golden whip he raught,
His horſe he beates, the ayre they clime, aloft they ſkimmd amaine,
Betwéene the earth and welkin hie they treade a lolly traine.

Iup. deſcēds & comes to the mountaine Ide.

He pipes them, and ſo ſtraight doth guide, vnto the mountaine top
Of *Ide* hight *Gargarus* cōmes, and there he makes them ſtop,
A place of pleaſaunt paſture it, where waters ſweete do ſpring,
Wild beaſts great ſtore, on this gréene hil ſo like for every thing
A temple large of antique yeares was built, and ſacred alſo
By Troyans to his godhead hie, where Ioue now ſtay he would.
Ambroſie for his horſe he gets, and leaſt it ſhould be known
That he was come, he with a cloude hath quite them ouerthrowne.

Iupi. frō the mountaine beholds the Greekes & Troyans.

He from the height of mountain hie the champion ſéls doth viewe,
The ſtegers, and beſiegde he likes to ſée, who like do rue.
The more he thinkes vpon the men, he ſées his might the more.

The Greks & Troyans make ready to the batel.

The Grékes hauing within their tentes repaſt themſelues before,
Did not forget to arme them wel, their battailes out they drawe,
And in ful ſéemely order march, which when the Troyans ſawe,
And binde they had, their bands they arme, their town they will defende
A handful they, but ſtrait by néed, their minds to valure bende.
Th'allayling Grécks for to reſiſt, and countrey ſaue at néede,
And to protect their native ſoyle, and ſhield their patrie bréede.
Their gates ful open wide they ſet, and out their cohorts hies,
The two armies fight Their horſemen and their footemen al, not without lowd cried.
And to the place of battel come, they to their tackle fling

With

With ſhield to ſhield, and dart to dart, and king doth ioyne to king,
And ſouldiour vnto ſouldiour goes, moſt like ſtoute warlike wights
Here one doth fall, another here doth vanquiſh in their fights.
One grones along, another doth boaſt of his conqueſt won,
And in ſuch ſlaughter rare, apace with bloud the fields do runne.
This murder from the morning laſtes vntil the noone of day, The victory doubtful
Both ſides ſo ſoundly ſtroke it out, right doubtful was the fray.
Then Ioue to ſée, to whom ſhould turne the victorie at laſt, In Balance
They? fortune good and eke aduerſe in ballance he doth caſt:
The Grékes on one ſide he doth put, and iuſtly for to way
The Troyans haue the other part, and lets the ſcales to play.
The Grékes miſhap the Troyans much he ſtraight & plainely ſhéd
For to ſurpaſſe, for theirs do moūt, the Grécks theirs draw to groūd. Iu. throwes his lightning on the Grekes.
Wherfore amongſt the Grékes he flings his flaſh of burning lights
And ſodainly with dread therof appalled were their ſpyghts. The Greks flee.
Idomene firſt his people leaues, and runs away apace,
The king of *Creete*, Agamemn ſées in field he turnes his face.
The Aiax twaine do ſtir their ſtumps, and take them to their flight.
Vnto there tackle their do ſtand no Grécksh prince or knight,
Saue Neſtor ſage, who ſo was forſt, a horſe of his that drew
Paris ſo right on head did hit, where firſt his top out grew.
The beaſt he fain would haue bin gone, he turnes, he rears, he thūps,
He réeleth with the mortal wound, he flings, he fars, he iumps.
The ſhaft ſo ſurely it was ſhot, it braks the braine vnto,
The man was forſt the geares to cut, and ſo the horſe t'vnds.
This while the mightie courſers tho, their maiſter Hector braid
To Neſtor nere, who had bin dead, but that the Grécke him ſaw Neſtor in danger without Di. who re ſcues him.
He Diomede ſo much in fame, and came vnto his ayde,
And ſéeing wily Vliſſes run, aloude to him he ſayd: Di. to Vliſſes who ſées.
Laertes ſon, whoſe cunning kend, and wile is knowne ful wide,
Why, whether now? Are fére thy fence? why doſt thou not abide?
Haſt thou no ſhame? no feare in flight on back ſome wound to haue?
Abide, abide with Neſtor here, let vs thy perſon ſaue.
Vliſſes heard he would not ſtay, vnto the ſhips he hies,
Yet Diomede Neſtor to helpe amid the préaſſe he driues, Dio. Neſt.
And come before his horſe, he ſayes, The youth of *Greece* doth lay

O Neſtor greater toyle on thée, then age can beare alway,
Hard for thy woyne yeares t'abide, whoſe force thou ſeeſt to ſcant,
And forraine bigor earſt enioyde the vitals now to want.
Thy chare, thy driuer, and thy ſeate, a tierd countenaunce ſheds,
Come down, mount vp my chariot ta, to proue now in a throw
The ſwiftneſſe great, the courage eke of theſe my courſers gay,
Which late I conquerde from Æneas, our grooms ſhal lead alway
Thy furniture, we two wil forth that Troy and Hector ſée
Yet once how weapons we can weeld, and ſouldiours what we be.

Neſt. comes into Diom. charioe. Th'old man agréed, and to the ſeate of Diomede doth come
In Sthenels place, whiche Sthenele goes, & takes vnto Neſtors roome,
Neſtor a guider was, but then, Diomede was the knight,

Diome. kils Hecdimer. Both paſſing forth, the boughtie Phrige, Hector to haue in ſight,
A Hector, who no leſſe deſires to méete them in the téeth.
The mightie Gréeke to dart he leaues, when Hector firſt he ſeeth.
The ſturdie ſtéele ſtaffe he throwes, but miſt the man he ment,
The maiſter miſt, in driuers woombe Enopeus déepe it hent.
The Thebes ſon, a man of price, a valiaunt man in déede,
The boughtie Hector grieued much to ſée his ſeruaunt bléede
Of ſo good count, and tumble dead, but there he lets him ly,
A like he ſéekes for force and mind, and to him by and by

Archeptol. Hecdimer. Archiptoleme preſents himſelfe, the ſteéds he doth beſtride,
The whip and raines he takes in hand and ſerues him for a guide.
At theſe two new and ſodain haps ſtrange ſlaughters did appeare,
Like lambes vnto their force and folde the Troyans do reteare,

Iupi. againe throwes his lightning againſt the Greekes Neſt. perſwads Di. to flye. And ſéeke their wals for their defence, the Gréeks they grew ſo hot,
But Ioue ſtraight ways his lightning flames w' thúder forth he ſhot,
That by him néere the warlike Gréeke beheld the flame aſt flaſht,
His horſe they quake, from Neſtors hands the raines are ready raſht,
His feare was ſuch, wher w' (quoth he) perforce doth force vs now
O Diomede, to hie vs hence, the daunger ſée not you?
The glorie now the mighty God doth giue vnto our foe,
Another time on vs againe the ſame he wil beſtow.
The minde of man it may not dare the gods for to withſtand,
For greateſt is of gods the might to rule it takes in hande.

Di to Neſt. O aged ſire (quoth Diomede) thou nought but reaſon ſayeſt,

I do agrée, but yet lament, and grieue am diuers wayes,
When Hector commeth to my minde, who thus shal sée me runne,
Vnto his mates hereafter may, extolling to the sonne
His valiauntnesse, say, to the ships the chase he hath me giuen,
All pitie past, I rather crane the earth it here were riuen,
And I therin were swallowed vp, alas quoth Nestor than,
Thinke you if Hector should repoart you for a cowardly man,
His tale it would be taken true: your swoard in heapes hath slain
Too many of the warlike wights, and left their widowes playne.
Herewith his horses straight he turnes, & with ỳ Gréeks doth flie,
And Hector with his souldiours fast doth after forward hie,
With clamours great: And Hector loude his spéech doth thus begin,
When as they fled: oh Diomede estéemed who hath bin
Among the Gréeks, yea éen thy fil for valure and for fame,
At boords who fed stil of the beste, and first sat at the same,
Now like a hartlesse fem thou shalt be led in prisoner wise,
Make hast thou gay and glorious freke, dreadful with flaming eyes,
Beléeue no more our towers to scale, hope not to ship aboarde
Our wiues, I Hector, only I sufficient shal affoarde,
My force shal serue to slay the strength, and forth to make the pack,
And kéepe thée from thy ships returne, and thée in péeces hacke.
At Hectors woards the Gréeke doth stay, he thinketh what to do,
To turne againe the spite to benge, or forward on to go,
Therby the daunger to anoyde, he thrice doth venter backe,
And thrice doth Ioue him eie, and down he lets the thunder cracke,
With lightning flame hard by his eare, a signe most sure and ful
The Troyans strong should haue the day, for so the Gods they wul.
Herewith aloude doth Hector crie his men to harken al:
O Troyans, *Lycians*, ye my friends, to who it doth befal
To be my fellow souldiours here, if euer men you be
Thinke now thereon, and shew like men your selues on the enemie.
I know ful wel we vanquisht shal, the losse it shal be theirs, (feares
Their wals, their forts, whiche they haue made to saue them in their
By me shal soone be forced down, my horse with easye skips
Shal passe their dikes, and do attend when I am in their ships.
To bring me fire to burne them vp, they may no more retyre,

Nesto. Dio.

Diom. flyeth.

Nesto Dio.

Diomedes in doubt vvhether to fly or to abide.

He. exhorteth his souldiours.

He threatneth to turne the Greks ships.

I will their limbs and liues consume with smoke and smothering fire.

He speakes to his horses

Thus Hector comforts by his mates, and speaks his horse, Podargs
Æton, Xanthe, oh yée my stéedes so swift with buttocks large,
Thou fayre Lampus and diuine, for me that sweats and stands,
Thinke on the cheare on you bestowes Andromacha my ſuds
And louing wife, the careful doth with Wheat & Dates you féede,
With temper eke of pleasaunt wine, when as she seeth néede,
Héeding as much to haue you dyeſt, as on my ſelfe to tende,
Ye quirie is: aduaunce your force, your courses stoutly bende
To further now your maisters facts, that he do lauge in field
The Nestor old, and from him take his famous bruted shield,
Report whereof doth reatch the skies, of pretious gold it is.

Ne. target of gold.

Di-curate made by Vulcan.

Of Diomede his cuyrasse to (be catcht) we shal not misse
So counted oft, which Mulciber did forge: And al the night
The Grékish host all waght in sea you shal see take their flight.
And thinking for to do as much thus lostie Hector braues.
But Iuno hearing this discourse, so spitefully she raues,
Hir members quake, Olimpus shoks, to Neptune straight she clymes.
Art thou not grieued (quoth she) to see the Gréeks hit on the thumbs.

Iuno to Neptune.

Egues. Helice.

And suffer in such sorte plight, who daply sacrifice
Cay gifts and hollies vnto thée in *Egues* and *Helice*?
How canst thou without heauy cheare, suppoyt their heauy case
Thy fauour know wne, which I haue séen, that did their state embrace:
O Neptune if thou and the rest would once but fay the word,
And from this slaughter them to kéepe some fauour small afforde,
It would be done, my husband Ioue for spite would frisks and fare,
Yet least he might repent, depart from *Ide* he would not dare.

Neptune to Iuno.

Thou frantike sot quoth Neptune tho, thinke not that I will fur
Or speake against the mightie Ioue, whose power doth passe so fur,
To whom ech one ought to obey, he is to lostie he,
Yé is our king, our maister Lord, his vassals al we be.
Thus while ỳ Gréeks are driuen back, and in the field defeated,

The Greks shut vp in their strengthes by He-

Their forts and trenches they do take, and doughtie Hector heated
Is Mars himself, the rampires so he forces them to gaine,
Betweene the ships and vtter fence they filled all the plaine.

Thus

Thus hache retird and cubbers vp, the Troyan ſtout had burnd
Their beſſels, al the (God ſo would) if Iuno had not turnd
Vlyſſes the Grékes, for when ſhe ſaw this fight and this diſorder,
To put in Agamemnons mind their king to paſſe on forder,
With ſpéde vnto the ſhips for aide. To nauie he doth drawe,
In hand a ſcarlet roabe he helde, the Ad mirall ſhip he ſawe
Of the *Ithaque* king, to it he went, of other beſſels moe
It ſtoode in midſt, the place he choſe moſt méete his minde to ſhoe.

Vlyſſes ſhippes.

On one ſide ſtode Sir Aiax tent, on th'other ſtode Achill,
So guarded to withſtand the force of ſuch aſſault them will.

The tents of Aiax and Achilles on the ſides.

Agamemn come into the ſhippe, he mounts aloft to poupe,
He cries aloude: O Grékiſh kings, O wretches fainting troupe,
What ſhame and marke of infamie this day on *Greece* doth light?
Where is the proud & vaunting ſpéch? where is the promiſe plight?
Where is the kilcow chatte become in *Lemnos* which you had
Vpon your Alebenche, where you were ſo impudent and mad?
Then one of you would kil and eat fiue hundred Troyans full:
It was the chéere, it was the meate and wine you ſo did gull,
That made you braue and brag ſo much. I ſée the matter notwe,
Lo Hector come, our fort to ſacke, and al our armye ſlaie,
Our Baſtion eke and vs to burne. O Ioue thou father great,
What king of kings ſo as my ſelfe haſt thou with care beſet,
Depriude of glore, with enuy fraught, and wronged to my paine,
Defrauded of the ſuretie ſounde, wherewith I fedde in vaine,
When as my oblations bow I did to pleaſe thée Ioue withall,
And *Troy* did thinke to lay ful lowe? I ſée I now muſte fall
A pray into my enmies lap: thou ſoueraigne God yet graunt,
(If better grace we may not haue) fierce Hector do not daunt,
Nor cruel *Troy* our people here, but that they ſcape their ſwordes.

Agamemn blames his people of cowardiſe.

Prayer to Iupiter.

The chiefetaine chiefe thus prayde for al, with teares he ſpake the
Ioue ful agréed to his requeſt, his ſighes did pitie moue, (woordes:
Which he did yéeld for periſhing folke, praying for their behoue.
For Augure ſure an Egle commes, a calfe with talons tough
Of red Dere hinde he brings, and falles, which comforteth ynough
The whole Nobilitie of *Greece*, on Aultar beiune it lights
In ſacrifice of puiſſaunt Ioue, reuiuing muche their ſpirites.

Good tokē for the Grecians.

And ſtraight therewith forth make they head of thouſandes ſundrie
And valiant knights, Don Diomede forth firſt he ſallies out (ſtout,
The forte with chare: On Troyan bands to trie and theine his force,
To one he flies, one only blowe martyrde a Troyans corſe,
Agelaus hight, Phadmon his ſonne, whole armed for the warre,
Yet fled he faſt from Diomede, his ſight him ſo did ſcarre,
But through his chin his dart it ſtue, and through the Turet came,
His armes gane a murmuring noiſe, he tumbling in the ſame.
Agamemnon, and Menelau his brother, Aiax twaine,
Princes of great exploite that were, Idomene in the traine,
With Merion his gallant guide, a man of courage braue,
And Eurypile Euemons ſonne, in company they haue,
Of al the Grékes a man of choice, theſe forth from forte do ſtarte,
And on their foes do forward hie, them charging ouerthwarte.
Beſide theſe eight, a ninth with them, a Gréke, one Teucer went,
Pe brother vnto Aiax was, his bowe he beareth bent,
His ſkil was good to make his beſt, and ſtraight to ſhote withall,
By ſubtile Arte his mortal wounded, did many Troyans thrall:
Under his brothers Target he himſelfe did often hide,
And freely let his arrowes flie, where he his vantage ſpide,
And hauing ſped, to ſaue his life ſékes out the Buckler bigge,
As doth the infant oftentimes, the little pretie twigge
When he doth ſée diſpleaſaunt ſighes, doth vnder garments créepe
Of Nurſe, or mother déere, and there playes like himſelfe be pépe.
Wel, let vs tell thoſe loſt their lines this Archer lighted on.
Ocſilochus, he was the firſt, Detor, Amapaon,
Opheleſt, Ormeyne, Lycophont, Chromius, Menalippe, (tip,
Pethrilo thé through with deadly wounds, they down to ground do
Agamemnons hart it leaps for ioy, his part when thus he plaide
The ſturdie ſhot, to him he drawes, and chérefully he ſayde:
O noble wight and Prince of fame, whom I with honor due
Ought to regarde, I thée beſéeche thy forward factes purſue:
Beſide the praiſe men ſhal thée giue, when as thine aged ſire
Thelemon heares of theſe exploites, he ioy ſhal, with deſire,
And hope to ſée thée ſhortly home: I know, and not beguilde,
Pe doth thée honor and eſteéme, though thou no lawfull childe,

Diomedes ſlayes Agelaus.

The nine moſt vaild at Greks next Achilles.

Teucer couered vvith Aiax ſhield vvoūds the Troyans.

Compariſō.

Eight Troyans ſlaine by Teucer.

Agamemnō to Teucer.

I know that from thy Cradle vp, he did thée alwayes bring,
As lawful borne: I sweare to thée in promise of a king,
If euer I this Citie take, of al the gallant pray,
Next me shalt thou make choice, and at thy pleasure take away
A rich thrée footed Cawdron guilt, or thée I wil bestow
A Chariot with two goodly stéedes, or else with thée to goe,
A Troyan faire, a Priams childe, or Dame of Citie bréde
To vse in bed, and serue thée ap, if so thou be agréde.
Quoth Teucer tho, there is no néede, great king my wil to mend, Teucer to Agamemn
Ful oft I shote, to nop the foe, my force and care I bend.
Eight valiant foes it is ful true my shaftes haue deadly slaine, He meneth Hector.
I were ful benged, if I could that mastiffe mad attaine.
He with these words doth plucke his bow, & sends his piercing stéele,
To Hector straight, to broach the man, but harme he none doth féele: Gorgythiõ.
But yet the shaft on Priams sonne Gorgythion it light,
Of sodaine cruel death he dyes, his pap it pierced right,
He was the sonne of Calliarire the Goddesses so like,
A noble Nimph with hir god king in *Thrace* did mariage strike,
For beautie sake which od she had, and like the growing Poppy, Compar.
As wel for fruit as Aprill shoures, doth leaue his head so loppy
In gardens fat: Gorgythion hurte loden with féele did helme him,
On shoulder lapes his head, & dies with weakneſſe which did whelm him.
The Grékish shot to Hector eft, his bow doth careful plucke,
But him he misſte, his arrow yet vnder the teate it stucke Teucer hits Hectors driuer.
Of strong Archeptoleme, who falles: his squier thus to dye
Hector doth grieue to sée, and downe he lighteth by and by,
And willeth Cebrion for to come, and take the guiders charge, Cebrion Hectors driuer.
Which done, Hector a coggel heaues, a mightie and a large,
With dreadful voice to Teucer flies, Teucer from quiuer takes
A shafte againe, to slay a foe himselfe he ready makes,
And ready for to shote, Hector did reatch him such a bang, Hector strikes Teucer.
That downe he falles, and out his hands his bowe & arrows flang.
The forced stroke did force him so, the blow was deadly sent,
Aloft the breast the necke it hit, where downe the head is bent.
His brother Aiax ranne apace, when down he saw him bun
To saue and to defend the man, the noble prince he slung,

And him with shield so wel did hap, as vp they take him there,
The Greks retyre againe. The wretched archers friends Menest, Alastor they do beare
Him in their armes straight to the ships, hauie gone for very paine.
The Troyans strong by mightie Ioue aided, yet once againe
Compar'd. Do force the Grékes to leaue the field, and so retyring off
Their trenches, force, and forte to take, which they before had left.
Hector the formost leades the daunce, as fleshed mongrell great,
Trusking in strength and nimblenesse, the Lion beast doth beate,
Or wild swine in the forrest thicke, if either of them do cast
Or turne about to be reuenged, the cur he shrinks as fast,
Ful light he pincheth deepe their flancks, or hangs so at their thies,
As dye they must. So Hector he, doth chace his enimies,
Who leaue the field, and take to flight, if any lagge behinde,
With sword or lance he hits them home, with death of sundry kinde.
The Grécks repulsed from their forts, from dikes and trenches fye,
With slaughter great confused al in bloudie death they dye.
Hard by their shippes at last they stay, eche comforting his mate,
To play the man, and to the Gods they pray for their estate.
Hector dreadfull to the Greeks. This while the gastfull Hector he, with Mars his dreadfull eyes,
And flaming like the Gorgons lights, vpon the Grécks he flies,
And terror more doth put them in, he stirres, he cals aboute,
To loke howe he may cleane defeate, and breake the Grécishe rout.
Then wrathfull Iuno grieued much, to sée the valiant Grécks
Ioue to Minerua. So harde distrest, and doubting worse, Pallas she thus beséeches.
Of Ioue dearest daughter thou, canst thou this armie sée
In danger such, without regarde to helpe th'extremities?
Suffer shal we them al to quaile by this one Hectors hand,
So barbarous a slaughter mans loke in what case they standc.
Minerua to Iuno. Dost thou not sée how to their shippes he hath them forced all,
And wil not cease, til in their bloudes he force them ech to fall?
Quoth Pallas then, I know your minde, I finde the matter well,
But this so hardie Hector hie, whose déedes are séene so fell,
And so muche to be wondred at, shal dye in countrey soyle,
But Ioue his will to thinke to crosse nought follow wouldc but foile.
I feare him much, his awkward spite against me oft is set,
To much ingrate, the labor great, and paine he doth forget,

which

Which I for Hercules haue tane, his forces when forthe
Vnto King Euristeus Court he went so willingly.
The trauailes truely which he toke had mated oft the man,
But when he cryed, and when he wept, sir Ioue heyr aide me than
To hie to him, which oft I did, else he quite ouerthrowne
And tane had bene: if in those dayes I haply then had knowne,
What reckening he would make of me, in hell had holden hime
His Hercules for euer and aye, his conquest farre to wime,
So famous got of Cerberus, that grimme three headed curre,
The hellish flood that *Styx* is hight, he had not paste so furre,
But had bene staide ere there he came, in guerdon of my deedes,
He now for worthy recompence me hates and often chides,
For to allowe the sottish will of Thetis Ladie white,
Her vaine requests he needes must graunt, she flatters him so right
With humble speech, touching his beard, his knees eke kissing lowe,
Achill hir sonne to set aloft and Grekes to ouerthrowe.
But well I knowe I shortly shall by Ioue be daughter taken,
And be againe his girle white, as nowe I am forsaken.
Your charge to hast if so you please now Iuno get you gon,
And I will hie vnto his house his armour to put on.
This Troyan I will make to feele what griefe or folly glee
The gueſt shall get when me in warre against him he shall see.
And that I haue the puissance I, to worke him teene and care,
And make his subiects meate for dogs, and flying foules of ayre,
To be reuenged. Minerua madde thus spake and Iuno steares
Right carefull for to put in poynt hir horses and their geares
And all the ryms to shining chare. But Pallas she doth leaue
Hir linnowe robes so delicate, which erst hir selfe did weaue,
And happes her with ꝑ cuirates tough, which Ioue in battaile weares:
So armd, the chariot light she leapes, a launce in hand she beares,
Where with the demi-gods she mates, in anger when she copes,
Vnto the heauen gates they come, which freely to them opes.
Of these gate dores the houres they haue, the whole & onely charge,
Ech one a porter is, they rule also the heauens large.
Of cleare Olympe they regints are, the clouds at becke they bow
Or when they come, assone againe away they force them for to

Hercules.

Hercules in al his enterprises fauoured by Minerua.

Minerua puts on the armour of Iupiter.

This is

When Ioue aloft he lyketh vp, and ſées the hoſtes flie,
Which preſſe the Godoeſſes, in heate againſt them he doth frie.
He ſendeth Iris vnto them that readie winged wight:
My purſiuaunt with golden wings (quoth he) goe ſhew this light,
Goe méete theſe two, and ſay from me they doe retire their pace,
Tell them I byd they doe not dare to come beſore my face,
Tell them they are two fondlings vaine, to thinke to breake my hest,
Tell them who lift leaſt to obey ſhall taſt of little reſt.
Their chariot gaie ſhall ſtraight be burſt, & beame from hoſtes tayne,
My lightning flames full ſtiffy ſhot ſhall ſend them headlong bayne
Downe to the earth, and in ſuch plight, as (maugre all their ſkill)
In tenne yéres long they ſhall not heale their ſuch receaued yll.
And then ſhall Pallas know what ſhame ſhe doth deſerue, and ſhall,
To ſtirre againſt hir ſire, Iuno I blame no whit at all,
She treadeth but hir wonted trod, I know hir ſo accurſt,
To labour my diſquiet ſtill ſhe alwayes is the furſt.
Iris his meſſage to fulfill from *Ida* mount he ſkoyes,
And found them of the heauen hie then comming out the doyes.
Whom whē he ſeeth, he reſteth ſtraight, quoth he, O frantick wights,
What fond & fooliſh ſottiſh geare hath poiſoned thus your ſpyrghtes,
To meane to aide the Grékes, and ſtirre againſt you Ioue his ire:
He doth foryby you further paſſe vnleſſe you doe deſire
Ceu in a trice your chariot gaie to flie in péeces ſmall,
And beame from hoyſes burſt, and you in duſt and dirt to fall,
By ſodaine clap of lightning flames ſo tumbling from the aire,
As tenne yéres long of quiet reſt ſhall not your health repaire,
That Pallas you doe know, that Ioue thy maiſter is and bad,
And as for Iuno, he well knowes ſhe is ſo leudly bad.
She is no whit at all abaſht, ſhe alwayes takes delight
His purpoſes to contrarie, and that in his deſpight.
But Pallas be not ſtubborne then as dogge of curriſh kinde,
Strine not with him, vſe not thy ſtaffe againſt his will and minde,
Leaſt thou offend thy ſire too farre. Iris he flies his wayes,
And Iuno to Minerua turnes, and thus to hir ſhe ſayes:
Not to performe our mindes ſet downe what can be greater helle
Yet ſith that Ioue doth vs gainſay, I doe not thinke it well,

We ſhould herein againſt him ſtand, nor for no worldly wight
Such painfull daunger for to take, his hie and heauenly might
Of their good hap or harme it ſhall at pleaſure his diſpoſe:
The ſtéedes with bridle ſtraight ſhe turnes, & right to heauen goes. The Goddeſſes returne to Heauen.
The houres doe looſe the courſers braue, and them to mangier tye, The houres handmaids of Iuno.
The chariot they doe fitly place in roome appointed by.
Hard by the Gods in golden chaires the loftie Ladies ſit,
Who hauing failde of their intent, they are in gréeuous fit:
To welkin now eke Ioue is come, who is with honour tane Iupiter returnes to heauen.
Receaude of eche, aſſone as that of him they had a viewe.
His goodly ſtéedes the Marine god full quickly he vnties,
Their furniture he ſhutteth vp, and then he haſtie hies
Of Ioue the mightie ſeate to ſet, it readie at a looke,
He downe doth ſit, but clapping downe the whole Olympus ſhooke.
Betwéene Iuno and Pallas there in midſt the God he ſat,
No worde betwéene them both they had, ne to the God doe chat.
But Ioue who well did know their thoughts in bitter choler was,
Ladies quoth he, whéce doth proceéd your ſpite which thus doth paſſe?
Whence cómes ye ſéeke ye Troyans harme, & neuer haue your fill,
Vnleſſe you ſée their vtter fall contrarie to my will:
My force ſith that ſo great it is are you to learne to knowe
That neither you nor all the Gods and Goddeſſes in rowe
By force can make me chaunge my minde ſith that my ſimple threate,
Doth make you quake with faces pale, & eke with trembling ſweate:
What will you doe in bloudy marte ſo dreadfull to the ſight,
When you ſhall féele my beanie ſtil inuincible in might:
Harke then, gainſay no more of you, I wiſhe you not to dare:
By happe if fondly ye oppugne my hie decrées that are,
Vpon ye, ye ſhall féele to fall the ſcorching lightning flaſh,
Wherewith I thunder with my flames, & downe they ſhall you daſh,
On earth to dwell, no meanes ye haue eft hether to returne,
Your chares and ſtéedes in cinders quite and péeces it ſhall burne.
Hereat Minerua grones for griefe, hir hart it boiles with rage,
Yet ſtill and coie ſhe helde hir ſelfe, and furie doth aſſwage. Iuno to Ia-
But Iuno takes the cauſe in hand, O crabbed Ioue quoth ſhe,
What ſtirre is here: we well doe knowe your vaſſals all we be.

O Neſtor greater toyle on thée, than age can beare alway,
Hard for thy woūne yeares t'abide, whoſe force thou ſeēſt to ſcant,
And for raine biger earſt enioyde the vitals now to want.
Thy chare, thy driuer, and thy ſeate, a tierd countenaunce ſheis,
Come down, mount vp my chariot too, to proue now in a throw
The ſwiftneſſe great, the courage eke of theſe my courſers gay,
Which late I conquerde from Ænec, our gromes ſhal leade away
Thy furniture, we two wil forth that *Troy* and Hector ſée
Yet once how weapons we can weeld, and ſouldiours what we be.

Neſt. comes into Diom. chariot. Th'old man agréed, and to the ſeate of Diomede doth come
In Sthenels place, whiche Sthenele goes, & takes erſt Neſtors roome,
Neſtor a guider was, but then, Diomede was the knight,

Diom. kils Hec. driuer. Both paſſing forth, the boughtie Phrige, Hector to haue in ſight,
A Hector, who no leſſe deſires to méete them in the téeth.
The mightie Gréeke to dart he leaues, when Hector firſt he ſeeth.
The ſturdie ſtéeled ſtaffe he throwes, but miſſe the man he ment,
The maiſter miſſe, in driuers woombe Enopeus déepe it hent.
The Thebes ſon, a man of price, a valiaunt man in déede,
The daughtie Hector grieued much to ſée his ſeruaunt bléede
Of ſo good count, and tumble dead, but there he lets him ly,
A like he ſéekes for force and mind, and to him by and by

Archeptol. Hec. driuer. Archiptoleme preſents himſelfe, the ſtéeds he doth beſtride,
The whip and raines he takes in hand and ſerues him for a guide.
At theſe two new and ſotain haps ſtrange ſlaughters did appeare,
Like lambes vnto their force and folde the Troyans do reteare,

Iupi. againe throwes his lightning againſt the Greekes Neſt. perſwads Di. to flye. And ſéeke their wals for their defence, the Gréeks they grew ſo hot,
But Ioue ſtraight ways his lightning flames w thúder forth he ſhot,
That by him néere the warlike Gréeke beheld the flame aſt flaſht,
His horſe they quake, from Neſtors hands the raines are ready paſht,
His feare was ſuch, wherw (quoth he) perforce doth force vs now
O Diomede, to hie vs hence, the daunger ſée not you?
The glorie now the mighty God doth giue vnto our foe,
Another time on vs againe the ſame he wil beſtow.
The minde of man it may not dare the gods for to withſtand,
For greateſt is of gods the might to rule it takes in hande.

Di to Neſt. O aged ſire (quoth Diomede) thou nought but reaſon ſayeſt,

I do agrée, but yet lament, and grieue am diuers wayes,
When Hector commeth to my minde, who thus shal sée me runne,
Vnto his mates hereafter may, extolling to the sonne
His valiauntnesse, say, to the ships the chase he hath me giuen,
All pitie pass, I rather craue the earth it here were riuen, Ne to Dio.
And I therin were swallowed vp, alas quoth Nestor than,
Thinke you if Hector should repoyt you for a cowardly man,
His tale it would be taken true: your swoyd in heapes hath slain
Too many of the warlike wights, and left their widowes playne.
Herewith his horses straight he turnes, & with ỹ Gréeks doth flie, Diom. flyes
And Hector with his souldiours fast doth after forward hie,
With clamours great: And Hector loude his spéech doth thus begin,
When as they fled: oh Diomede estéemed who hath bin Hector to Dio.
Among the Gréeks, yea éen thy sti for valure and for fame,
At boyz who fed stil of the beste, and first sat at the fame,
Now like a hartlesse fem thou shalt be led in prisoner wise,
Make hast thou gay and glorious freke, dreadful with flaming eyes,
Beléeue no more our towers to scale, hope not to ship aboyde
Our wiues, I Hector, only I sufficient shal affoyde,
My force shal serue to stay the strength, and swyth to make the pack,
And kéepe thée from thy ships returne, and thée in péeces hacke.
At Hectors woyds the Gréeke doth stay, he thinketh what to do,
To turne againe the spite to benge, or forward on to go,
Therby the daunger to auoyde, he thrice doth venter backe, Diomedes in doubt vvhether to fly or to abide.
And thrice doth Ioue him eie, and down he lets the thunder cracke,
With lightning flame hard by his eare, a signe most sure and sul
The Troyans strong should haue the day, for so the Gods they wul.
Herewith aloude doth Hector crie his men to harken al: He exhorteth his souldiours.
O Troyans, *Lycians*, ye my friends, to who it doth befal
To be my fellow souldiours here, if euer men you be
Thinke now thereon, and shew like men your selues on the enemie.
I know ful wel we banquisht shal, the losse it shal be theirs, (feares
Their wals, their forts, whiche they haue made to saue them in their
By me shal soone be forced down, my horse with easye skips Hi threates to turne the Greks shipe.
Shal passe their dikes, and do attend when I am in their ships.
To bring me fire to burne them vp, they may no more retyre,

I will their limbs and liues conſume with ſmoke and ſmothering fire.

He ſpeakes to his horſes

Thus Hector comforts vp his mates, and ſpeaks his horſe, Podarge
Æton, Xanthe, oh yée my ſteedes ſo fruſt with buttocks large,
Thou ſtrie Lampus and blaine, for me that feeraſt and feedſt,
Thinke on the cheare on you beſtowes Andromacha my ſpouſe

VVine giuen to horſes of vvar.

And louing wife, ſhe careful doth with VVheat & Dates you feede,
With temper eke of pleaſaunt wine, when as ſhe ſeeth mée,
Hieding as much to haue you dreſt, as on my ſtrife to tende,
She quirte in aduaunce your force, your courſes ſtoutly bende
To further now your maiſters fates, that he be ſtunge in field

Ne target of gold.

The Neſtor ſlo, and from him take his famous hunted ſhield,
Repayt whereof doth reatch the ſkies, of pretious gold it is.

Di-curate made by Vulcan.

Of Diomede his curyaſſe to (be catcht) we ſhal not miſſe
So counted oft, which Mulciber did forge: And al the night
The Grékiſh hoſt all waſht in ſea you ſhal ſée take their flight.
And thinking for to do as much thus ſaſtie Hector vowes.

Iuno to Neptune.

But Iuno hearing this diſcourſe, ſo ſpitefully he rames,
Hir members ſhaked, Olimpus ſhoke, to Neptune ſtraight ſhe clames.
Art thou not grieued (quoth ſhe) to ſée the Gréeks hit on the thumbs.

Egues. Helice.

And ſuffer in ſuch ſorte plight, who daily ſacrifice
Gay gifts and hollies vnto thée in *Egues* and *Helice*?
Hold canſt thou without heauy cheare, ſupport their heauy caſe
Thy fauour know wne, which I haue ſéen, that did their ſtate eſtéeme?
O Neptune if thou and the reſt would once but ſay the word,
And from this ſlaughter them to kéepe ſome fauour ſmal affoorde,
It would be done, my huſband Ioue for ſpite would ſtrike and ſware,
Yet leaſt he might repent, depart from *Ide* he would not dare.

Neptune to Iuno.

Thou frantike ſot quoth Neptune tho, thinke not that I will fur
Or ſpeake againſt the mightie Ioue, whoſe power doth paſſe ſo far,
To whom ech one ought to obey, he is my laſtie he,
Hé is our king, our maiſter Lord, his willes al we be.

The Gréeks that vp in their ſtrong thes by He-

Thus while ỳ Gréeks are driuen back, and in the field deſeated,
Their fortes and trenches they do take, and doughtie Hector heated
Is Mars himſelf, the rampires ſo he forces them to guine,
Betweene the ſhips and vtter fence they filled all the plaine.

Thus

Thus backe retird and cubberd vp, the Troyan ſtout had burnd
Their beſtels, al the (God ſo would) if Iuno had not turnd
Vliſſes the Grekes, for when ſhe ſaw this flight and this diſorder,
To put in Agamemnons mind their king to paſſe on forder,
With ſpéde vnto the ſhips for aide. To nauie he doth draw,
In hand a ſcarlet roabe he helde, the Ad mirall ſhip he ſawe
Of the *Ithaque* king, to it he went, of other beſtels mee
It ſtode in midſt, the place he choſe moſt méete his minde to ſhee.
On one ſide ſtode ſir Aiax tent, on th'other ſtode Achill,
So guarded to withſtand the force of ſuch aſſault them will.
Agamemn come into the ſhippe, he mounts aloft to poupe,
He cries aloude: O Greekiſh kings, O wretched fainting troupe,
What ſhame and marke of infamie this day on *Greece* doth light?
Where is the proud & vaunting ſpéche? where is the promiſe plight?
Where is the kilcow chatte become in *Lemnos* which you had
Vpon your Alebenche, where you were ſo impudent and mad?
Then one of you would kil and eat fiue hundred Troyans full:
It was the chéere, it was the meate and wine you ſo did gull,
That made you braue and brag ſo much. I ſée the matter nowe,
Lo Hector come, our fort to ſacke, and al our armye cowe,
Our Baſtion eke and vs to burne. O Ioue thou father great,
What king of kings ſo as my ſelfe haſt thou with care beſet,
Depriude of glorie, with enuy fraught, and wronged to my paine,
Defrauded of the ſuretie ſounde, wherewith I ſedde in vaine,
When as m'oblations bow I did to pleaſe thée Ioue withall,
And *Troy* did thinke to lay ful lowe? I ſée I now muſte fall
A pray into my enmies lap: thou ſoueraigne God yet graunt,
(If better grace we may not haue) fierce Hector do not daunt,
Nor cruel *Troy* our people here, but that they ſcape their ſwordes.
The chieftaine chiefe thus prayde for al, with teares he ſpake the
Ioue ful agréd to his requeſt, his ſighes did pitie moue, (woordes:
Which he did yéld for periſhing folke, praying for their behoue.
For Augure ſure an Egle commes, a calfe with talons tough
Of red Dere hinde he brings, and falles, which comforteth ynough
The whole Nobilitie of *Greece*, on Aultar beiwne it lights
In ſacrifice of puiſſaunt Ioue, reuiuing muche their ſpirites.

Vlyſſes ſhippes.

The tents of Aiax and Achilles on the ſides.

Agamemn blames his people of cowardiſe.

Prayer to Iupiter.

Good token for the Grekes.

And ſtraight therewith forth make they head of thouſands ſundrie
And baliant knights, Don Diomede forth firſt he ſallies out (ſtout,
The forte with chare: On Troyan bands to trie and theine his fate,
To one he flies, one only blowe martyrs a Troyans caſe,
Diomedes ſlayes Ages ſlaue. Agelaus hight, Priadmon his ſonne, whole armed for the warre,
Yet fled he faſt from Diomede, his fight him ſo did ſcarre,
But through his chin his dart it flue, and through the Curet came,
His armor gaue a murmuring noiſe, he tumbling in the ſame.
The nine moſt vaild at Greks next Achilles. Agamemnon, and Menelau his brother, Aiax twaine,
Princes of great exploite that were, Idomene in the traine,
With Merion his gallant guide, a man of courage braue,
God Eurypile Euemons ſonne, in company they haue,
Of al the Greckes a man of choice, theſe forth from forte do ſtarte,
And on their foes do forward hie, them charging ouerthwarte.
Beſide theſe eight, a ninth with them, a Grecke, one Teucer went,
Pe brother vnto Aiax was, his bowe he beareth bent,
Teucer couered vvith Aiax ſhield vvoūds the Troyans. His ſkil was good to make his beſt, and ſtraight to ſhoote withall,
By ſubtile Arte his mortal wounds, did many Troyans thrall:
Vnder his brothers Target he himſelfe did often hide,
And freely let his arrowes flie, where he his vantage ſpide,
And hauing ſped, to ſaue his life ſeekes out the Buckler bigge,
Compariſō. As doth the infant oftentimes, the little pretie twigge
When he doth ſee diſpleaſaunt ſighes, doth vnder garments crepe
Of Nurſe, or mother deere, and there playes like himſelfe be peepe.
Eight Troyans ſlaine by Teucer. Wel, let vs tell thoſe loſt their liues this Archer lighted on.
Ocſilochus, he was the firſt, Detor, Amapaon,
Opheleſt, Ormeyne, Lycophont, Chromius, Menalippe, (tip,
Hethrild thē through with deadly wounds, they down to ground do
Agamemnō to Teucer. Agamemns hart it leaps for ioy, his part when thus he plaide
The ſturdie ſhot, to him he drawes, and chéerefully he ſayde:
O noble wight and Prince of fame, whom I with honor due
Ought to regarde, I thée beſeéche thy forward facties purſue:
Beſide the praiſe men ſhal thée giue, when as thine aged ſire
Thelemon heares of theſe exploites, he ioy ſhal, with deſire,
And hope to ſée thée ſhortly home: I know, and not beguilde,
Pe doth thée honor and eſteéme, though thou no lawfull childe,

I knowe that from thy Cradle vp, he did thée alwayes bring,
As lawful beyne: I sweare to thée in promise of a king,
If euer I this Citie take, of al the gallant pray,
Next me shalt thou make choice, and at thy pleasure take away
A rich thrée footed Cawdron guilt, or thée I wil bestow
A Chariot with two goodly stéedes, or else with thée to goe,
A Troyan faire, a Priams childe, or Dame of Citie bréde
To vse in bed, and serue thée ay, if so thou be agréde.
Quoth Teucer tho, there is no néede, great king my wil to mend, Teucer to Agamemnō
Ful oft I shote, to noy the foe, my force and care I bend.
Eight valiant foes it is ful true my shaftes haue deadly slaine, He meneth Hector.
I were ful benged, if I could that maskille mad attaine.
Ye with these words doth plucke his bow, & sends his piercing stéele,
To Hector straight, to broach the man, but harme he none doth féele: Gorgythiō.
But yet the shaft on Priams sonne Gorgythion it light,
Of sodaine cruel death he dyes, his pap it pierced right,
He was the sonne of Castianire the Goddesses so like,
A noble Nimphe with hir good king in *Thrace* did marlage strike,
For beautie sake which od she had, and like the growing Poppy, Compared.
As wel for fruit as Aprill shoures, doth leane his head so loppy
In gardens fat: Gorgythion hurte loden with stéele did helme him,
On shoulder layes his head, & dies with weakneſſe which did wheime him
The Grékish shot to Hector eft, his bow doth careful plucke, (him.
But him he misse, his arrow yet vnder the teate it stucke Teucer kils Hectors driuer.
Of strong Archeptoleme, who falles: his squier thus to dye
Hector doth grieue to sée, and downe he lighteth by and by,
And willeth Cebrion for to come, and take the guiders charge, Cebrion Hectors driuer.
Which done, Hector a coggel heaues, a mightie and a large,
With dreadful voice to Teucer flies, Teucer from quiuer takes
A shafte againe, to slay a foe himselfe he ready makes,
And ready for to shote, Hector did reatch him such a bang, Hector strikes Teucer.
That downe he falles, and out his hands his bowe & arrows flang.
The forced stroke did force him so, the blow was deadly sent,
Aloft the breast the necke it hit, where downe the head is bent.
His brother Aiax ranne apace, when down he saw him dong, Aiax saues his brother.
To saue and to defend the man, the noble prince he flong,

And

And him with shield so wel did hap, as by they tooke him there,
The wretched archers friends Menest, Alastor they do beare
Him in their armes straight to the ships, halfe gone for very paine.
The Troyans strong by mightie Ioue aided, yet ones againe
Do force the Grekes to leaue the field, and so retyring oft
Their trenches, force, and forte to take, which they before had left.
Hector the formost leades the daunce, as fleshed mongrell great,
Trusting in strength and nimblenesse, the Lion beast doth beate,
Or wild swine in the forrest thicke, if either of them do cast
Or turne about to be reuenged, the cur he shifts as fast,
Ful light he pincheth deepe their flancks, or hangs so at their thies,
As dye they must. So Hector he, doth chace his enimies,
Who leaue the field, and take to flight, if any lagge behinde,
With sword or lance he hits them home, with death of sundry kinde.
The Grekes repulsed from their forts, from dikes and trenches fyre,
With slaughter great confused al in bloudie death they dye.
Hard by their shippes at last they stay, eche comforting his mate,
To play the man, and to the Gods they pray for their estate.
This while the gastfull Hector he, with Mars his dreadfull eyes,
And flaming like the Gorgons lights, vpon the Grekes he flies,
And terror more doth put them in, he stirres, he cals aboute,
To loke howe he may cleane defeate, and breake the Grekish rout.
Then wrathfull Iuno grieued much, to see the valiant Grekes
So harde distrest, and doubting worse, Pallas she thus beseekes.
Of Ioue dearest daughter thou, canst thou this armie see
In danger such, without regarde to helpe th'extremities?
Suffer shal we them al to quaile by this one Hectors hand,
So barbarous a slaughter mark in what case they standc.
Dost thou not see how to their shippes he hath them forced all,
And wil not cease, til in their bloudes he force them ech to fall?
Quoth Pallas then, I know your minde, I finde the matter well,
But this so hardie Hector hie, whose deedes are seene so fell,
And so muche to be wondred at, shal dye in countrey soyle,
Wut Ioue his wil to thinke to crosse nought follow would but foile.
I feare him much, his ankward spite against me oft is set,
To much ingrate, the labor great, and paine he doth forget,

The Greks retyre againe.

Compariſ.

Hector dreadfull to the Greeks.

Iuno to Minerua.

Minerua to Iuno.

Which

Which I for Hercules haue tane, his forces when he trift
Unto King Euriſteus Court he went ſo willingly.
The trauailes truely which he toke had mated eft the man,
But when he cryed, and when he wept, ſir Ioue hepſaide me that
To hie to him, which oft I did, elſe he quite ouerthrowne
And tane had bene: if in thoſe dayes I haply then had knowne,
What reckening he would make of me, in hell had holden hime
His Hercules for euer and aye, his conqueſt farre to wime,
So famous got of Cerberus, that grimme three headed curre,
The helliſh flood that *Styx* is hight, he had not paſte ſo furre,
But had bene ſtaide ere there he came, in guerdon of my deedes,
He now for worthy recompence me hates and often chides,
For to allowe the ſottiſh will of Thetis Ladie white,
Her baine requeſts he needes muſt graunt, ſhe flatters him ſo right
With humble ſpeech, touching his bearde, his knées eke killing lowe,
Achill hir ſonne to ſet aloft and Grékes to ouerthrowe.
But well I knowe I ſhortly ſhall by Ioue be daughter taken,
And be againe his girle white, as nowe I am forſaken.
Your chare to haſt if ſo you pleaſe now Iuno get you gon,
And I will hie vnto his houſe his armour to put on.
This Troyan I will make to feele what griefe or ſolly glé
The gueſt ſhall get when me in warre againſt him he ſhall ſée.
And that I haue the puiſſance I, to worke him téene and care,
And make his ſubiects meate for dogs, and flying foules of ayre,
To be reuenged. Minerua made thus ſpake and Iuno ſtreares
Right carefull for to put in poynt hir horſes and their geares
And all the tyres to ſhining chare. But Pallas ſhe doth leaue
Hir linnowe robes ſo delicate, which erſt hir ſelfe did weaue,
And happes hir with ỹ cuirates tough, which Ioue in battaile weares:
So armd, the chariot light ſhe leapes, a launce in hand ſhe beares,
Wherewith the demi-gods ſhe mates, in anger when ſhe copes,
Unto the heauen gates they come, which freely to them opes.
Of theſe gate dores the houres they haue, the whole & onely charge,
Ech one a porter is, they rule alſo the heauens large.
Of cleare Olympe they regents are, the clouses at becke they bring,
Or when they're come, againe away they force them for to fling.

Hercules.

Hercules in al his enterpriſes fauoured by Minerua.

Minerua puts on the armour of Iupiter.

This is written in the fift Booke.

When Ioue aloft he looketh vp, and ſées the hoꝛſes flie,
Which drewe the Goddeſſes, in heate againſt them he doth frie.
He ſendeth Iris vnto them that readie winged wight:
My purſiuaunt with golden wings (quoth he) goe ſhewe this light,
Goe méete theſe two, and ſay from me they doe retire their pace,
Tell them I byd they doe not dare to come beſoꝛe my face,
Tell them they are two feeblings vaine, to thinke to breake my hꝛeſt,
Tell them who liſt leaſt to obey ſhall taſt of little reſt.
Their chariot gaie ſhall ſtraight be burſt, & beame from hoꝛſes tume,
My lightning flames full ſtiffy ſhot ſhall ſend them headlong home
Downe to the earth, and in ſuch plight, as (maugre all their ſtill)
In tenne yéeres long they ſhall not heale their ſuch receaued yll.
And then ſhall Pallas know what ſhame ſhe doth deſerue, and ſhall,
To ſtirre againſt hir ſire, Iuno I blame no whit at all,
She treadeth but hir wonted trod, I know hir ſo accurſt,
To labour my diſquiet ſtill ſhe alwayes is the furſt.
Iris his meſſage to fulfill from *Ida* mount he ſhoꝛes,
And found them of the heauen hie then comming out the doꝛes.
Whom whē he ſeeth, he reſteth ſtraight, quoth he, O frantick wights,
What fond & fooliſh fottiſh geare hath poiſoned thus your ſpꝛights,
To meane to aide the Grékes, and ſtirre againſt you Ioue his ire:
He doth foꝛbyd you furthꝛ paſſe vnleſſe you doe deſire
Een in a trice your chariot gaie to flie in péeces ſmall,
And beame from hoꝛſes burſt, and you in duſt and dirt to fall,
My ſodaine clap of lightning flames ſo tumbling from the aire,
As tenne yéeres long of quiet reſt ſhall not your health repaire,
That Pallas you doe know, that Ioue thy maiſter is and bad,
And as foꝛ Iuno, he well knowes ſhe is ſo leudly bad.
She is no whit at all abaſht, ſhe alwayes takes delight
His purpoſes to contrarie, and that in his deſpight.
But Pallas be not ſtubboꝛne then as dogge of currith kinde,
Strine not with him, vſe not thy ſtaffe againſt his will and minde,
Leaſt thou offend thy ſire too farre. Iris he flies his wayes,
And Iuno to Minerua turnes, and thus to hir ſhe ſayes:
Not to perfoꝛme our mindes ſet downe what can be greater helpe
Yet ſith that Ioue doth vs gainſay, I doe not thinke it well,

We ſhould herein againſt him ſtand, nor for no worldly wight
Such painfull daunger for to take, his hie and heauenly might
Of their good hap or harme it ſhall at pleaſure his diſpoſe:
The ſteedes with bridle ſtraight ſhe turnes, & right to heauen goes. The Goddeſſes returne to Heauen.
The houres doe loſe the courſers braue, and them to mangier tye,
The chariot they doe ſtilly place in roome appointed by. The houres handmaids of Iuno.
Hard by the Gods in golden chaires the loftie Ladies ſit,
Who hauing failde of their intent, they are in greeuous fit:
To welkin now eke Ioue is come, who is with honour true Iupiter returnes to heauen.
Receaude of eche, aſſone as that of him they had a viewe.
His goodly ſteedes the Marine god full quickly he vnties,
Their furniture he ſhutteth vp, and then he haſtie hies
Of Ioue the mightie ſeate to ſet, it readie at a loke,
He downe doth ſit, but clapping downe the whole Olympus ſhoke.
Betweene Iuno and Pallas there in midſt the God he ſat,
No worde betweene them both they had, ne to the God doe chat.
But Ioue who well did know their thoughts in bitter choler was,
Ladies quoth he, whēce doth proceed your ſpite which thus doth paſſe?
Whence cōmes ye ſeeke ye Troyans harme, & neuer haue your fill,
Vnleſſe you ſee their bitter fall contrarie to my will?
By force ſith that ſo great it is are you to learne to knowe
That neither you nor all the Gods and Goddeſſes in rowe
By force can make me chaunge my minde ſith that my ſimple threate,
Doth make you quake with faces pale, & eke with trembling ſweate:
What will you doe in bloudy marte ſo dreadfull to the fight,
When you ſhall feele my beanie ſtill inuincible in might:
Harke then, gainſay no more of you, I wiſhe you not to dare:
By happe if fondly ye oppugne my hie decrees that are.
Vpon ye, ye ſhall feele to fall the ſcortching lightning flaſh,
Wherewith I thunder with my flames, & downe they ſhall you daſh,
On earth to dwell, no meanes ye haue eft hether to returne,
Your chares and ſteedes in cinders quite and peeces it ſhall burne.
Hereat Minerua grones for griefe, hir hart it boiles with rage,
Yet ſtill and coie ſhe holde hir ſelfe, and furie doth aſſwage. Iuno to Iupiter.
But Iuno takes the cauſe in hand, O crabbed Ioue quoth ſhe,
What ſtirre is here? we well doe knowe your vaſſals all we be.

Your power is odde, but if one would the Grekiſh armie aide,
Is it againſt you to rebell: why ſhould it ſo be ſaide?
So great an hoſt to ſee deſtroyde your pitie makes vs rue,
But Iupiter to hir againe with wordes doth thus inſue:
Their loſſe let it not trouble you, it double ſhall ſo reſtore,
I will make Hector Troyan chiefe, to ding them with a ſoyle,
And ſlaie them downe, not ceaſing be to kill and dryue them backe,
Unto their ſhippes, expecting nought but ruine, death, and wracke,
There fighting hard, and round beſet about Patroclus bones,
Who he ſhall ſlaie, whereby Achill ſhal yeld his grieuous grones,
Seeing the ſlaughter of his friend, he ſhall in furie goe,
Him to reuenge, and giue them aide, he hattie on ſhall goe.
I will it ſo, and ſith that fate to Grekes hath ſo aſſignde,
For you dame Iuno more I ioy, the more you haue repinde,
Iapetus Saturne. A gods name get you in the ſea, or furtheſt earthlie felles,
Or ſith he Iapetus Saturne out, in darkneſſe where he dwelles.
Where neuer Phœbus ſhewes his face, nor no delight he takes
To heare the winds, trudge where you liſt, loke after you who makes
None ſhall you followe by my will, of you I doe not reake,
Your feumiſh hart with poyſoned hate is ready ſtill to breake,
This was his ſpeech, the Goddeſſe great full quiet lowe doth lowt
The ſterne God ſhe greatly dreades, and of him ſtands in doubt.
Deſcriptiõ offerting of the ſun, and of the night. This while the cleare & brightſome ſunne to th'ocean takes his flight,
As is his wont, and all the earth the browne and ſable night
Doth wholy hap and cloke about with his ſo darkſome ſhade,
A night right welcome to the Grekes, but Troyans mad are made
Hector encampeth out of Troy. Therwith. The gallaunt Hector drawes, & ſouldiors he commaundes
Backe from the ſhippes hard to the broke, and cõmeth to the laundes,
Wheras that day with ſorow great the ſlaughter was ſo bloudie,
The length of Hectors launce or dart. There downe on foote they lighted ſtraight in counceil for to ſtudie,
To whom Hector, who in right hand a mightie launce did holde
As royall mace, launce ſkeld and guilt, of feete large truely tolde
Eleuen full it was in length, with voice doth loudly call:
Hector to the Troyans. Ye Troyans ſtoute and ſtraungers eke, I ſpeake vnto you all,
Ye ſouldiors and ye citizens, good hope I did conceaue
This day, and ſure I thought my ſelfe them all of life to reaue,

Theſe

Their beſtailes eke to haue deſtroyde, and as a conquiered
To haue returnd, but my intent I mittie in euill houre,
Becauſe the night ſo ſone is come. Wherfore I thinke it beſt
Not hence to ſtirre, but here t'entaimpe and take our quiet reſt.
Well, goe to then, let euerie one point here his ſtation out,
With fyre and barley bate your horſe. And let another route
Hie vnto *Troy*, muttons and beeues readie for vs to make,
And others wine and breed to get let them the office take,
Some muſt before our ſupper to good ſtore of fewell fell,
To kindle flames, which all the night may light vs gaily well,
The Greekes by ſea may cloſely flie, which if they doe fulfill,
To charge them frankly in their flight, and cut their taile I will,
That their ſtethrowe example be to euery liuing wight,
That none doe dare to war with *Troy*, who well knowes howe to fight.
And from the towne ſith farre we be, her ſafetie we muſt kepe,
The Heraults let them goe to *Troy*, and tell it is agreed
That all the youth and aged men the citie doe defend,
And on the walles doe make their watch, and Troyan women bend
Themſelues to light the firie flames, to loke with carefull eyes
Our foes doe not ſurpriſe the towne by ſault or otherwiſe:
As I haue ſaide let it be done, ech one his worke apply.
In morning further we ſhall talke, and doe accordingly.
I hope O worthy warriors mine, we end ſhall all theſe broiles
To morowe, and theſe furious curs ſhall by our manly toiles
Be backt and hewde with great diſtreſſe, well, let vs all this night
Repoſe our ſelues, and at the pere and dawe of morning light
In battaile let vs raunge our bandes, theſe furious foes to mete,
Then ſhall I ſee Sir Diomede in what a ſtoutious ſtate
He will be ſeene, and whether he me from his veſſels puls,
Or whether I ſhall ſpoile him quite, my darts ſent through his guts.
Full tryall he ſhall haue, whether he able can ſuſtaine
One thruſt of this my launce, I hope by me he ſhalbe ſlaine,
And many a friend full deare of his, who would him gladly ſaue,
If ſuch a victorie I get, I certainly ſhall haue
Eternall fame, immortall praiſe I purchaſe ſhall therby,
I doe not thinke, but they to me will raiſe an aultar hye.

Hector threatneth Diomeden.

In

In witneſſe of my proweſſe great, as is to Pallas done
That Goddeſſe ſhe, or to Phoebus that God and bright ſome ſunne.
Thus ſaid, the Troyans him obey, their gud and weare ſtrēs
Unſolde before, to chares againe they tie and forward pēdes,
Unto the towne, and quickly bring bread, wine and trinckets maye,
The beaſtes and muttons were not ſcarce, they brought no ſcanted laye:
Then in the midſt of all the campe a thouſand fires they light,
The flames and ſmoke inbreſt, the winde to heauen carries right.
And euen as men ſhall often ſée in faire and pleaſaunt weather,
The Moone being cleare the ſkies aſtell: (for light is ſo together,
As all the hilles, the vales, and plaines, with light as light ſhewes
As in the day) wherby the heard, when vp his eyes he throwes,
He ioyeth in his cabbin paye: Een ſo from Troyan towne,
In night ſo pleaſaunt and ſo ſtill, the dwellers looking downe.
Reioyce to ſée the armie lit: who when their hoſte were reſt,
And vnto Otes and paſture ſet, they goe to take their reſt:
By euery fire inſt fifties men downe ſittes, as beſt they may,
In hope of Grékes the morning next ſhalbe the latter day.

A thouſand fires kindled in the Troyans Campe. Compariſon.

Finis Octaui Libri.

¶ The ninth Booke.

The Troyans thane they placed thus,
their watch with carefull héde:
For loſſe of field and fellowes ſlaine
for griefe the Grékes they bléde.
For flight the fére, and fellow mate
of chilling feare that nippes,
Had baſtardlike with ſhame enough
them driuen to their ſhippes.

Flight the companion of feare.

And éen as we full often ſée the pontique ſea to growe,
When Boreas blaſts or weſterne gales frō *Thracian* mountaines blow,

And

And make the hellowe ſo to boine, as oft the boiſterous waues
From bottome of ſir Neptunes ſea aloft full hiely braues:
So were the Grékiſh princes ſpirites all troubled and to toſt,
Yet of them all Agamemnon he, he was tormented moſt.
He willes the princes to entreate the Heraults all and ſome
(Not loude with Proclamations out) vnto his tent to come,
To them his purpoſe to declare. The Heraults they obayed,
And when ẏ kings the ſommon heard, from him no whit they ſtayed.
Ech one ſet after his degrée, with ſad and ruthfull grace
Agamemn ſtandeth vp, the teares faſt trickling downe his face:
Euen as the fountaine water doth out ſpringing from the ſtone
Bedewe the plaines, theſe were his wordes with ſighes & doleful mone.
To déepely Ioue he doth me déere D all the Grékiſh Dukes,
And ſtates not yet, with ſorowe more he further me rebukes.
He promiſde me in fire and bloud this *Troy* I ſhould it ſacke,
(I marualle much) my ill ſucceſſe commaundes me from it backe,
And bids me leaue the enterpriſe and home to haſt to Gréece,
My honour loſt, my fame forlorne, and hoſt the greateſt péece.
So pleaſeth it the mightie Gods all force and might to mate,
Downe throwing ſtrength of walles & men all heights he doth abate.
Sith ſo it be, I with it not that we againſt him ſtriue,
Lets get vs home, our paine we loſe, here ſure we cannot thriue.
Their chiefetaine when the councell heard, long ſtill they muet ſat,
Till big and boughtie Diomede this matter anſweres flat:
Thy want of ſkill D Atreus heire (quoth he) perſwades me much
Vnto thy wordes to anſwere now, thy ſpeeches being ſuch,
And to gainſay the ſame: therfore againſt me rage not now,
For any elſe, ſith councell law the priuiledge doth allowe
That eche in councell ſhew his minde: I pray thée truely tell,
When haſt thou ſéene this campe afraide or weakely ſo to mell.
In charge, aſſault, or els Alarmes, as beſt it ſhould now ſéeme
Our weapons for to leaue: doſt thou ſo yll their beardes eſtéeme:
So ſmall hope haſt thou in their force, as for thy ſimple tong
The Troyan conqueſt we ſhould leaue: it is too great a wrong.
Theſe warlike bands ſo to deſpiſe. It ſkilleth not a flie,
It is thy want, my ſelfe the firſt I haue it ſuffred, I.

Compariſon.

Agamenon to the Grecians.

Sentence vvhich is in the ſecõd booke.

Diomedes anſvvers to Agamenon.

Diomedes confeſſeth. Agamenon the greteſt of honour but the vvorſt ſoldiour.

Thy

Thy thought of me of all this host will euermore be vaine,
With thee a coward counted I, and meeter for to spide,
Than in the danger of the warres to venture in the same.
Occasion sith I haue to speake, I speake it to thy shame.
The heauenly Gods haue made thee chiefe, & sceptre for to beare,
And rule this host, stout manly minde in thee it is not there,
Nor counsaile sound, in warlike feats, which are the gifts of game,
Vnto those points thou canst not come, nor there to once attaine.
Wherfore take heede hence forth to hazle or misuse the Grekes:
And if to flie, and hie thee hence it lie thy fansie leekes,
Get thee to sea, thy fluste it lies right readie on the shore,
Home to thy towne thou shalt be brought out trouble any more.
The other Grekes will here abide and willingly attend
The wished day, wherin we shall surprise *Troy* in the end.
And if that home likewise they will, not fearing any boyst
Esthenelus for Sthenelus. This high exployt, Esthenelus with me will taste yet,
Nor leaue me till the end of all, assurde our cunning bother
Vnto the coastes directed was by Gods yea altogether.
This speech the Grekes they greatly praise of Tydeus sonne the bolde,
They doe commend his good aduise, wherewith both Nestor rolde.
Nestor allowes Diomedes counsell. That prudent knight, & answeres thus: O Diomede thy part
In bloudie warre right stout thou playst, in councell good thou art,
I must confesse of all the kings thou art the eldest, thou,
Of those thy yeares. Of all the campe I thinke no souldier now
Doth wish, or will a harmefull truce, yet all thou hast not vttred,
Concerning this our question here more must be layed vnmeeted.
I, olde who am, and may be sire to all these mightie kings,
And eke to thee, will end the rest I hope to their likings,
And euen so, as none reproue my councell good and sound.
No viler or vnhappie man, or wicked can be found,
Nestor Counsells vvhat is to be done. Nor more vnworthy for to liue, than euill warre who loues.
To supper let vs get vs now, sith night so fares on fiues,
And stillie for to set the watch with bandes of youngest yeares,
Thwene wall & trench to place them so, when Troyes cruce appeares
To charge vs, they may notice giue: Agamemnon yea ought
That all the Princes vnto you they bids to supper be brought.

As

(As I do thinke) you nothing want to feaſt them as you ſeeme,
With pleaſaunt wine of *Thracian* ſoile your tent is ſtuffed full,
And as we ſup diſcourſe will haue, and ſeeme for counſell ethe
And helpe, in this ſo waighty cauſe we al our wits muſte ſtrike.
For why, the enmy lyes at hand, it is a heinous thing
(God knowes) their fires to ſée, and heare them by our noſes ring.
Loe here the night which will vs ſaue, if prudent men we be,
But if we ſléepe, then ſhal we fall, in handes of th'enimie.

When he had ſayed, and they had heard, his will it was obayde,
And Princes ſeauen vnto the watche do go right well arayde,
And ſouldiours they ſeuen hundred take, the firſt was Thraſimede
Duke Neſtors ſonne, and Creons heire, another Lacomede,
Aſcalaphe was the thirde, the fourth was willing Merion,
Aphareus, Ialmen, and Deyphire, they forward paſſed on,
And made the number ſeauen vp, three knights right hard to daunt,
And wights not betterde like to be, where men come in their haunt.
Theſe with their ſouldiors armed ful, with dartes and armes bright,
Twéen wal and trench they ſet themſelues, & tend the watch al night.
They fires make, ſome eate, ſome walke, no one of them doth ſléepe,
With eyes they looke for them that come, and eares attentiue kéepe.

On th'other ſide Agamemn he to ſupper brings the Lords,
They neyther thirſt nor hunger féele, ſo wel he them affordes.
They ſupte, Neſtor (whoſe counſel graue of eche was knowne right
Vnto the chieftaine of the warre he thus his tale did tell.

O worthy Prince, of none but you I am here for to ſay,
Sith you are poynted of theſe folke to beare the rule and ſtay:
Sith that the Gods haue gyuen you powre of all the Greciands héere,
More counſaile and more ſtoutly minde in you there ſhoulde appeare
Than any other, which ſhould enforce it ſelfe to giue good eare,
And counſaile take, and after good to execute it were.
And chiefly, when you are aduiſde a thing that profite wil,
And honeſt is, then who can ſay by you proceedeth ill?
An other thing to counſaile you it moueth me againe,
Which ful to followe is your beſt, not contrary to faine
As erſt you did, when raging wood in furie you did fret
Againſt Achill, and worſe than that into youre ſhippes did ſet

Thoſe who were choſen for the watch and for ſcoutes.

Agamenon ſuppes the Greekiſh Princes.

Neſtor to Agamemn.

To his deſpite out of his tent the Bryſe in gift he had,
A fauourite of al the Gods, the wrong it was too bad
To ſtirre a perſonage ſo greate. Wherefore we ought to ſtudie,
If helpe may be, how to repaye this late outragious madie,
And quietly it to appeaſe with preſents gay and rich,
Or elſe by meanes of curteous ſpéech and by entreatie miche.
Agamemnon thus anſwerd ſtraight: O aged ſire, no leſſe
Where of thou haſt accuſed me the fault I do confeſſe.
I can vouch no excuſe at all, I fondlie fell and faild,
I do perceiue by the outrage the Grékes haue greatly quaild.
Ioue loues the man, and whom God loues, in camp where men are
Such one is worth a multitude of the vnbrideled ſcull, (full,
Who hardly wil be ruld at al, but as I am the man
Iniuſtly who hath onely done, Ile proue all meanes I can
To mend the fault, I wil beſtow in guerdon for the ſame
Great gallant gifts of laſtie price out of my treaſures pane,
Which I wil name vnto you here, eſtéeme their price who can:
First ſeuen godly Trinets large, which neuer were ſet an
The fire, ten talents eke right pure and fine of golden maſſe,
And twentie Cauldrons burniſhte braue of glorying ſhining braſſe:
Twelue Courſers with their gorgeous barbs and furniture arayed,
Whoſe ſwiftneſſe hath in wager béene in *Greece* ful dearly payed.
If ſo much wealth and coine he had, he ſhould not thinke he néeds
As I haue got and gained eke by trauel of theſe ſtéedes.
Eke ſeuen dames, whoſe ſemine race ſurpaſſ. for countnaunce rare,
Right cunning in Embroderie: which fell vnto my ſhare,
When Achill conquerd *Leſbas* Ile, and with them wil I yéelde
His Bryſeis floure of Damſels al, as pure and vndefeld,
As when ſhe firſt was giuen me, I by my royal ſtate
And ſceptre which I holde, I ſweare, I in no manner rate
Haue priuately dealt with the maide, ſhe neuer in my couch
Did reſt hir ſelfe, I neuer neare approchte hir once to touch,
As men are wont, when they alone themſelues with women finde:
Lo here the wealthy gift to him by me is now aſſignde.
And if that fauoure do the Gods this enterpriſe bregonne,
And that this *Troy* it may be tane, and it to ſacke be done,

I do agrée that of the ſpoile, top ful with braſſe and golde
A mightie ſhippe be lade, and eke twinne dames out twentie tolde
The faireſt of the Troyans al (ſaue Heléne) ſhall be his:
And to my country when I come, I truly wil not miſſe
So dearly to eſteéme the man with honor beſeguilde,
As I mine owne Oreſtes do, my deare and louing childe.
And if he mariage liſte to minde, I gladly wil him knowe
My ſonne in lawe, on him I wil a daughter mine beſtowe:
Take where he pleaſe, I thrée haue which maide & modeſt are, Agamenons three daughters.
Chriſoteme faire, wiſe Laodice, and she of honeſt care
Iphianas: wel, take he one, for dower it ſhall not ſtoll,
I hope right wel she ſhal not blame my fatherly good wil,
(How great the match and princely is) for dower I haue prepard:
I ſeuen Cities wil beſtow with walles right round reparde,
Wel ſtufte with wealth and people eke, ſaſt by the ſea of *Pile*,
That is to ſay, *Enopa* one, the ſecond *Cardamule*,
Pheres diuine, *Hira* enclos'd with goodly fruitful trées,
Pedaſos, whoſe fat fertile earth with Vineyards wel agrées,
Egea with hir gallant ſeate, and *Anthia* ſo commended
For fruitful meades and paſture ground whiche cannot be amended.
And in theſe ſeuen ſo good townes ſuch ciuil people line,
As like a God they wil him hold, and preſents to him giue
Of ſuch their wealth they do poſſeſſe, with goods and body preſt
To obey his ſceptre and his wil, as he is pleaſed beſt.
Theſe gifts and theſe good turnes are his, if this agrément doe,
(Would Gods O valiant Achilles) our ſtrifes were brought vnto
A quietneſſe: let Pluto to thy déede ſuche fauour ſend,
That thou thy ſelfe no way refuſe, but peace may haue the end,
Let Pluto graunt me ſo much grace, in peares and wealth as I
Far paſſe Achill, ſo in like caſe my ſute be not deny.
Then Neſtor héeding wel his tale, his ſpéeche againe doth bée, Neſtor counſels Agamenon to offer the gifts to Achilles, & to ſend him Embaſſadours.
Sir Atreus ſonne theſe preſents told Achill ought not refuſe,
For great they are: wherefore prouide Embaſſadors to goe,
Thrée men ſufficient I can choſe, if they be pleaſed ſo.
The Phoenix good ſhal be the firſt, Schoolemaiſter his that was
Of late of the Embaſſade chiefe, and Aiax he ſhal paſſe

The ſecond man, and eloquent Vlyſſes third ſhal be,
Whome Heraults two ſhal followe fast, Odius Eurybate,
Two loyall knights: and fit it is for to confirme the bande,
To waſh our handes: you Heraults hie, and water fetch with ſpéde,
And you ye Grékes, (eche one apart) doe Iupiter require,
That this legation come to paſſe, as we do all deſire.
The heraults two to Princes handes the water out they ſhinde,
Who to the Gods their prayers make, & then the wine they drinke.
Therewith wel fild the Legates parte, whome Neſtor pleaſeth ſtill,
To ſet themſelues to purchaſe home good anſweare from Achill,
Ere they returne Vlyſſes chiefe his ſpéche to make the way,
So graue that is, and he therewith his courage to delay.

Vlyſſes, Phœnix, & Aiax Embaſſadors to Achilles

Thus went the pointed Princes forth, with care to be wel heard,
And lowly to the Sparine God their prayers they prefarde,
That of the valiant Grécke the wrath ſo déepe and deadly placed,
To end the charge they now are in, more calmed be and raced.
Vnto the beſſels ſtraight they come, and tents of Myrmidons,
In compaſſe wide and gay to ſight, Achilles where he runnes,
And on the Viole Ditties ſings, in Muſicke ſo delights
Of thoſe the hie and loftie Gods, and worthy mortall wights.

The Viole or Harp of Achilles.

This Violes ſwétneſſe matchleſſe was with beautie rare to ſée,
Wel painted ore with ſiluer head, was fine as fine might be,
The which was by Achilles wonne, when *Thebes* he did race,
I meane *Thebes* where Ætion did rule with princely mace,
Which *Thebes* was by him deſtroyde, no one there was that markte
His muſicke there, ſaue Patroclus, his harmonie who harkte.
These Princes when Achilles ſawe, who long his friends had bin,
He would not faile to raiſe himſelf, and wondring doth beginne
To bid them welcome as he ſhoulde, Patroclus alſo roſe,

Achilles ſpeaketh curteouſly, receyuing the Embaſſadors.

And to receiue them puts himſelfe: to ſpéche Achilles goes,
Right welcome be thoſe my good friends, and Lords, who with good heart,
Do in my ſhippes come viſite me, I take in moſt good part
The ſame, and though my wrath be great, you are no cauſe I ſay,
I you eſteeme, I lovde, I leue, and loue you wil for ay.
Thus ſaid, with curteous countnance he, doth bring them on to ſit
One after one in ſumptuous ſeats, be hanged with bel Tapiſtrie.

The

The hugeſt cup he had, to bring Patroclus he did will
To make them drinke, and wel the ſame with pureſt wine to fil,
For theſe (quoth he) here bilite me, are knightes of valiaunt hearte,
And more than that, my withers wel, and very friends in deede.
His friends minde when Patroclus heard, he doth obey the ſame,
And more a caldron he doth take, it round about with flame.
He doth beſet, and in he puts of goate and mutton fat
The vmbles whole, with goodly chine of tender ſwine with that
Of one yeare fed, Automedon and Achil they do cut
And brotch the reſt, Patroclus while he to the fire doth put
Al ſmokeleſſe for to make it burne, the wood he couched fit,
Aptly to roſt, the coales he ſpreades, and down he layes the ſpit,
Wherein the ſtrokes of fleſh were brotcht, and ſalt on them doth caſt,
The meate to ſeaſon, and to make it meeter for the taſt.
Al ready thus, Patroclus bread out of a baſket layde
He had in hand, and ſerude the boorde, and ſir Achilles prayde
When he had plaſt the Grekiſh Lords, ỹ they would fal to meate,
And to Vliſſes face to ſa e himſelf he choſe his ſeate.
He bids Patroclus ſacrifice eke to the gods their right,
Which done, they eate, they drink, and do with leaſure great delight.
The god Phenix chiefe meſſenger, a ſilent noyſe began
To warne Vliſſes hauing ſupt, who knew what ment the man,
He takes the cup, and prayes Achil vnto him for to drinke,
O thou of Grekes the choice (quoth he) I now ful meete it thinke
The cauſe of our Embaſſade here (now we ſo wel haue fared)
Be open layde before your ſelfe, and by vs plaine declarde.
Though you with plentie haue vs fed, Agamemnon before
Hath feaſted vs, but al this cheare, it cannot heale our ſore,
Nor vs content, the preſent time ſome other thing requires
Than ſtil to feede, and on our meate to ſet our whole deſires.
Our care it is vnto our caſe al careful to prouide,
And wiſely to inuent ſome way the Troyan force t'abide,
And kepe our beſſels from the fire, that we in heapes not dy,
Which no way we can ſhun at al, if haply you deny
To put in vre your mighty ſtil, and eke your ſelfe to decke
With minde and force from vs to hold the harme lyes on our neck.

The princes plie the cookes.

Vliſſes to Achilles.

So hard at hand our foes they be incamped by our fhe,
They ly vs by, they merry make, their fiers burning bine.
They vow they wil not enter *Troy* til al the Grecians be flaine,
And by their force defeated quite, yea in the ships. Againe,
And more their pride to fet a gog, ſéene hath bin in their campe
A token ſure of their great gods the lightning for to rampe
On the right hand. And Hector ſtoute now puffed vp aloft,
For victorie of yefterday, and in a furetie brought
Of Ioue his aide, doth nothing with, but that the dawning come,
And then he meanes to burne our ſhips, and armie al and ſome
To ouerthrow. he is ſo braue, ſo furious, and ſo fel,
He rékes no whit of God or man, with fmoke he wil vs quel.
This threate hath troubled much our ſpirites wt fear & chilling drád,
In doubt that fate wil haue it ſo, and gods they haue agréed
That after long abode this hoſt muſt wholy haue the gelpe, (helpe
And in this Country leaue our lines. Though you haue ſpaerd their
Til now (and that although to late) now vp your forces pul,
Eſt eal your hart for to protect this hoſt of dolour ful.
Elſe, when we al ſhal haue the loſſe, your ſelfe wil grow right ſad
To ſée your friends ſo many quailde, and feat no care you had,
When nécde there was, to ſaue their falles, it better were t'avoyde
This error great, now in their aide your ſelfe you ſone imployde,
And alſo ſt ydc this bitter ruine, which neuer can be holpen,
Friend mine, I wel do cal to minde what Peleus did open
To you, and gaue for found aduice (mouede by a fathers care
And tender loue) when to theſe parts you in your voyage ware.
And as I ſhould and beſt I may, his words I wel remember,
That the perfourmance of the ſame your minde it may wel tender:
Minerue the goddeſſe, (ſon quoth he) and Iuno both at once
Shal giue thée valiaunt heart enough, with big and brawnie bones,
But thou with loue and modeſt port thoſe gifts muſt beautifie,
And kepe thée from diſſembling faulte, and filthy fraude deſye,
Parde not thy minde vnto reuenge, and ſo of yong and old
Vou ſhal be much and hie eſtéemde, and loued as you would.
Theſe were his words, thus in precept the good old man he gaue,
When you he ſent, of this gay ſpech now little minde you haue.

God friend (alas) do cancel cleane these discords and these iars,
Ful eft in friendship with the chiefe and captaine of these wars,
Who seking now for thy good will, by vs doth offer thée
(Which here I count) such goodly giftes, as rich and gorgeous be.
First seuen trinets new and round, ten talents nert of golde,
And twentie caudrons bright of hue, twelue coursers fully told,
Who by their swiftnesse conquerde haue right many princes rich,
And as for golde and wealthy ware if one man had as much
As they haue purchast to their Lord, and gayned by their spéede,
He might wel haunt he were not poore, nor worldly muck to néede.
And further seuen ladies haue right od in néedels skil
And beautie rare, which then he had, when *Lesbos* thou didst pill
With thy strong hand, thy Bryseis eke thou shalt againe receiue,
For whom he dépely sweares, vntoucht he doth hir person leaue,
And that she neuer saw his bed, nor he the maydé hath knowne
In pleasure, as the male and fem. Al this shal be your own,
These goodly gifts here shal you haue, this gréement if you strike,
And if to sacke this mightie *Troy* the lofty gods it like,
And that we share the welthy spoyles, he will that you lay on
And lade your largest ship with plate and gold, for you alone,
With twentie towniish dames of choice, wel worthy such a Lord,
And when this war shal ended be, if so you list accord
To haunt his home and dwel with him. you loue he shal as deare
As Orestes his only son, and if in minde you weare
To take a wife, of al his house, the choise yours frely is:
He daughters there doth thrée possesse, the first Chrisotemis
With yealow lockes, sage Laodice the second hath to name,
Iphianas the third is hight, who haue so great a fame
For vertues theirs, the fairst of thrée at pleasure chose you may,
And leade hir to their sire his home, and nothing for hir pay.
For he himselfe for dower wil of riches giue such store,
As neuer father daughter gaue such portion hereto fore:
He means to put vnder your rule seuen great and goodly townes
Hard by the sea, which ful of folke with wealthy ware abounes.
Ciuile *Enopa* shal be one, and *Cardamile* so hight,
Pheres diuine, fruiteful *Hira*, *Epea* great of might,

Vlis. names Agamemnons gifts to Achilles.

With

With *Arabia* for paſture fat of all that beares the bel,
And *Pedaſos* for goodly vines is ſpoken of ſo wel.
You honorde in theſe townes ſhal be, and ſerude in euery caſe
Moſt like a God, where people will vnder your loyal mace
And kingly iuſtice willing liue, le, theſe the giftes they are,
That is the mends in lieu of fault you ſhal haue for your ſhare.
If you theſe offers not regard, nor him that giues the fame,
Haue you no pitie of your friends, nor nation here that came
Out your own land: haue you no wil theſe filly Grékes to ayde,
And helpe that quite they periſh not: of whom it will be ſayde,
As to the gods, ſo are they bound Achilles vnto thée,
When they ſhal know that by thy meanes they are deliuered fré,
An act of prayſe, immortal fame for you to gaine therby.
Th'occaſion eke it brings, that you with Hector now may trie,
Who doth ſo gayly vaunt and boaſt, (he puft is with ſuch pride)
No Gréeke in Campe to be his match that may him once abide.

Achilles answers Vli. When he the prudent Gréeke had heard, to anſwere thus he ſtart,
Vliſſes, that I anſwere plaine I thinke it is my part,
That thou, nor any other elſe your ſelues hereafter ſet
By motions for to trouble me, more of me ſo to get.
What in my minde I haue ſet down moſt ſurely ſhal be done,
Who ſayes one thing, and in his heart another courſe doth run,
As gates of Hel I do him hate, with all the might I may:
What I concluded haue to do here hearken what I ſay.
Unpoſſible the matter is, that Agamemnon king
For yée the Grékes or princes great, he may or can me bring
But once on heade my helmet ſet, ſith who doth moſt deſire
With al his force to ayde you al, I ſée to bad his hire,
And of a ſouldiour no more count, whoſe valure hie doth raigne,
Than of an hedgehog hid in tent or daſtard coward ſwaine:
Who for his part ſhal more poſſeſſe of great and worthy ſpoyles,
And higher place, than who deſerues moſt beſt with al his toyles.
I ſpeake this for my ſelfe, who haue ſuch toyle and trauel bid,
And many a night in war haue wakt, and neuer haue bin hid
Compariſō. From daunger great what ſo it were, and al for your behoufe,
With ſemblant care, as prétie birde doth buſie ſpe alofe

To

To ſéeke out meate to féede hir yong vnfeatherde who do ly,
And nakt in neſt, who haue no power the champaine ayre to try,
And far vnmeete to meate themſelues: who doth not vnderſtand
The ſackes and fals of Cities great, and Ilands of this land
By nauale forces conquerde haue? twice ſixe the chiefeſt thought
Cleauen in firme my ſword hath ſpoyld, and in ſubiection brought:
Of al the which the bootes whole you al ful wel do know
Out ſaued none, your chéefe he had, which ſtil he did beſtow
Where beſt he pleaſde, and ſhild he was the greater part to hold,
But mine and other princes parts were minſte and wel controlde.
Yet with our ſharing pleaſed wel, and none more pleasd than I,
Nathleſſe by cruel iniuſtice, malice and tirannie
Agamemnon hath ſpoyled me of that my pittaunce ſmal
Was giuen me, which yet I ſay, to me did wel befal:
The ſame eſtéeming very much only I lobde it deare,
Bryſeis it was, wel his be ſhe, and with hir let him cheare,
Anſwere me you, what cauſe hath fetcht ſo many Princes hither
Of *Greece?* And Agamemnon who he callde hath here together
Such furniture of ſouldiours good? are they not in the field
The rauiſht Heleine to regaine, & force them hir to yéelde?
Doth he and ske his brother wéene of all that lead here liues,
That they in earth the od men are, which only loue their wiues?
Haue they a dome ſo blind and bad, to déeme ech worthy minde
Not to eſtéeme and honor much his lone or wife aſſignde?
For, as for me, I pride in loue of Bryſeis worthy dame,
And hir regarded as my ſpouſe a priſoner though ſhe came.
But now peruerting iuſtice al, your chiefetaine holds the lady,
And now I haue this wrong receiude and ſouly made a babie:
With ſugred ſpéech and fained words ſéekes he all meanes he may
To ſwaddle vp the feltred wound? it wil not be, nay, nay,
With you and other of the Gréekes (if ſo he thinketh good,)
Let him go Counſel to forſée how now may be withſtode:
This daunger déepe, wherin he is Lord, in what wretches plight
He hath you brought, loke you your ſelues by his own lewd diſpight.
What, ſhal his fort, his wal, his dikes, his pales, and trenches all
Defend you ſo, as Hector ſtoute ſhal not vpon you fal?

When I with you did vse the fielde and fought for your auayle,
Ye in his roades and skirmishes durst not so forward raile,
By *Scea* Troyan gate he fought, my force him kept in awe,
Once at the barth him with intent me to abide I saw,
But straight I made him take his heles and safe he thought him not
Til vnto *Troy* he was arrivde, and therin safely got.
Sith al wherein I then did ioy is turned now to griefe,
And that my force with Hector his I will not put in priefe,
In morning next I hope depart if winds do happie blow,
With sacrifice to Ioue performde, aboorde when I do goe,
That he do fauour my returne, and in the loftie sea
Thou shalt Vlisses then behold my vessels tall in way,
The which from rocke, and wracke of sea if Neptune please to guide,
In three dayes space at *Pthie* coast my countrey I shal ride.
Home balaste deepe with blazing brasse, and yron bright of hie
And perfect gold, with other wealth and goods that pretious be:
Forgetting not the virgins gay, which I alone in war
Haue conquerd I, for Agamemn doth hold and me debar
From bottie which fel vnto me. Wherfore friend tel you must
In publike wise to all the Grekes my quarel it is iust,
And that they heede their chief not wrong them, as he hath done me,
For which I here protest, henceforth I wil him neuer see.
I thinke eke shameleſſe though he be, and voyde of vertue sure,
Own conscience his should him forbid my presence to indure.
And if that forward he would presse, and mind to speake me to,
My furie maister should I not but mischiefe more him do.
Suffice it him he hath me wrongde, and that his own vnright
Doth hel him like a man forlorne, and out his senses quite,
And for the presents he presents, I them abhorre in minde,
The giftes and giuer I do hate as death in direst kind.
Not ten times, no, not twentie times much more than he doth offer,
If all he hath, with traffike whole he also ment to proffer
Of those two Cities, *Thebes* one, and *Orchemene* to name,
The *Egiptian Thebes* auntient town renoumde, I meane the same,
With people ful so stuffy filde, where passeth out and in
Through gates an hundred of accompt, of diuerse sorts that bin

The ware and merchandiſe to ſée, two hundred cartes a daye
Out euery gate go loaden out, and forth are ſent away.
And to be ſhort, if al the ſande and earthly gritts were tolde,
And offerd me, ſuch maſſe of wealth content me ſurely wolde:
It cannot be I ſhould content, my wrath it cannot coole,
Til for his fault he inſtly ſmart wherin he playde the foole.
You alſo ſéemed now to touch another point me thought,
That of his daughters one to ſpouſe I ſhould be therto brought,
Who he ſayes, milde and modeſt be, if ſhe (as he doth vaunt)
More faire than golden Venus were, and that it were to graunt
Hir chaſtitie and honour paſt dame Pallas in degrée,
He may not hope my father in law that he may named be.
Let him in *Greece* of his own macke his daughter to to wed
Some other finde. As for my part, if as the gods haue ſed,
They do vouchſafe my comming home, by Peleus his ayde,
My wife ſhe ſhal prouided be, and I in wedlocke ſtayde.
In *Pthie* and *Achaia* lands is many a wealthy king,
Who virgins in their houſes haue, of which to my liking
And their contentment I may take, which courſe I follow will,
In peace I count it beſt to liue, and vſe my pleaſure ſtil,
And not hereafter to my harme in weapons for to die
In floure of mine age, the gems, the wealth, and riches hie
In *Troy* that were, ere out of *Greece* with ſiege we girt it round,
The ſacred gods to Phœbus bowde, and in his church are found,
May not ſuffiſe, if dead I were, my life for to reſtore,
Sheépe, Oxen, courſers great, trinets, like ſtuffe and many more
Once loſt may eſtſoone yet be had, but ſoule from body parted,
Agayne into the bodie left ſhal neuer be inſarted.
My mother Thetis tolde me once, die, die that néedes I muſt,
To double fate my life is tied, thereto ſhe bad me truſt.
If I abide hir waging war, immortal fame I gaine,
But die I ſhal, if home I go, and do at home remaine,
Long life and happy dayes I haue, but ſpoyde of honour hie,
The ſafer part I meane to take, and further not to try.
I do ſuppoſe you ſhal do wel to follow me a righte,
Sith nought you gaine, and *Troy* to take the hope is baned quite:

Ac. refuſeth the alliance of marriage.

And chiefely ſiring the Gods and Ioue ſo ſound in their defence:,
My friend Vliſſe,and Aiax then alway depart you hence,
Go tel the Grékes my anſwere now,and how I wil alway,
Some other courſe and what to do let aged heads aſſay,
And ſo to ſéle ſince my offence what profit they do finde:
Here aged Phœnix in my tent this night ſhal ſtay behinde,
And in the morning home ſhal go with me,right chéke by chéke,
I meane not maugre his good will,but if himſelfe ſo léke.
At this refuſal ſtoute and ſterne the kings amazed ſtand
And long abaſht,but Phœnix graue the matter takes in hand,
The preſent daunger he foreſées,which al the campe is in,
Phœnix to Achilles. With trickling teare of earning minde this ſpéech he doth begin:
Though you refuſe oh noble prince the ſafetie of this hoſt,
And that your wrath is ſo confirmde you néedes wil leaue this coſt,
God Lord(deare ſon)how can you leaue your gouernour and guide,
My ſelfe who was appointed ſo when hither firſt you hide,
With you my Peleus plaſt I was,when forth he let you go,
T'inſtruct your youth,that you a prince of youth were gouernde ſo,
As what was fittſt,you ſhould performe,yea both in word and déde,
To make you a ſouldiour for the field and orator at néde
A perfect one.The pliant youth and yeares that tender are
Can hardly reatch vnto thoſe parts without a tutors care.
Likewiſe ſuch giftes plaſt in a prince do much adorne the man,
Then I,who charge haue had of you,ſuppoſe you that I can
(O ſon)thus leaue you:no,no,though(whoſe counſels ay are true)
The hie and mighty gods ſhould ſay they would againe renewe
Amyntor father of Phœnix. To youth my worne corpſe by yeares, and put it in ſuch plight,
Phœnix obſerues the cuſtome of old men, who vvillingly ſpeake of matters paſſed in their youthes. When from my ſire Amintors wrath perforce I take my flight,
And him forſake,and all the wealth which is in *Hellade* his,
Where then he raignde;for loue of one his anger grown is.
A damoſel the wde and bewde as wel,his wife he lovde not ſo,
Wherat my mother ſpited much,and eke his iealous grew:
Who wel his husbands loue perceivde,the daily ſtil me prayde
With hands held vp inportunets,to practiſe with the mayde
So far,that with her I might lodge,that once the matter ſpeed,
My father would no more her hate,it cannot be denyed

I

I did the thing, my mothers will, whereat Amyntor wonders,
And fully fed with furious rage, his bitter curses thunders
Upon my head, invoking loud the damned furies fel,
With hateful wordes bequeathing me the hatefull harmes of hel,
Among the which he prayde I might no father be of heire,
Or at the least no children have, in bosome he to beare,
Or which of nursing he should reake: I soundly did beléeve,
That Pluto graunted to his plaint, whereat I did so greeve,
When I his malediction knewe, that I then leave him would,
And not remaine within his house, happen what happen should.
My mates, my friends, my neighbors all, the dearest of my kinne,
My neare Allies when this they saive, they séeke againe to winne
Most carefully my home abode, which soner to obtaine,
To lofty Gods their bowes they make, to thē right down are slaine
Shéepe, béeves, and porkets great of grease, whereof they roste-meate
And féed therof, of pleasant wine their tipple in they take, (make,
Which in his house the old man had, and eke thrice thré lōg nights
The dores made faste, they kéepe the watche, they stand with waked
In order in the pallace court, and gates there out that goes: (sprites
But al their fires so highly light, their watch and ward they lose.
For till the tenth night out I go, no watch nor maydes me hearde,
No groome perceines my stealing forth, nor toke thereof regarde.
Abroad I treade my country Wées, that large and fruitful be,
Where your god father found me out, and then received me.
And more, to shew his great good will which vnto me he bare,
He gaue me rule of *Dolopie*, and goods that wealthy ware,
Great store he trusted in my handes, with so muche fauour good,
Honor, and grace, as I had b.n an infant of his bloude,
Euen then Achilles were you borne, wherfore I was desired
By Peleus, the care to take your infancie required,
And it to gouerne, which I did: your force whiche passeth all,
Your corpse most like the heauenly powres, of bones and bodie tall,
With me hath had the bringing vp, and grown to such an one.
Bycause I lovde you, so I did? No, not for that alone,
But you so dearly did me loue, that nothing was to name,
Which you woulde de af all, if I allowed not the same.

From me if you were crabbe to ſup, thereto you had no liſt,
They loſt their paines, you wold noteate but what came out my fiſt.
To ſtil and pleaſe you when they woulde, they ſet you on my knée,
If nothing I would haue you eate, I muſte your taſter bée.
And ofte when you haue ſupte the wine, y haue layd it on my breaſt,
As doth the prétie babe, who in his nurſes armes doth reſt.
I al theſe paines moſt willing bid your ſelfe when as I ſerude,
I thought that I deprided of childe, I was a ſire reſerude,
For bringing vp at leaſt of you, (and I right oldely pearde)
A moſt ſure ſtay I ſhould haue bene, when féebleneſſe appearde.
This ſhort diſcourſe (mine owne deare ſonne) is onely you to pray
Your minde to temper, and to put this wreakful wrath away.
Th immortal ghoſts, who nature haue more noble much than man,
By men intreated to forgiue, they do both wil, and can,
And graunt requeſts of mortall wights: no fault ſo great to wit,
Which at the prayer of faultie folkes the Gods do not remit.
What, know god ſonne that prayers are the daughters true of Ioue,
Who for to ſéeke fit Iniurie out, abroade about do roue,
They follow him, a ſtronger much and harder mate than they,
For Prayer is both halte and lame, and ſlowly ridden way:
But Wrong a mightie monſter is, in toile he holdeth tacke
He treades apace, and far behinde leaues Prayer at his backe:
But féeble Prayer following him, with pace by pace doth paſſe,
And if ſhe come where as he is, and god accepting has
Of perſon ſhe is brought vnto, ſhe Ioue intreateth full
In his behalfe, and to his wilh ſhe doth him alſo pull.
If aukwardle the partie do of this wrong more account,
Aſhamde eke ſhe being denyde, to Gods aloft dothe mount,
And tels to them the whole at large, and prayes that Iniurie
May in his houſe a dweller be that did hir ſo deny.
Truly my ſonne, your honor bids you to accept theſe Dames,
Theſe preſents muſter much thereto, whoſe price the value frames.
If wilful ſo our chieftaine were, and madneſſe ſuche him hent,
He would by gifts not ſéeke your grace, nor yet himſelfe relent.
I durſt not for the Grékes at al you councel or auiſe
How great ſo ere the buſineſſe were: but when before mine eyes

Yet

His large and liberal offer ſtandes, and ſuite in ſuche a rate
For your good will, I thinke it good your furie did abate,
And that you nothing did refuſe: how ſhould you moued be
By proweſſe here of theſe two kings, who in nobilitie
Paſſe al of *Greece*, and now are come, and you the meſſage bear?
If nought to moue you hereunto but the demaunders were,
Their dignitie it aſketh much, for which much ſhould be done
Their good opinion to preſerue, leaſt that hereafter runne
Of you bad ſpéeche, in terming you a proude diſdainful one.
The *Heroes* olde of antique age, in time far paſt and gone,
If haply iarre with ſome they had, with time they were appeaſd,
And bid content: yea many times the foe he was releaſde,
And pardonde oft by gift and ſute. Nowe to this purpoſe fit,
I minde a ſtorie olde and true, which (if you ſo permit)
I will you tell, and you my friends. The *Curetois* they bended,
And fought with them of *Etolie*, who *Calidon* defended:
A fyer warre was neuer heard, they fought ſo ſtoutly well,
That many of th'inuaders dyde: but more inuaded fell.
The better that you knowe the cauſe of this the people ſlaine,
A little higher I muſt beginne. In *Calidon* did raigne
Oneus then a noble Prince, who of his fruits did giue
Of the yeare the firſt in ſacrifice to ſuch immortall liue.
And hap it did (it purpoſly, or he remembring not)
Diana chaſt was ſet at nought, hir offering was forgot.
Whereat hir indignation grewe, and ſo to puniſh him,
A wild Boare to his fields ſhe ſent a gaſtful and a grimme,
Which many miſchiefes did him doe, his people downe he ſlewe,
His grounde for fruites he fowlie ſpoild, and down his trées he threw:
Gay appletrées, and many ful with fruit and flower packte,
With whetted ſhearing pointed tuſke, they torne lye and crackte,
The corne and crooked Vines he marres. Meleager the ſonne
Of this good king, when as he ſawe his country thus to runne
To hauocke, and his people to, to call the hunters rounde
To him he doth determine ſtraight, with many a hunting hound
The dreadful beaſt to chace and kil, great troupes together flocke,
Their forces prouing with this beaſt, do reatch him many a knocke.

The quarel betwene the Curetois and Etolians.

Oeneus king of Calidon.

The wild Boare of Calidon.

But

But in the end, the wicked twine downe dead doth lye along,
His rapall hand him felling downe, two nations great and ſtrong
Do for the ſpoiles now growe to ſtrife: the *Curets* claime it theirs,
As both of duty and deſert. Of Etolie the heires
The ſame do chalenge to themſelues: hereof doth grow the iar,
For this the cruell bitter warre, procéded is ſo far.
Thus Calidon beſieged tho by crues of *Curete* lande,
A certaine time it is reléeude by Meleagers hande.
And the beſiegers durſt not ſtirre: for al their number great,
They dread his deadly ſword, wherewith he did them hardly treat.
But haply rage and furie (which do ſharp the meekeſt minde,
And natures good of conſtant wights) in him their places finde,
They which did ſtraight ſo twap him out, that he determines plaine
To lay his armor downe aſide, and not to fight againe.
This warme and bitter wrath it greiue of ſtrife, that ſo befell
With Althea his dame, bycauſe he did his brother quell:
She grieude, ſhe howlde, ſhe kiſt the earth, ſhe prayde in Plutoes lap
To plague the fault, that he hir ſonne may reape like deadly hap.
When as Meleager this heard, in dumpes he falles to ſpite,
He led at home an Hermites life, he would no more to fight:
His louing wife Cleopatra, of beautie wondrous rare
Accompanyed him, ſhe daughter was of Marpyſe Nimph ſo faire,
Belcude, and wonne by Phœbus god, gainſt whom Idee hir make
(In ſorrowe ſowlde and iealouſie) did dare the combate take,
With bow in hand to cauſe him yéelde his ſpoile, but all in vaine
His force it would not ſodge, whereby his wife he might regaine.
His kinred and the mother chiefe did many a teare let fall
Their woe to witneſſe: newe they name and doe Alcion call
The rauiſhte fem. But for to come vnto my purpoſe firſt,
Meleager he reſting ſtil, the enimies they thruſt
When it they knewe vnto the fault, the Towres of *Calidon*
They batter, and at gates they thump, they put their forces on
To enter by all meanes they may, then of the wretched towne
The chiefeſt Lordes (in danger great to be al beaten downe)
Do throng and pray Meleagers helpe, but nothing could they do,
The Cleargie come, and vnto him pray for their Paſtors to.

And offer at his choiſe great part of all their goodly launces,
His ſire Oneus hopes to ſpéede, and at his doore he ſtandes,
Ye him intreats vpon his knées to let his anger paſſe,
And ſaue the Citie all forlorne, his ſuite not heard, alas.
With held vp handes his mother doth the like, his brethren eeke,
And all his friends, yet liſt he not their wretched woe to weake.
This while the foes paſt vp the walles, & forcſt the towne by fight,
And crueltie none wanting was, that happes in ſuch a fight.
His wife the grunting bearing then, and cries of thoſe did yell,
The pitteous fright, the flames, the foike and Citizens that fell:
To him ſhe haſtes with haire abroade, and teares ſhe letteth fall.
Deare ſpouſe (quoth ſhe) this remnant ſaue (God knowes) which is but
Both yong & old they die & death, or weapons downe they lay, (ſmall.
If women any doe ſuruiue, they ſlaues are led away.
Meleager this hauing heard, his armour on he packt,
And full of furie forth he goes, the enemies he hackt,
Their crownes he pares, and citie ſaues, and yet was all his ayde
No whit to them ſo worthy thankes, bicauſe ſo long he ſtayde,
And for vnto the ſuccour he of the *Etoliens* yeds
Not at their ſuite, but as the toy did take him in the hed.
Oh God thée ſhield Achilles now to thinke vs ſo to vſe, Epilogus.
And for to leaue vs in this brake, ſuch meaning doe refuſe.
To you what corſée would it be to ſée the enmies put
Our nauie to the waſting flame, and vs in péeces cut?
Then were your mightie ſtrength to weake our caſes to relieue,
A better way it were (my ſonne) your forces for to priéue
To aide this wretched armie here, ſomewhat doth vrge the gréekes,
And alſo that ſo hie renowme, which men ſo hiely liftes.
But if you doe forſlowe the time to helpe in our defence,
Your ſuccour ſlowe ſhall honour want, eke méede and recompence.
The ruler Phœnix here did end: Achill doth thus replie, Achilles anſvvers to Phœnix
This honour now whereof you talke and bribes I néede not I,
The praiſe and glory me contents from God the which attieth,
Who is reuenger of my wrong, his fauour me ſuffiſeth.
Wherefore I yéeld me to his will, and will in all degrées,
As long as this my bodie here ſhall goe vppon my knées,

As long as life in limmes ſhall laſt the world whole ſhall knowe,
To aide the Grékes I will no fote out of my veſſell goe.
And as for you (good Phœnix mine) heare what I ſay, and marke,
Ye thinke there is no reaſon you with all this ſtirre and carke
So earneſtly ſhould me intreate being your friend at full,
To pleaſe the mortalſt foe I haue, and it to ſeeke you will.
More reaſon much it were for you, your ſelfe a friend to ſhowe,
To ſuch I fauour, and therein your trauaile to beſtowe:
And chiefly, ſith we equalles are, and doe in friendſhip ſound
Poſſeſſe as parteners all our goods, wherein we ſo abound.
Theſe princes two they ſhall returne to Grékes my anſwer right,
But you ſhall lodge with me, your hoſt I will be for this night.
The morning come, we will conſult in iourney home to glyde,
Or will perhap perſwade our ſelues here longer to abyde.
Therwith Patroclus gaue a nodde that they a bed ſo dight,
A trimme and twáte, wherein ſhould reſt the noble aged wight.
The worthy Aiax Telamon this heard, right well he knewe
They loſt but time, it boteleſſe was them further for to ſewe.
Vnto Vlyſſes, friend (quoth he) enough is done, away,
I ſée this matter will not doe, the kings who for vs ſtay,
Let vs goe tell our meſſage here, leaſt other they pretend:
This man is madde, he ſhameleſſe is, his ſenſes he doth bend
To pride, and recks no whit of friends, full ſet vpon his follie,
There haue bene many worthy men of minde and manners tollie,
Who borne haue moſt hainous facte by filthy foemens déede,
Who children theirs and brethren néere haue deadly done to bléede,
Yet by entreatie haue forgiuen, what ſo th'offence hath béene.
Or elſe they haue accepted mendes, and willingly haue ſéene
In time the men who murthrers were. Achill, th'immortall Gods
Twéene you and thoſe of courteous molde haue ſet a mightie odes.
Who hauing ſuffred no great wrong, great loſſe, or death of kinne,
But onely one poore ſimple lem, and yet you lodge within
Your hart ſuch rage, the gifts are ſent ſeuen times more worth in price
The perſon ſelfe, ſuch preſents brings you for to pleaſe likewiſe,
As many men would much requeſt, Achilles, doe aduiſe
Your ſelfe on this, I you beſéech, and vs not ſo deſpiſe.

Nine ſe-
nders to
Vlyſſes.

Nine ſe-
nders his
peeche to
Achilles.

Of

Of neighbourhood maintaine the right, which to vs all you owe,
Thinke on the ſtate of vs are ſent, your good friends aye you knowe.
Achilles thus an anſwere ſhapes: diuine Aiax (quoth he) Achilles to Aiax.
I doe allowe all that you ſay, and it of amitie
Procédes I know, but when I minde my wrong had in this warre,
The choler grafted in my hart I can no way debarre,
And chiefly, when ſome me account as of a baſe exile,
Diſdaining me, who of the whole is worthieſt many a mile.
Friends without more adoe procéede, goe tell them all therefore,
I minded am not for the Grékes to trauaile any more.
At leaſt, till by ſir Hectors force, and Troyan ſouldiors I
In tents and ſhippes of *Mirmidons* beheld the fire to flie,
And Grékes ſlaine round about my tent, yet Hector doth not dare
I thinke for feare ſo nére to come, his bane leaſt thence he bare.
This ſayd, ech of the noble ſort doe take a goblet rounde,
And beane it ſipping to their heades, the wine they weakly ſounde.
On earth the reſt they throwe, to Gods, to whom they them chaunce,
Vlyſſe the wiſeſt takes his leaue, and forth doth forthwith wende:
A goodly bed they then prepare, a mattreſſe, linnen ſoft, Phœnix lodgeth in Achilles Tent.
Behong with curtines rounde about, a couerlet fine aloft.
Of woollen weare, where Phœnix doth alone right ſoundly ſléepe,
Straight after doth the valiaunt Gréke to ſtately cabban créepe Diomede Achilles ſweete hart.
To take his reſt: King Phorbas bréde did come with him to be Iphis the ſweete hart of Patroclus.
In bed, (the King of *Leſbos* Ile) the faire Diomedee
His mate, alſo to ſport himſelfe lies downe betwéene his ſheetes,
With Iphis gaie the ſame to ſléepe, Patroclus with hir métes,
The which Achilles did him giue when *Scyros* citie ſtrong,
Was by his force put to the ſpoile, downe raſte, and laide along.
The Princes ſome to campe are come of Grékes from whence they went,
The councell they together finde ſtill in the royall tent:
At their arriuall, eche preſents in many a gorgeous cup
The wines to drinke, they welcombe are, and then they riſing vp,
Doe offer place for them to ſit, they long the whole to heare,
And of the ſubſtance of the cauſe they wiſhe they priuie were.
The chiefe then ſpake Vlyſſes thus: you glory of Gréece that are, Agamenon to Vlyſſes,
Vlyſſes O thou noble he, a Gods name vs declare

Whether Achill our giftes will haue, what hope or comfort tell ye
Of our reliefe: both he reient, as he in rage ſtill will bee?
With truth you will (quoth Vlyſſes) his furie nothing dies,
But dayly growes to more and more, your preſents he deſies,
For your alliaunce he cares not, and laſt of all the reſt
He bad vs bid you ſie this worſt, if ſo you thought it beſt.
And that the dawning next he would depart this countrey fra,
With like perſwaſion vnto vs that likewiſe we doe ſo,
With of this warre no end will be, now brought to wretched plight,
And that the Gods to *Phrigians* aide, to vs haue death behight.
The Aiax hie and Heraults eke can witneſſe well his minde,
If ſo they liſt, they heard the talke, Phœnix is ſtaide behinde
By Achilles, he lodgeth there, and home with him he may,
Not by conſtraint, but if he pleaſe, ſo doth Achilles ſay.
The princes all of Grecelith land, the whole aſſemblie quaſht,
They ſtode abaſht whē this they heard, long while their ſpeech it taſht,
Not holding vp their heads they ſat, till Diomede the Greeke
Of them ſo worthy of accompt the ſolempne ſilence breeke.
You miſt the marke Agamemnon, when legates you ſent out
To offer giftes, and him intreate, he is to proude and ſtout,
And you haue ſet him more a gog with meſſage ſent to him,
He thinkes himſelfe a iolly man, a gooly and a trimme.
Forget him ſirs, let him goe home, or as it pleaſe him tarie,
And when the Gods haue heald his rage, which raging him doth carie,
He warre will when he ſees his time, end we this cauſe in talke,
And to our meate and wonted reſt a good incke let vs walke,
In morning we in armour all will ſtand before our ſailes,
Our horſemen and our chariots all, our ſouldiers in their ralles.
Your valure there Agamemnon force you your ſelfe to ſhowe,
In former ranke let men you ſee Troyans to ouerthrowe.
This ſpeech and councell well allowde the princes euerie one,
And to his Tent or ſhip to leape they all departed gone.

Finis noni Libri.

¶ The tenth Booke.

THe Grékiſh kings the ſlaine abo;de,
and downe to reſt they lie,
But Agamemn for carefull griefe
no ſlépe came in his eye.
As oft is ſéene the flo;mes of haſte
great ſhowres and thunder blowes,
The boiſtrous blaſts, the lightning flames,
when Ioue his flaſhes th;owes,
Agamemnon full of care paſſeth the night vvith out ſleepe.
Comparyſon.
O; when great bankes of ſnowe he ſendes in countrey low that lies:
So out the Grékiſh Chieftaines breaſt the grones and ſighings ſlies.
His heart doth quake, his dolefull ſp;ite doth ſtand in beaute plight,
And chiefly, when on Troyans campe hard by he caſtes his ſight:
Where he beholdes huge fires to flame, great cries, vnwonted noyce,
And round the quarters to reſound, with flutes and hie Hawboize.
Againe, when he doth turne his eye vnto his beaten bandes,
A ſlépe, ſo;borne, at point to fall into their enemies handes,
Fo; griefe from head his haire he pulles, and armes he beanes aloft,
Intreating Ioue to pitie ſome his Godhead may be b;ought.
Hayvbois & muſick in the Troyans campe.
Agamemnon for ſorovv teares his haire.
In this ſo ſo;re conflict of minde what méteſt is to take,
He thinkes it beſt to goe in haſt the Neſtor olde to wake,
His counſellour graue with him t'aduiſe, and councell god to ſéeke,
To thwart this daunger from his folke, which happen them is liéke.
Agamemnons apparell riſing in the night.
He vp his wonted robes doth take, his ſhoes on féete he tide,
And from his ſhoulders downe doth hang a mightie Lions hyde,
A large and beautifull to ſée, on ground it trailes behinde,
A dart he take, and to his ſide his faulchion he doth binde.
Menelaus cannot ſleepe.
The while this king doth beare himſelfe leſſe carefull not a whit,
Was Menelau, fo; feare and grief his eies he could not ſhit,
Calling to minde the peril great of ſuch a maſſe of men,
In his revenge who paſſe the ſea to warre with the Troyen,
A nation ſtout and fierce in fight, in hope to gaine renowme,
His goodly Curets on he puts and Helmet on his crowne,

The Poet giues Menelaus a Leopardes skinne, and Agamenon a Lions.

His backe a Lybertis skinne doth hap, and launce in hand he haes,
He straight doth goe right to the shippes Agamemnon to rayse,
He founde him newly full attirde, he lopes at Menelawes,
Who to him doth aduaunce himselfe, and thus his tale he drawes:

Menelaus to Agamenon.

You brother mine and eldest borne, what meane you thus to thrust
Your selfe in armes: the Troyan campe this night abroade you must
Send out a spie to viewe it well, to get such one I doubt
To serue the turne, the charge belongs to one right bold and stout.

Agemenon to Menelaus.

Him answerde Agamemnon thus: both you and I good brother
Doe greatly nede good sound aduise our people for to further,
And eke our name for to saue from Troyan sworde and fiers,
And most sith Ioue doth friend our foes, and leaues vs in the briers.
I neuer sawe, ne yet haue heard one man such partes to play
Of valiancie, as Hector hath vpon the Grekes this day.
He cõmes not of the Gods their line, yet flie we from his rage,
I leue the Grekes will nere forget this fright in after age.
I thinke it best you straight doe goe vnto the Grekish nauie
To Aiax and the king of *Creete*, and tell them that now craue I
They will with spede to councell come, and I on th'other side
Procure will Nestor to the watch, for our state to prouide.

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

His sonne is captaine of the same ioyned with Meryon,
They both will doe what Nestor shall commaund for to be done.
Your minde perfourmde quoth Menelau shall I returne againe,
Or will you that till they doe come, I doe with them remaine:

Agamemnõ teacheth Menelaus to speake curteously to the princes.

Doe you with them abide quoth he, least they doe misse the way,
The campe it is so full of crokes they likely are to straie.
I further thus doe counsaile you, when you the princes call,
Doe gently vse your wordes and soft, and name their names withall,
Their state recite and eke their race, and doe not stuntly talke,
Still with a lowe and courteous grace let there the speeches walke.
We both must yelde our selues thereto, and arme vs to abide
Things much vnmete, sith Ioue that God of vs doth so deuide.

Nestors armour.

When Agamemnon well had schoold his brother, soft he hies,
And quickly cõmes into the Tent whereas king Nestor lies,
Vnto the good olde man he cõmes, in bed he founde him laied,
His harneys bright, his helmet braue, his shield that waightie waied,

Two

Two dartes withall lay hard him by, and eke his gorgeous belt,
Wherwith he girdes, when Grekes he leades, as on that age not felt.
Nestor hearing Agamemnon with stealing step to stalke
So nie his bed, liftes vp himselfe, and thus beginnes his talke
Leaning vpon his elbowe mowde: a gods name what art thou
That in the night thus romes in campe: to our ships who brings yout
Who sends you forth while others slepe: some mulet doe you misse?
Or fellowes lost doe you enquire? what ho, say what it is,
Tell me what chaunce you bether sends at time so out of season,
If nought you lacke, say on your case, out speech else stay with reason. Nestor to Agamemnon.
O worthy king, O noble fame, of Grekes the glory odde,
I am vnhappie Agamemn in griefe and sorowe sodde, Agamemnon to Nestor.
Agamemnon, whom cruell Ioue ouerchargeth so with shame,
And vile reproche, that nought I hope but mischiefe to my name.
I to you comme, for that I cannot rest in this estate,
The tender care of Grekes I have makes me my bed to hate:
Such dread & shame take hold of me, my heart doth trembling quake,
My soule despaire doth whole assault, my feble legges doe shake:
For griefe my wearie minde sustaines, this is the chiefest cause,
And eke you rest no more than I: wherfore now let vs pause,
I you beseeche this folke to shield, let vs some way deuise
From walking hand of Troyan foes, and therefore (friend) arise,
And if you please we will repaire whereas the watch they kepe,
And viewe if souldiors ouerhaeld with toile doe wearie slepe.
Alas our enimies be at hand, and little doe we ken
Whether this night they will vs charge, what safetie have we them?
King Nestor thus to him replies, thinke you that Ioue he will Nestor to Agamenon
So Hector friend, what Hector lift that Ioue will it fulfill?
No, no I thinke that he himselfe is dard and gallde at full,
He doubts Achill will leave his pottes, and ioyne with you he will.
But vp I will and follow you, eke you to be about
Call vp the cunning Vlysses, and Diomede the stout,
The curteous Meges, and Aiax the second Oilee cald,
In whom the prowesse of Grecian land so depe and die is fald.
O would to God some one did bid the Aiax great to feare,
And Idomene, whose tide large tents from vs are distaunt feare.

Why

Why is not Menelaus here? hath he so little care,
He who should waite continually, and watching to repaire
With humble suite vnto the best, his eyes what can be close,
And of this warre leane you the toile, which to such danger grosse?
For the god will I beare the man I bitterly must blame,
And with him chide, though him you loue, you tell what will befall.

Agamenon to Nestor. Thus answerd him Agamemnon, you worthy aged sire,
His slacknesse you to reprehend, you know is my desire.
No slouth or ignorance him holdes, him his assurance faies,
Sometimes which in my Aides he hath, the charge on me he laies.
In this he doth deserue no blame, but rather worthy praise,
To be imployde, well aware at full he first came me to raise,
To Aiax and our other friends I sent him out erst while,
Lets goe, they surely tarie vs, hard by the watch *Bastide*.
He hath them sayd they should not faile but to attend vs there:

Nestor to Agamenon If brother yours quoth Nestor tho so kindely doe him beare,
And carefull be as you doe tell, and if he bid and pray
With modestie, the Grecians all him serue will and obay,

Nestors apparell and armour. As much as you, who is their chiefe, herewith his bed he leaues
Full soft, and on his royall weede and richly robes he heaues.
Fine shoes of picked leather out his fote he tieth vnder,
A scarlet mantell on he throwes, for cost to see, a wonder,
Of *Lemster* woll the best it was, the workmanship was much,
A golden buckle made it fast, he in apparell such
In right hand takes his stubborne launce, to the pauilion
Of Vlysses forthwith he comes, him loude he calleth on.

Vlysses to Agemenon & Nestor. And bids him rise, hearing the voyce of the good aged man,
He starteth out his slepe, and vp to them he thus began:
Alone why goe you vp and downe in time so darke and still?

Nestor to Vlysses. What lacke or daunger are you in? what is it that you will?
Laertes heire so wise (quoth he) of vs no marualle thinke,
For verie plaine necessitie hath brought vs to his brinke:
Come, let vs raise some other prince, and what is to be done,
Let vs consult, as howe to fight, or else away to runne.
When Vlysses had Nestor heard, on shoulder straight he throwes,
And hanges his target at his backe, and after them he goes:

There

There right againſt the tent they finde of Diomede the Greeke, Diomedes
That mightie man, out which he ſlepte, his armor not to ſeeke, ſleepes on a
For on it was, a mightie hyde of beeſe him vnderlay, Bulles hide
For pillow to his head, he had a Carpet new and gay.
His mates, his bands, his men of war, they ſléepe him rounde about,
Their armor hangs them by, and as the lightning breaking out
Doth ſhine far off, ſo do the ſame their darts and buckilers by.
The Neſtor old with noiſe ynough doth drawe the Grecian nye, Neſtor to
His héele he touchte, and therewithall fault finding thus ſayes he: Diomedes.
What, doſt thou ſléepe O Diomede deſcended of Tydee?
Aſléepe are you, knowing our foes at hande to kéepe ſuche charme,
And loud to chaunt it in the plains, wherein ſo thicke they ſwarme?
So wakde, thus anſwerde Diomede: Neſtor, I greatly muſe
How that your peares can bide and beare ſuch trauaile as you vſe. Diomedes
Why yéelde you ſtil your ſelfe to toile? haue you no youthful lads to Neſtor.
To ſend about to call the kings, but Neſtor ſtil he gads?
Yes ſure I am, but your quicke ſpyte is never dull nor ydle, Neſtor to
Sound friend (quoth Neſtor) what you ſay, as true is as the Byble. Diomedes
I doubtle children haue, with men and ſubiects not a few, vaunting of
Who zealous for my quiet reſt themſelues will try and tewe, his children
And do what I ſhall wiſhe them doe: but for this vrgent wracke & ſubiects.
Wherein I ſée vs and our folke, my helpe I can not ſlacke,
Wel knowing, that if preſently we make not head with héede,
But ſlacke the time, we cannot holde, but downe we al muſt bléede.
My peares if that you pitie ſo, on fellowſhip call yée
Aiax Oilee, with Meges eke, who ſonne is of Philee,
Straight Diomede him clad with ſkinne of boiſterous Lyon weare,
And forth he goes, forgetting not his ſtaffe and loftie ſpeare,
To the two Grékes he hyed him faſt, and ſone he founde them out,
And them entreates to come to him who ruleth all the rout.
The Princes ſtraight and al the kings here named, méete at watch,
They finde the watchmen all awake, and none with ſlumber latche,
By courſe they lively ſtand and hark, like ſouldiors fierce they fare, Compariſō
As maſtiffes, who for mightie flockes kéepers appointed are, of maſtines
Do carefull héede, the Lyons leape downe whirling from the rocks, keeping a
From wood, or field, for to aſſault the ſhéepe within the flocke, flocke of
the ſheepe.

The ſhepeheards plaſte in quarters round about their ſérnely ſolde,
Déep ſcath in night-leaſt they receiue, hir noiſe twéene them is held,
And ſlumber none from their regard ons whit can make thē ſtoupe,
So careful maze, if moze may be, was al the Grækiſh troupe.
Foz ſlepe was banißte from their eies, deſire of watch augmented:
Nestor to the vvatchmen and ſcoutes. To whome did Neſtor ioyfully, (when as he ſawe thus tented
Their charge in hand) perfozme this ſpéech: watch, watch my childrē
Slép not leaſt ẏ our hateful foes ſhold now ſurpziſe vs héere, (déere,
And weak on vs their ſpitefull téene, vs taking at vnwares,
Foz want of loking to the watch, full great then were our cares.
The Kings with him, he paſt ẏ trench, whē he theſe wozds had ſaid,
And commeth ſtraight vnto the place, which ful of mozts was layde,
Where Hector had the day befoze ſo highly done in fight,
And bloudie victozie had prolonged vnto the dreadfull night.
There downe the gallant Pzinces ſit low placed on the grounde,
To talke they fall, and Meryon, (whoſe match may not be founde
Foz valiantneſſe) to councel him, and Thraſymede they call
Nestor to the Greekiſh Princes. That doubtie knight, next to the kings commended moſt of all.
Neſtor the flowze of Knighthod then thus al did ſpeake thē there,
Beloued friends of you who doth in mind the valoz beare,
Whoſe hart and wiſedom wil him ſerue the Troyan camp to view,
And ſéeke the meane to bzing vs wozde, that we may truſt as true,
Whether they meane t'aſſaulte our ſhips, oz foztifie the plaine,
And home to goe after they haue ſuch Grækiſh number ſlaine?
Some captiue of the taile perhap the matter may him tell,
Oz hearkning where they lye at reſt, he may it heare ful wel.
And if to vs he ſafe returne, and do their purpoſe bzing,
He wel may ſay he hath deſerude, that we his fame do ring.
Beſide in guerdon he ſhall haue rich gifts, and not a few,
Eche patrone of a ſhip ſhal giue a big blacke fatted Ewe
Yea with the Lambe, a gift in truth in pzice foz to be had,
In banquets welcome ſhall he be, and al men of him glad.
The done, good ſpace the hearers ſtayde, no anſwere they replyed,
Diomedes to Neſtor. Diomede loude befoze the kings thus to his tale he hied:
My burning heart doth bid me goe, and faith it pzickes me on
In this hazards to ſerue a ſpie, and doubtie champion,

And

And go I will, ſo I may haue with me a dreadleſſe mate,
For in a caſe of ſo great waight the wit of one mans pate,
Is not ſo good as that of two, when one doth counſel take
He forward feareth daunger none, him bolder doth it make.
But man alone, though ſtout and ſtrong, yea reſolute and wiſe,
At point ſometime doth ſhrinke, to him doth feare and terror riſe.
This offer great hearde of the kings ſo nobly by the Gréeke,
The Aiax twaine wil followe him, they al wyl do the leek:
To liue and dye in all aſſayes with him wil Merion,
The gallant Thraſimede ſo craues, Menelau wil he one.
The wiſe Vlyſſes he doth ſweare he wil the hazard proue,
Who far for wilie ingenie was all the Gréekes aboue.
When Agamemnon from this cauſe did ſée they did not ſtarte, Agememnō to Diomed.
O friende quoth he as deare to me as is yea life or heart,
Sith now you ſée to followe you are ready al and ſome,
Chooſe one your ſelf, who nearſt wil ſtand, when you in dāger come,
Let neither ſhame nor baſhfulneſſe cauſe you right iudgement miſſe,
Chooſe not for lignage great, but who moſt ſage and hardie is.
No greater harme coulde be, than worſt to haue, and beſt to loſe.
So ſayde Agamemnon for feare he Menelau woulde chooſe,
Bycauſe his parentage was great, which eke his wealth did fit. Diomedes nameth Vlyſſes to go with him.
Sith (quoth he doubtie Gréeke) to me the choiſe you do remit,
Should I forget Vlyſſes here, whoſe wiſedome is ſo famed,
Whoſe minde in dangers none ſo great could euer yet be tamed,
Of whome (yea) al the loftie Gods preſerue a care and héede,
And chiefly to direct his faces Minerua is agréede?
I thinke I with this noble minde the fierceſt flames to flye,
I knowe the prudence is ſo great which in the man doth lye.
Chaunt not I pray you (quoth Vlyſſe) my faces, ne yet me blame Vlyſſes to Diomedes.
Before theſe Kings, my want and ſkil they knowe ful wel the ſame.
Lets goe, the night it runnes away, the ſtars are far agate: Diomedes and Vlyſſes be armed by the kings.
The dawning ſtraight wil bring the day, it groweth very late.
With this the two renoumed Gréeks were armed by the Kings,
His ſword vnwéeldy Thraſimede to the ſtout Gréeke he brings,
Two edged with point of perfect trampe, for he to haſt the maze
His ſhield and faulchon in his tent he left behinde therefaze,

And without creſt or plume at all his maſtlan on doth pull,
Of bulliſh hyde, a yong mans weare, men do it call a ſcul.
Deſcriptiõ of Vlyſſes ſallet. Meryon to Vlyſſes giues his quiuer and his bowe,
A maſſie ſworde, and for his head doth triche attire beſtowe,
Within of lether ſtiff framde, and it of ſenſine tanne,
So ſet with wilde ſwines téeth without, as cut it nothing can,
Howe héene ſo ere the weapon be, and notwithſtanding that
So ſtiffe it were, yet might one put within it wel his hat.
Antilochus ful long agoe it founde, as he begonne
To ranſacke quite Ormenus houſe who was Amyntors ſonne,
In *Eleon* where then it ſtode, the ſhape ſo proper was,
That long who helde it noted ſtode, he hight Amphidamas,
To warlike Molus he it gaue, who left it to his heire,
He ay it bare, to the trimme Greeke, and lent it now to weare.
Good ſigne by the Herons cry. Thus armd as I haue ſayd, right ſone they from the others left,
And to them in their way, Minerue a mightie Heron ſent,
Who chanted loude his cries aloft, they wel might heare the voice,
But nothing ſée, becauſe of might, yet greatly they reioice
At the good hap: Vlyſſes, who the Augure wel bewrayes,
Ful pleaſed is, to the Goddeſſe deuoutly thus he prayes.
Vlyſſes prayer to Pallas. Heare me dame Pallas héed of Ioue, who vouchſaues me to aide,
In daungers al, in toiles my guide, by whome I ſtil am ſtayed,
Graunt I returne with victorie, and that I glorie gaine,
That we two do atchieue ſome déede vnto the Troians paine.
Diomedes prayer to Pallas. Eke Diomede thus ſoftly prayes, deuoutly as he may,
Bowe downe thine eare thou Goddeſſe milde, thou daune Tritonia,
Thou daughter deare belouede of Ioue, be thou my luckie guide,
As to my ſire Tydee thou werte, when he in meſſage hide
Embaſſador the *Thebanes* to, the Grékes and them t'agré,
At his returne he ſhewde himſelfe right wel by meanes of thée.
O prudent Goddeſſe graunt to me ſuch force and hardy hart,
Diomedes vowe. As he then had, and ſo me guide, as out this cauſe I part,
My honor ſaude: In ſacrifice I do thée here behight
Thy Altar on an heifer faire, on whome yoke neuer light,
I wil commaunde the hornes likewiſe ſhal be al ouer guilt,
And with good heart preſented thée, if heare me now thou wilt.

Of Troad

Thus prayed both the noble Grekes, the goddesse bowde them to, Comparis
And graunted fully to them both what they wilht there to do.
Forth then they martch two Lios like, the bleeding corpse they tread
So grieuous was the Gretians losse, ore al the plaine they spread.
His people Hector lets not sleepe, the wise and grauest sort
He sommons to his tent, to whom he doth his minde report. Hect. to the Trojans.
Who here (quoth) wil promise me my hest for to fulfil,
He shal be sure of honor due, reward him wel I wil,
He shal receiue of me I say, to recompence his pains
A chariot guided with two steedes the best of Grekish traine,
I aske no more but that he go vnto the ennmies naupe
Whether they meane to tarie vs that therof knowledge haue I,
If in their ships their wonted watch they kepe, or (as I gesse) (lesse,
Thus cowed, they thinke to run their ways, when we heede nothing
This was his speech, but none that heard did answere to the same,
A Troyan in this counsel was that Dolon had to name,
The only son of Herald good that Eumades was cleapt, Dolon was
To whom great masse of wealthy store was in his treasure heapt, nipped, but very light of foote.
This Dolon was of ougly shape, but fit to do his deede,
Belowde of sire, the last of sire that left was of the breede.
He heeding much the promise great that doughtie Hector told, The Troy. Dol. offers himself to espie the Greekes.
Straight standeth vp and thus begins: Hector stoute courage bolde
Doth force my minde to take in hand this voyage, and to bring
Word, whether that the Grekes wil stad, or forth to flight wil fling.
As chiefetaine iust sweare by your mace you beare by princely lawes,
To giue me braue Achilles chare, and coursers it that drawes.
Dread not your noble enterprise, by me it shal not quaile,
I straight wil to the Grekish barkes, and there I wil not faile
To enter in, yea of the hiest, their secrets there to leare.
Quoth Hector then with sceptre vp aloft into the ayre, He sweareth to Do. by Iupiter.
Sith go thou wilt where I haue sayde, by thundring Ioue I vow,
None mount shal on those goodly steedes but only Dolon thou,
Ful iustly thou them conquer shalt, do them possesse therfore
A guerdon iust for thy desart: thus noble Hector swore
This Troyan to, but he periurde, he bad him forth to gang.
An old woulfes skin doth Dolon take, it down his back doth hang.

His bowe hung on his ſhoulder bent, his mantel was aſkeſt,
A ſhallet new vpon his head, of hide of geate not feſt:
For made it was yea for the preſe, a dart, it braue and bright,
In hand he takes, and dermes himſelfe right ſouldioure like to fight.
Thus being armde, not to returne in haſt he forward hies,
To much beguilde, if hope he haue euer to ſet his eyes
On Hector, much leſſe on his fire, ſuch way he rides amaine
That ſone he entred was ful far into the champion plaine.

Vliſſes to Diomedes. Vliſſe then minding nothing elſe, but what he had to do,
Aſoufe perceiuing Dolon come, ſpake thus Diomede to:
From Troyan campe behold a foe, a ſpie he for our foes,
Or ſome to ſpoile in battel plaine I geſſe he ſurely goes.
We ſhall do wel to let him paſſe til to our ſhips he drawes,
We following hard at héeles, on him ſhal eaſily lay our pawes.
Yet take good héede, if he do ſtraine to flie or runne awaye,
That we to force him to our ſhips do do the beſt we may,
Him driuing from the Troyan campe, where he wil thinke to go,
Him follow with your reaching ſtaffe, and do your valure ſhow.

Compariſs of Moyles and Oxen. Here both the Grékes amongſt the flayne out of the way they got,
And ſpie and hearke after the ſpie, who goes a ſpéedie trot.
When as they ſaw him ſo far of, as moyles coupled in twaine
In trauel of the Oxen plow do ſpace before them gaine:
They quickly out their ambuſh ſtart, and fall vpon him come.
Dolon hearing the noyſe they made, ſuppoſd them Troyans ſome
Partakers with him who would be, his iourney ſtaying ſo.
This while the Grékes approch ſo nie, as one a dart may throw,
But when he founde what men they were, he forward runs apace,
And the two Grékes do part themſelues, and follow faſt the trace.

Compariſs of two Greyhoūds following an Hare or Hinde. And as you ſée two Greyhoundes courſe in wood a Hinde or Hare,
And lay ſo hard vnto the beaſtes that they their conqueſts are:
Euen ſo theſe valiant Grékes do chaſe this Troyan badly hapt,
Who could not ſcape, but wel he found himſelf ſtil more intrapt.
So faſt did Dolon ſcoure away, that nere vnto the ſcouts
Of the Grékes watch he drawéth nie, to Diomede the ſtouts
The goddeſſe Pallas doth encreaſe his ſtrength and ſwiftneſſe both,
That other ſhould the honour haue (him taking) ſhe was loth.

The

He with theſe wordes him ouertakes: I charge the for thy heade
No further paſſe, for if thou do, my dart ſhal do thée deade.
And herewithal hard by his necke he made the ſame to fly,
And Dolon ſtaide more colde than yce, he ſtode ſo tremblingly,
That one full wel might heare his teeth togither ſo to ſhake:
The noble Grékes far out of breath do there the Troyan take,
Who letting fal whole flouds of teares doth open thus his boyce,
O warlike wights do ſaue my life, and at your proper choyce
I wil it buy, my ſire with gold, with braſſe and yron flowes,
And iewels great, which he wil giue, when he aline me knowes,
And priſoner in your handes to bée: Vliſſe of wit ſo rare
Sayd, Troyan take you heart of grace, and put away this care,
And feare not death here of vs two, and tel me not to lye,
Deceiue me not in what I aſke, nor in what know would I:
What enterprize haue you in hand, thus in the night to crépe
Vnto our campe ſtil and alone when al men are aſlépe?
Come you to ſéeke ſome carcaſe dead, that yeſterday was ſlaine,
And it to ſpoyle, did Hector elſe bid you to take this paine?
Did he ſend you to ſpie his foes? by his commaundmente come yée
Or of your ſelfe? which of the two? the truth declare to me.
Quoth trembling dreadful Dolon tho, dead like in euery guiſe,
The hope that Hector put me in, it hath me made ſo wiſe,
That at his wil here come I am, wherof I finde I miſſe
To try the thing, he promiſt me, the chare of Achilles
And al that did belong thereto, ſo that I to him brought
From out your campe ſome certain newes, & wherby you thought,
Whether you meant to take the ſea, or to your tackle ſtand,
And chiefely if you kept your watch, and if your ſhips were mande
Quoth Vliſſe with a ſmyling faint, by your own wordes I ſée
Your minde doth dreame on greater things than fit for your degrée.
Thoſe courſers are of nature ſuch, no mortling may them guide
Their maſter, but, whom Ioue decréede ſhould come out Thetis ſide.
Tel me I pray thée without guile, when Hector bad thée his,
Where was the man? and he vnarmde where doth his armour lie
That is ſo famed ouer all? and alſo in what make
Do chariots his and courſers lodge, their trauel when they wake?

Dolon ca-ptus by the two greks.

Dolon to Vliſſes and Diomedes.

Vliſſes to Dolon.

Dolon to Vliſſes.

Vliſſes to Dolon.

What,

What do his people lye a bed with toyle of battel tiere,
Or do they watch, and for to fight is it of them desirerd?
What will they keepe the fields, and vs charge in the morning tide,
Or with their victorie to *Troy* will they victorious ride?
Quoth Dolon I will tel you true: when I came on my way,
The worthy Hector at the tombe of Ilus he did stay,
When with the greatest he did consult of matters neerest ware,
To overthrow his enimies it was his chiefest care.
As for the watch whereof you aske, sure Hector doth it will,
But smally do his souldiours reach his minde for to fulfil,
They soundly sleepe. Some Troyans yet entyre are for their lives
The fires to light, for feare they lose their children, town, and wives,
And nought but for pure neede they do. The strangers on them lay
The charge of al, their wives far off, they sticke not so to say.
Vlisses further askes him thus: the forraines lodge they where,
The Troyans with, or by themselves: it would I gladly heare.
Unto this question which you aske, I truely will you tel,
And where ech band is placed right: The *Caries* and *Peones* dwel,
The *Caucons*, *Lelges*, and *Pelasges* along the sea do ly,
On the other side to *Thimbra* hil the *Lycians* campe them by,
The *Phrygians*, *Meons*, *Misians*, but to what purpose now
Tel I by name the Troyans power: if thither go will you,
Ful true you shal my speeches finde, the souldiours new from *Thrace*
Lye far vs off, their cariages and they do keepe their place:
Where Rhesus I their king did see and steeds of his might,
In colour they do passe the snow his horses are so white,
As swift they are as is the winde, when Rhesus will them ride,
His chare I saw of mettals two both fine and perfect tryde,
Composde of gold and siluer bright, his armor al of gold,
In al the earth is not the like, it straunge is to be told.
No living man I worthy thinke of worthy armour such,
For Ioue or for some other God I thinke of worthy armour much.
I having told you all you would, I humbly do you pray,
Leade me vnto your ships, or bound here let me ly I say,
And hastly go vnto our campe, and eyely do behold
If I in ought haue failed you, or not the truth haue told.

Dolō to Vlisses Ilus sepulchre by Troy.

Vlisses to Dolō Dolon to Vlisses.

Comparisō of the swiftnesse and whitenes of Rhesus horses.

This

This ſpéech Diomede (loking thwart) to the pᵘze ſpie did giue, Diomedes to Dolon.
Hope not to ſcape my hands I ſay, thou canſt no longer liue.
Although of thée we learned haue ſome things foꝛ our behooſe,
I know if we ſhould let thée go at libertie alooſe
Hereafter thou wouldſt ſpie our campe, oꝛ elſe the ſame aſſault,
But as I may, if I thée kil, the Grékes thou ſhalt not fault.
Such were his woꝛds, but Dolon thought yet to entreate ẏ Gréek,
And dꝛew nie ſoft to touch his chin, and fauour to beſéeke. Dolon ſlain by Diom.
But in this thought he to his necke his ſwoꝛd ſo ſowꝛely ſet,
That down he ouerthꝛew him dead, the coꝛdes in pieces ſet,
Wherwith the heade tumbles aſide and murmurs in the ſal:
His ſallet then of geatiſh ſkin, his coꝛſlet fine withal
Of woluiſh heire, his bended bow and dart he taketh ſtraight,
And to the welkin then Vliſſe (heauing his hands on height)
The harneis held, to Pallas pꝛayde with ſoft and ſilent voyce, Vliſſes prayer to Minerua.
At this oblation here we bꝛing oh goddeſſe do reioyce,
As woꝛthyeſt of th'immoꝛtals all, and moſt of power and might,
To whom we ought al woꝛthily bowes ſhape and aulters dight:
Offrings of due thy Godhead hie ſhal haue, graunt vs the grace
That we oh Lady, at this time may come where they of *Thrace*
Are ſounde a ſléepe, oh Ladie graunt that we thoſe armours ſée,
Their goodly ſtédes and Chariot which, is of ſuch golden blée. Dolons apparel hanged on a Tamarin tree.
His pꝛayer when ended had the Gréeke, eſt vp his hands he holds,
Hic in the ayꝛe, and on an heape the habites then he foldes,
And hangs them on a bow, and cuts a bꝛanch of Tamarin
A loftie arme, it ſets foꝛ marke when they returned bin,
Their way the better foꝛ to finde, among the dead they paſſe,
And to the *Thracians* come at laſt as it determinde was,
In mightie rankes of numbers thꝛée them ſaſt aſléepe they found, Rheſus K. of Thrace aſleepe among his ſouldiours.
And by ech one his furniture lay cloſely on the ground.
Their ſtuffe, their harneis and theyꝛ hoꝛſe, were nere at hand to vſe:
To ſléepe in midſt of all his men king Rheſus he did chuſe,
His ſtout and ſtartling ſtédes him by, and tyed to his chare
With ſtrong and laſting geares at ful, they rich and choſen ware, Vliſſes to Diomedes.
This oꝛder when Vliſſes ſaw, ſayd, loe the king (my mate)
And hoꝛſſe wherof (when of the campe) our Dolon ſpake alate

Now more then euer muſt you ſtriue, and put your force in vre,
Vallet on head, and ſword in hand, for nought muſt not be ſure.
Do one of two, vndo theſe ſteedes, and I theſe beaſtes wil kil,
Or take your ſword and ſlye them to, and I vnloſe them wil.
Diomedes kils the Thracians a ſleepe.
The goddeſſe Pallas did encreaſe the doughtie Gréeke his ſpirites,
He ſlayes them dead on euery ſide, and them in pieces ſmites.
The place is purple with the bloud, the grunts and grones are harde
Comparis3 of a Lion finding sheepe or goats vvith out a shepheard.
Of ſuch as are in péeces cut, and by his weapon marde.
And as a raging Lion, who findes goats and ſhéepe at large,
Out hold and wandring vp and down (the ſhepheard frō his charge)
Doth fal thē on, & with his pawes thē teares, & takes theyr bloud:
One ſo the Gréeke the *Thracians* ſlue, he nothing was withſtode.
Twice fire his edged ſword did paſſe, ſo mortes the place is filde,
The carcaſes Vliſſe aſide did draw as he them killde.
He made the way the wished ſteedes more willing that they wente,
Nor ſhould not feare the dead to treade, nor doubt it what it ment.
Rhesus the thirteenth that is ſlain
The king for thirtenth Diomede out life to death doth ſwap
He ſweetely ſlept, but (ſilly man) it was a deadly nap,
Vliſſes vndoeth the horſes and bringe thē avvay.
The which (afflicted by Pallas) that night the Gréeke him brought.
This while Vliſſe vndo the ſteedes he on his office thought,
And haſtily through the multitude he brings them as a riuer,
And with his boyſtrous ſtubborne bow he layes on many a ſtiuer,
For haſt he had forgot the whip their way which makes them rid.
Vliſſes vvhiſtles to his fellovv.
A little paſt, ſpying his friend, who by his buſineſſe bid,
He whiſtled to him in his fiſt, and wel the ſound he knew,
Straight for to know what he ſhould do Diomede to him drew.
As whether for to draw the chare which ful of armour lay,
Or by the beame, or on his backe to bring it quite away,
Or elſe to tend to murder ſtil, or to returne him backe,
Pallas to Diomedes.
Of theſe three péeces the valiant Gréeke did reſolution lacke.
Diomedes and Vliſſes mounte the horſes and come avvay.
Wherwith his further Pallas ſaide, the actes whiche done thou haſte
Be pleaſed with, get thée away, that thou mayſt come at laſt
All dreadleſſe ſafe vnto thy ſhips, thou mayſt wel doubtſome ſtop.
And leaſt ſome God the Troyan power ſhould ſet vpon thy top.
Diomede to Vliſſes cōmes, he hearing in this caſe
The counſaile good, eche mounts a ſteede right ſwift and fléete of pace,

Vliſſes

Vlyſſes layde on with his bowe, he made them for to flie.
Againe Phœbus with fiuer bow beſtirres right carefullye
The Troyans for. For when he ſpide Minerua for to chat
With the ſtout Greeke, and folow him, he wroth did growe therat,
And at the damage lately done, to Troyans ſtraight he hyes,
And wakes king Rheſus vncle there Hippocoon as he lyes,
His vncle and his counſellor greate, who when he vp did reare,
And did behold that (as before) the courſers were not there,
But coued place with ſlaughtred men, he cries, he houles, he whines,
Condemne he doth the *Thracian* bands, for ſone the loſſe he findes.
Ye Rheſus, Rheſus named oft, which was his nephewe deare,
And Prince ſo tenderly belouede. When as the campe did heare
His roarings loud, it moued all, and moſt of it did runne
Vnto the place to view the newes, and ſée what there was donne,
They maruel at the cruelitie, and on the ſlaughter ſtare,
They ſay the Greekes for the exploite of too much courage ware.
When the two kings came to the place where they had ſlain ỹ ſpie,
Vlyſſes ſtopte, the other downe there lighted by and by
The bloudie habites him to reatch, which done, he mounts agen,
And ſhortly come vnto the ſhippes, where Greeks attend the men.
Among the Kings was Neſtor firſt of al did heare a ſounde,
And knew they came, thus ſpake he them: Of folk of Greekiſh grounde
Ye ſhepehearde yée, and of this campe ſo great the guiders graue,
Shal I vnto you tell a lye, and what in dreame I haue?
My minde doth wil me to beléeue before I ſée the thing,
A galloping of certaine horſe déepe in mine eare doth ring.
O would to God our champions two were of ſuch cunning ſight,
As ſcaping daungers they could bring two goodly courſers light,
But much I dread theſe noble men haue had ſome deadly hap.
Scarce had he ſaid, but the two Kings downe from their horſes flap
Amongſt them al: Eche one them greetes, good words vſe euery man,
And aged Neſtor of them al thus to Vlyſſe began:
O thou the glorie of our *Greece*, of honor worthy king,
Declare vnto me I you pray, theſe horſes which you bring
So ſtraunge for whitenelle of their blée, and like the ſunnis raies,
What, hath ſome God them giuen you, or haue you any wayes

Tumulte in the Thracian campe, for the death of king Rheſus.

Diomedes reacheth Dolons apparel to Vlyſſes.

Neſtor to the Greeks attending.

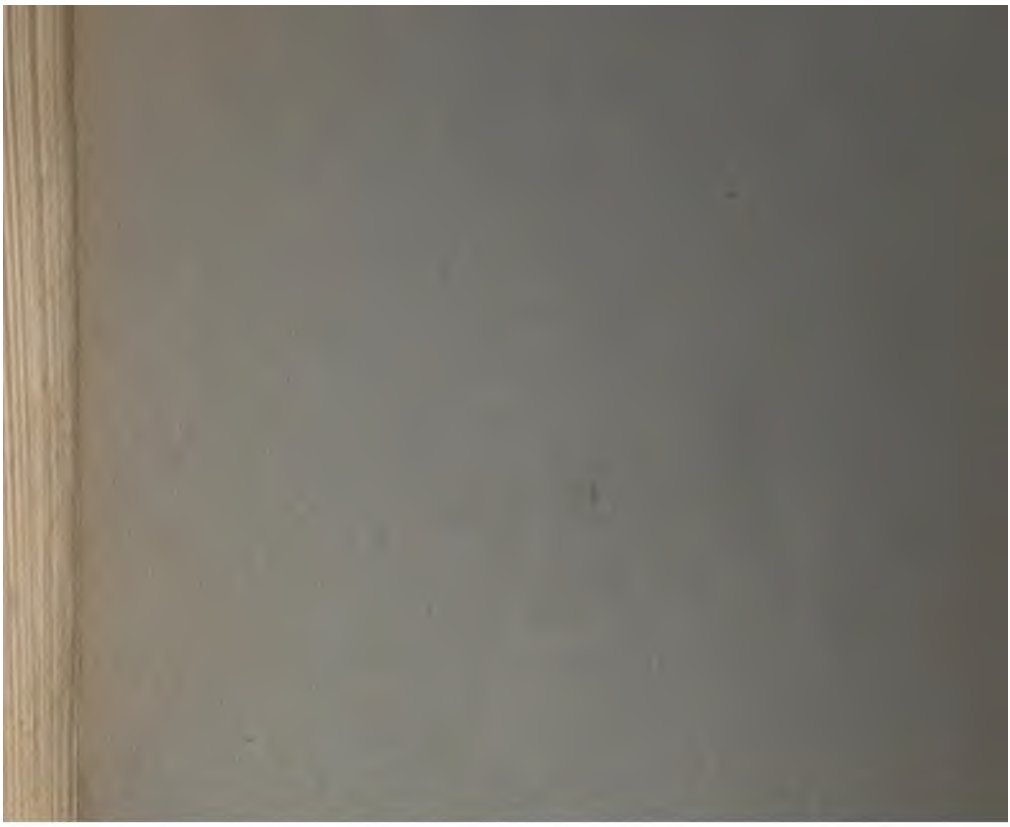
Neſtor to Vlyſſes.

When thē the Troians frō long time with Troians I haue fought,
And of my valor ſhewde good proofe, for age I neuer ſought
Me to withdraw, nor yet to clime my ſhippes, me there to hide,
Yet in the war I neuer ſawe two courſers of ſuch pryde.
I thinke ſome of the lofty Gods right careful of your good
To you haue them a preſent ſent: for Iupiter hath ſtode
Well knowne a friend vnto you both, and Pallas neuer quailing
Is forward alwayes at your hand, with fauour neuer failing.
O Neſtor ſage good Neleus ſonne, ſuch ſteeds and courſers od
Quoth Vlyſſes to mortall wight may eaſily giue ſome God,
When they rewarde will any one their powre is more to giue,
Than man hath powre to aſke and take, that here doth mortal liue.
King Rheſus dead not eft to fight them hither lately led,
This countrey to: As for the horſe out *Thracia* they are bred.
His knife Diomedes hath thruſt into king Rheſus throate,
And to twelue more him ſleeping by: As for this bloudy coate
It was the garment of a ſpie, the which we did entrap,
He ſlaine when we had al he knewe, and thus you heare our hap.
The trenches deep the courſers paſſe, the kings come hard at heeles,
This happy gaine, and bootage makes them al to iop awheeles.
To the rich tent when Vlyſſe came of his companion mate,
He careful tyde his horſes faſt, and plaſte them in ſuch rate,
As placed were the gallaunt ſteedes of the ſtout Greeke in rancke,
And where with bread and fodder both the Greek his own did frank,
He Dolons geare did on the poupe hie in his ſhip beſtowe,
And mindes to Pallas ſacrifice and ſeruice vp to owe.
And ſtraight theſe two ſo valiant Greeks, through toile who ſoundly
To waſh and bath their wearie limmes into the ſea they get, (ſweat,
And there ſo wel do rub their neckes, their backs, their legs, & thies,
As they are cleanſed of the filth which on their bodies lies.
They neate and wel refreſhed thus, to pleaſant baines do goe,
And there with oile they noynted are without from top to toe.
They then to meate, and Pallas ayde they pray in humble wiſe,
And bolles of wine vpon the earth they powre in ſacrifice.

Vlyſſes to Neſtor.

Vlyſſes ſet forth vp the horſes in Diomedes tent.

Diomedes & Vlyſſes waſh them ſelues in the ſea, then go to the baines, and are noynted with oyle.

They goe to meate & ſacrifice to Minerua.

Finis decimi Libri.